

"I FLIPPED WHEN ELVIS HELD ME IN HIS ARMS"

B 617601

modern screen

OCT - 1 1956

OCT. 20c



"The kind of family we'll be"

Eddie and Debbie

SPECIAL JAMES DEAN TREASURY

Stories and pictures
of Jimmy's
happiest moments

This beautiful
memorial keepsake
for you to wear



ACTUAL SIZE

You're *Prettier* than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Prove it to Yourself in 60 Seconds!



1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief! Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream. See the ugly smudge the pad picks up? That's deep-down dirt that casual cleansing misses . . . dirt that hides the prettiness of your complexion.



2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Rub your face the same way with a cotton pad after a 60-second massage with Palmolive Soap. Pad is still snowy-white . . . proving that Palmolive care cleans deeper, cleans cleaner, cleans prettier! And mild Palmolive won't irritate your skin.



Mild and Gentle
and wonderful for bath, too.



New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

OCT -1 1956

"THE BAD SEED" IS THE BIG SHOCKER!

B 617601

A hidden
shame
out in
the open
--and the most
terrifying
rock-bottom
a woman
ever hit
for love!



This very sensational picture asks the very
sensational question:

"how does a girl get this bad?"

*Talk all you want
about the man
and the woman--
BUT PLEASE DON'T
TELL ABOUT
THE GIRL!*



WARNER BROS. PRESENT THE 2-YEAR-RUN STAGE HIT WITH ITS ORIGINAL PRIZE-WINNING CAST

STARRING **NANCY KELLY** AND INTRODUCING **PATTY McCORMACK** WITH **HENRY JONES** • **EVELYN VARDEN** • A **MERVYN LEROY** PRODUCTION • Directed by **MERVYN LEROY**

Screen Play by **JOHN LEE MAHIN** • Based upon the play 'The Bad Seed' by **MAXWELL ANDERSON** and the novel by **WILLIAM MARCH** • MUSIC BY **ALEX NORTH** • A **WARNER BROS.** Picture



modern screen

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*Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher on the cover by John Engstead. They'll soon appear in RKO's *Bundle of Joy*. Other photographers' credits on page 87.



NEW MUM CREAM

The doctor's
deodorant discovery
that now safely stops
odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're handbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

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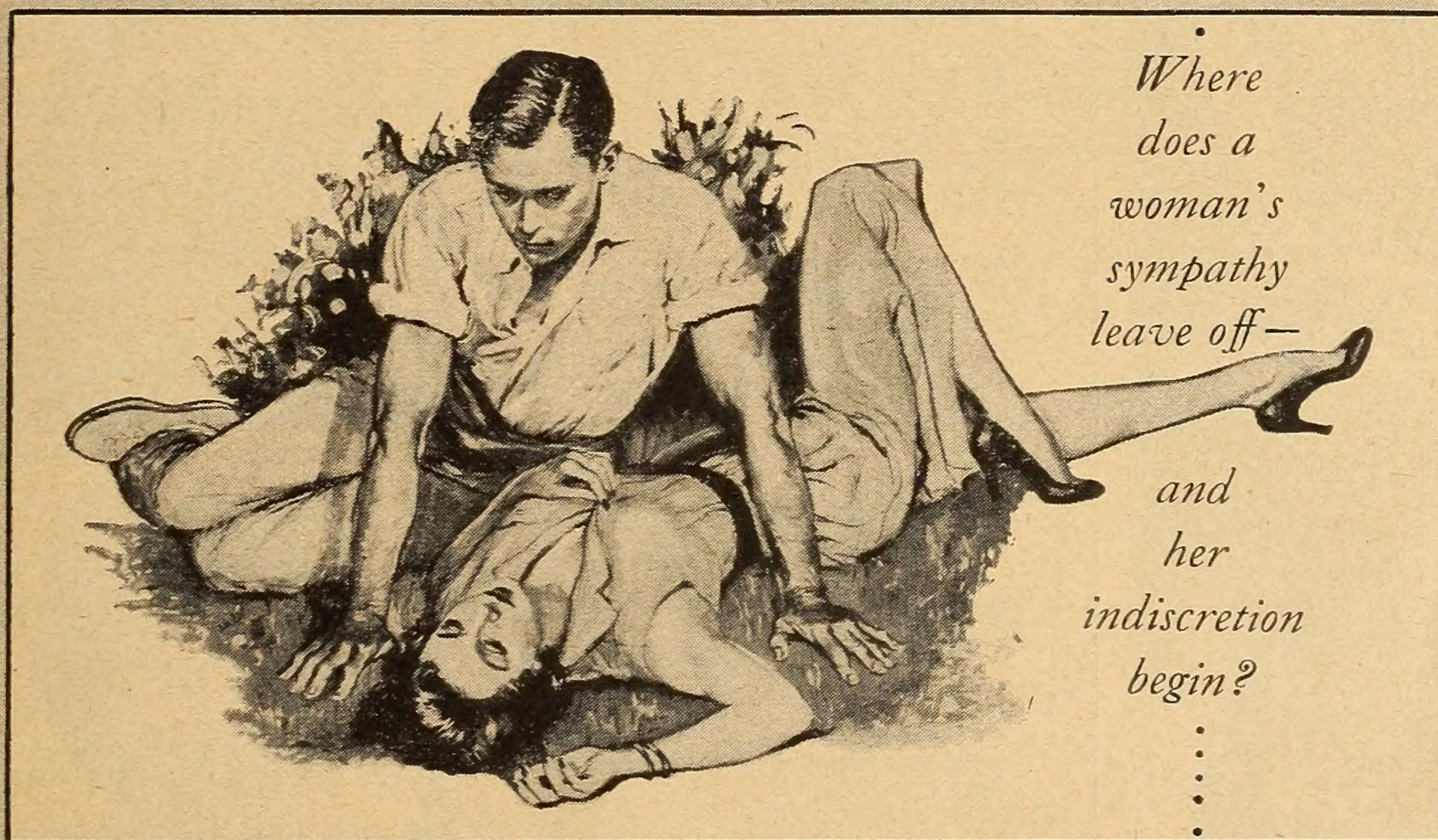
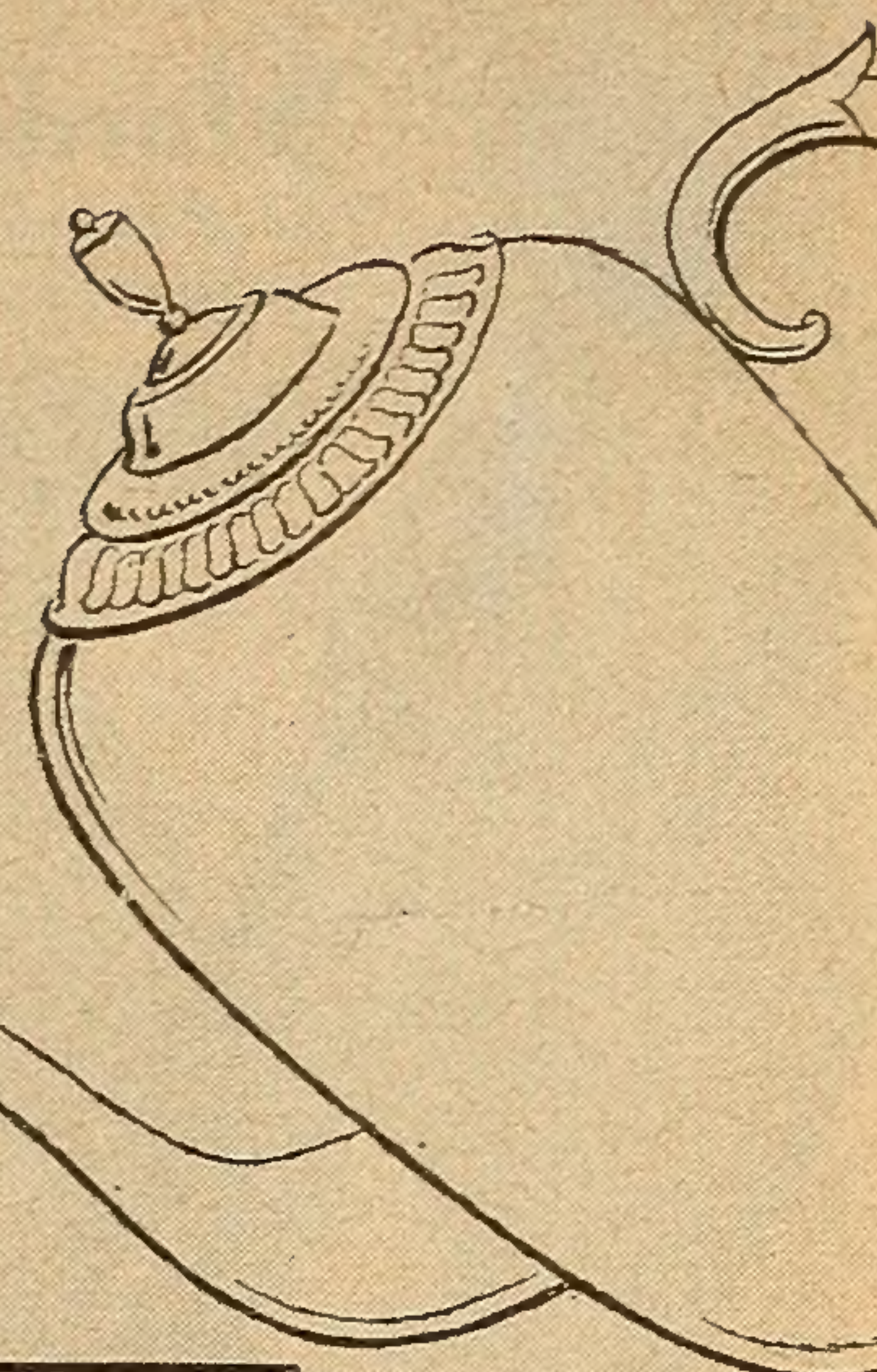
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form No. 3579 to 76 Ninth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 50, No. 10, October 1956. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Los Angeles advertising and editorial offices: 8701 West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres.; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 20c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscriptions in U. S. A. and Canada \$2.00 one year; \$3.50 two years; \$5.00 three years; foreign, \$3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J. under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1956 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 301778



EVEN THE MOST DARING STORY

can be brought to the screen when done with courage, honesty and good taste.



*Where
does a
woman's
sympathy
leave off—*

*and
her
indiscretion
begin?*

"Years from now," Laura was saying softly, "when you talk about this—and you will—be kind..."



M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and METROCOLOR

Tea and Sympathy

straight from the famed stage hit!
starring the players who created the Broadway roles

Deborah Kerr · John Kerr

with
Leif Erickson · Edward Andrews



screen play by **Robert Anderson** · based on the play by **Robert Anderson** · directed by **Vincente Minnelli** · produced by **Pandro S. Berman** An M-G-M picture

• SEE IT FROM THE BEGINNING FOR GREATER ENJOYMENT. •

2 clever new bras
by famous

Stardust
Life-Insured Bra
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR



*EXCLUSIVE
DESIGN

Stardust
Free Action

Here's fabulous, self-adjusting free action by Stardust. The patented* cross-over elastic construction means each direction pulls for itself, "gives" in 2 ways. Both work together for action fit and comfort! Lined for chafe-protection. Pre-shrunk cotton. \$1.00

*PATENT PEND.
DESIGN PAT. PEND.



Stardust
Swing Straps

For better uplift with less shoulder strain, here's your favorite 4-section style with swing straps! Special elastic inserts assure your comfort; and elastic center panel hugs you, for ever-perfect fit. Pre-shrunk cotton, \$1.00 lined for chafe-protection.

Write for nearest store:

STARDUST, INC., Dept. O, 145 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Can you tell me if Burt Lancaster is a millionaire?
—B.Y., N.Y.C.

A. Yes.

Q. *Pardners*, the Martin and Lewis picture—wasn't Bing Crosby in that picture years ago?
—H.T., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. *Pardners* is a remake of the old Crosby starrer *Rhythm On The Range*.

Q. Is it true that after he finished a scene Jimmy Dean used to go back to his dressing room and cry?
—H.Y., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A. Dean did that on occasion; it relieved his tension.

Q. Is Rusty Tamblyn really the national tumbling champion?
—E.H., CORNING, N.Y.

A. Tamblyn won the California state tumbling contest when he was in high school.

Q. Can you tell me anything factual about Arthur Miller, Marilyn Monroe's new husband?—S.L., TORONTO, CANADA

A. Arthur Miller was born forty-one years ago on the East Side of N.Y.C. His father, Isadore Miller, made women's clothes. Miller was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1938, married Mary Slattery, a fellow student, two years later. In 1946 he wrote a best-seller called *Focus*, later wrote the plays: *Death Of A Salesman*, *All My Sons*, *The Crucible*, *View From The Bridge*. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, has two children, Bobby and Jane, by his first marriage.

Q. What is the relationship between director Nick Ray and actress Natalie Wood?
—C.L., AKRON, OHIO

A. Mutual admirers.

Q. Who has larger bust measurements, Marilyn Monroe or Diana Dors?
—N.E., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Monroe.

Q. Whatever happened to Ann Blyth and how much does she weigh?
—K.T., N.Y.C.

A. Ann recently finished *The Buster Keaton Story*, currently weighs 96 lbs.

Q. Wasn't the recent Doris Day surgery kept hush-hush? Why?
—L.K., DENVER, COL.

A. To prevent rumor spreading.

Q. Is it true that Jane Powell left MGM because she wasn't given the lead in *Love Me Or Leave Me*, which supposedly was bought for her?
—K.S., ELLENVILLE, N.Y.

A. That was a contributory reason.

Q. When Frank Sinatra went to Europe didn't Michael Rennie inherit his crown as Casanova?
—V.L., SAN DIEGO, CAL.

A. In many quarters.

Q. Is it true that Ingrid Bergman's daughter Pia plans to become an actress?
—L.F., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. Yes.

Q. Why did Aly Khan refuse to marry Gene Tierney?
—J.J., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. Only Khan knows the answer; rumor has it he prefers playing the field.

Q. Whatever happened to Elaine Stewart after that big build-up?
—L.B., ORANGE, N.J.

A. She's just hired a press agent, is avidly searching for a good movie role.

Q. Any chance of Tab Hunter marrying shortly?
—G.H., ELY, NEV.

A. Not likely.

Q. Haven't there been secret meetings between Marlon Brando and Gloria De Haven?
—K.K., DALLAS, TEX.

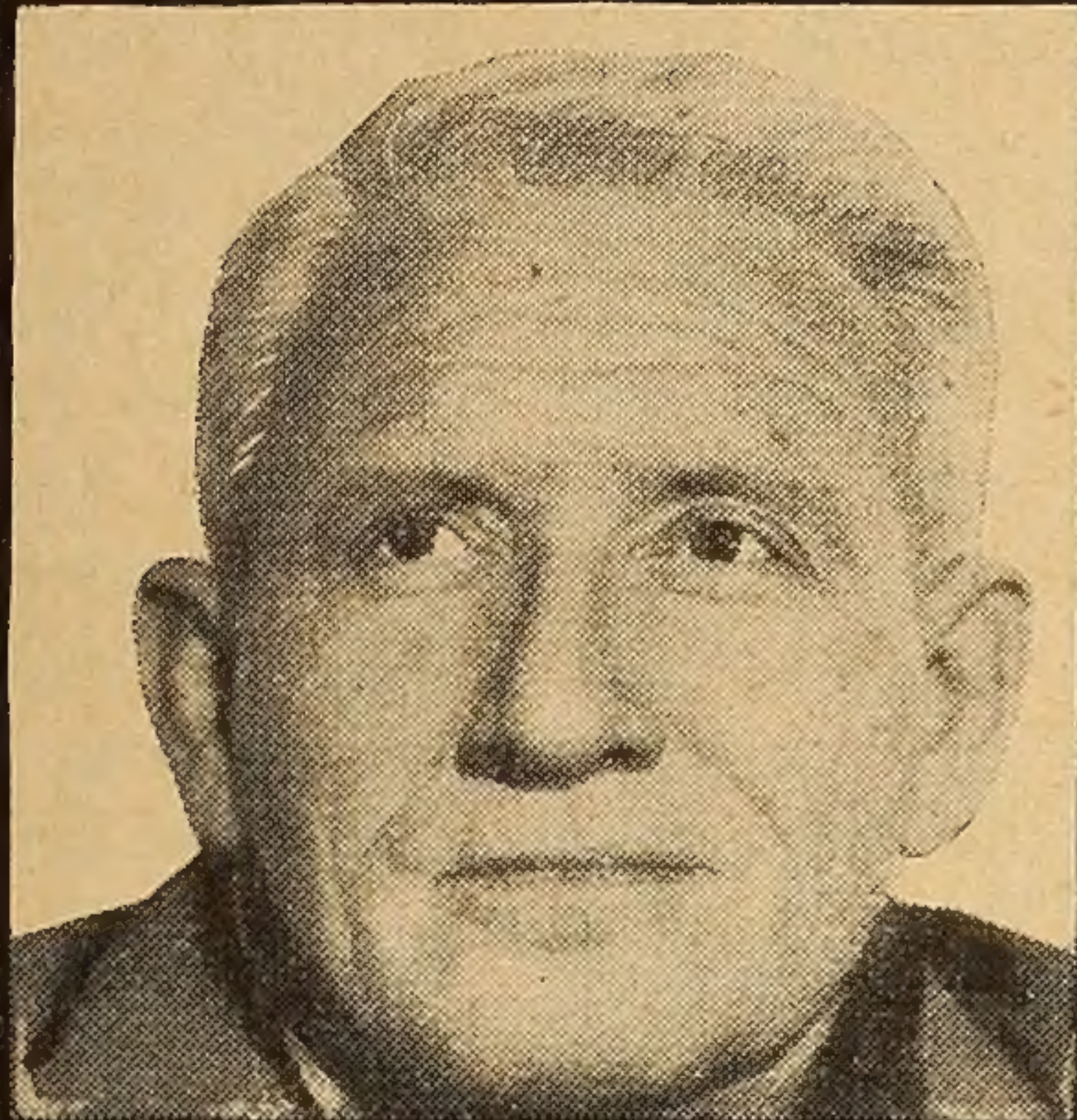
A. One meeting in Miami, not so secret.

Q. Is there any chance that Grace Kelly will give birth to twins?
—L.R., LOUISVILLE, KY.

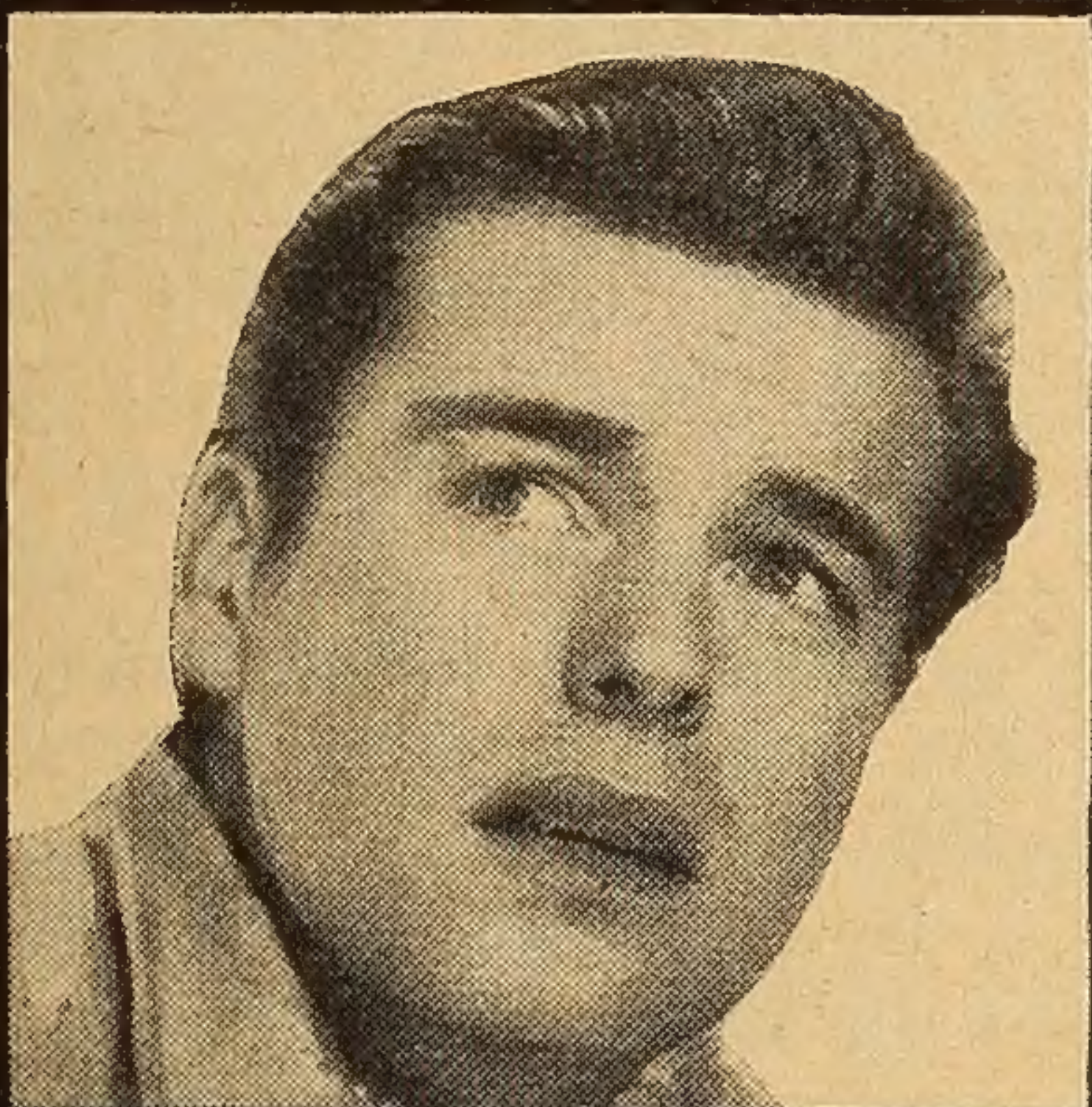
A. There are no twins on either family side, so it's not likely.

Q. Does Audrey Hepburn wear falsies? If not why does she look bustier on some occasions?
—D.N., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. Miss Hepburn wears falsies on occasion.



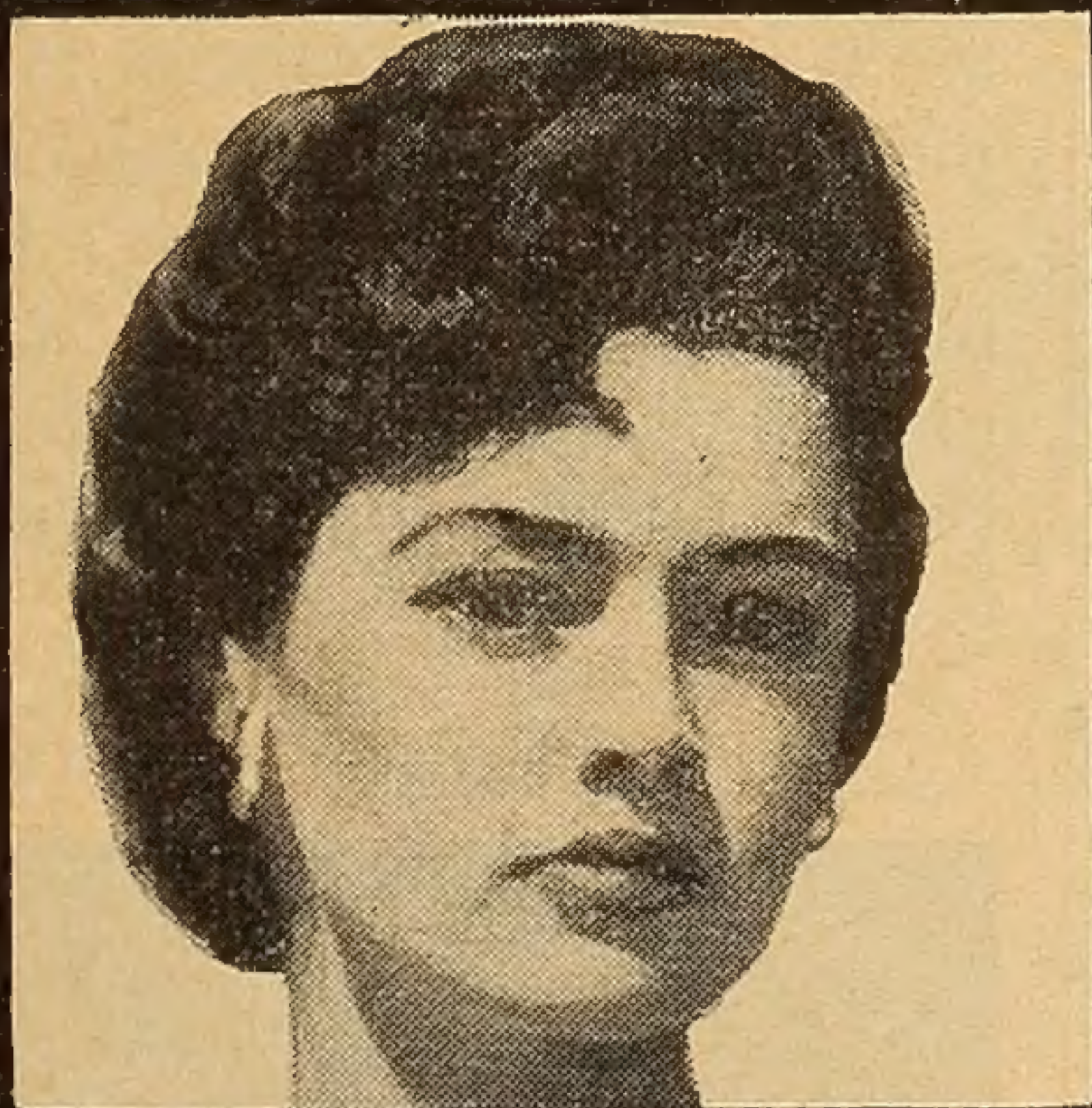
ZACHARY...no fear in him!



CHRIS... he climbed for kisses!



MARIE...she'd wait forever!



SIMONE...she traded men!

THE MOUNTAIN

... to a man she was all challenge and desire ... there she was like a woman — waiting to be conquered.

THE MOUNTAIN

... to a woman it was the obstacle to all love ... the rival whose attractions and excitements she could never match!

THE MOUNTAIN

All the scope, the splendor, the full majesty of the Alps ... as it could only be captured in

VISTAVISION
MOTION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

SPENCER TRACY ROBERT WAGNER in THE MOUNTAIN

Co-starring

CLAIRE TREVOR



Produced and Directed by
EDWARD DMYTRYK
Screenplay by **RANALD MACDOUGALL**
Based on the novel by Henri Troyat
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**



Actual photo of Mollie Ann Bourn, Claymont, Delaware. Right side washed with New Woodbury, left side with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory* proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

New Woodbury Shampoo's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

See what happened—when the right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo—the left with her regular brand. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable!

Leading shampoos were tested on hundreds of women, and results checked by ★Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. Tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer*—without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses!



It can't dry out your hair because New Woodbury Shampoo contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils.

Costs less, too! You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost more money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than half as much as other leading shampoos.

Use New Woodbury today! A generous bottle costs only 39¢. You're guaranteed the prettiest, liveliest curls you've ever had—the lastingest hair-do. Money back otherwise!



THE MAN WHO GOOFED

■ Don Murphy had just finished making *The Strange Intruder* and *Threshold of Space*. He checked his bank account and decided to allow himself the luxury of redecorating the small unfurnished house he'd been living in since he moved West.

When Don first moved into this house, which resembled a New York cold water flat, he was newly arrived in Hollywood. Even though he had climaxed a solid acting career by co-starring with Shirley Booth in *Time Of The Cuckoo*, this fling at making movies was still a risky business. There was little sense in putting his savings into a fashionable penthouse. So he paid the first month's rent on the house and began haunting second-hand shops for furniture. In addition to these, he figured something was essential to cover the crack in the living room wall. One day he found a painting depicting four small boys studying plans for a palace. It wasn't the world's most beautiful painting, but it was old—18th century, the dealer assured him—and cost only \$30.00. And, it covered the crack.

Now with the crack repaired and the walls painted white, the painting looked downright dirty, so Don took it back to the same second-hand dealer to sell it for him. Not a week had gone by before the dealer called to say he had sold the painting to a decorator for \$60.00. Donald was immensely pleased. 100% profit, less a small commission to the dealer.

A week later, Murphy was the unhappiest man in town. It seemed the decorator had a friend who knew something about art, and suspecting the painting was a rare one, convinced the decorator an appraisal was in order. An expert was called in and the suspicions were confirmed. The painting was an original by Carle Van Loo, painted in 1745 for Madame de Pompadour to enhance her plush chateau. It was valued at \$5,000.

The expression on Don's face when told this news would really have been one picture worth a thousand words—all of them muttered by Murphy, and all of them unprintable.



Which one of these quotes from "Women in the News" WINS YOUR VOTE?



1. MRS. DALE CARNEGIE, author of "Don't Grow Old—Grow Up": "Every woman who is figure-conscious will love the way the new Playtex Girdle flatters her figure—as I do. A Playtex Girdle has the same amazing 'hold-in' power six months later as on the day you bought it."



2. HANNAH TROY, leading American fashion designer: "Playtex is the only girdle I know that's completely invisible under the most revealing clothes—holds in superbly without that 'corseted' look—another big reason why more women wear Playtex than any other girdle in the world!"



3. CAROLYN HUGHES, beautiful fashion model and cover girl: "To me, the most exciting exclusive of the Playtex Living Bra is the elastic criss-cross front. I love the way it dips down deep, gives such stunning separation and uplift. No other bra gives such lovely natural lines."



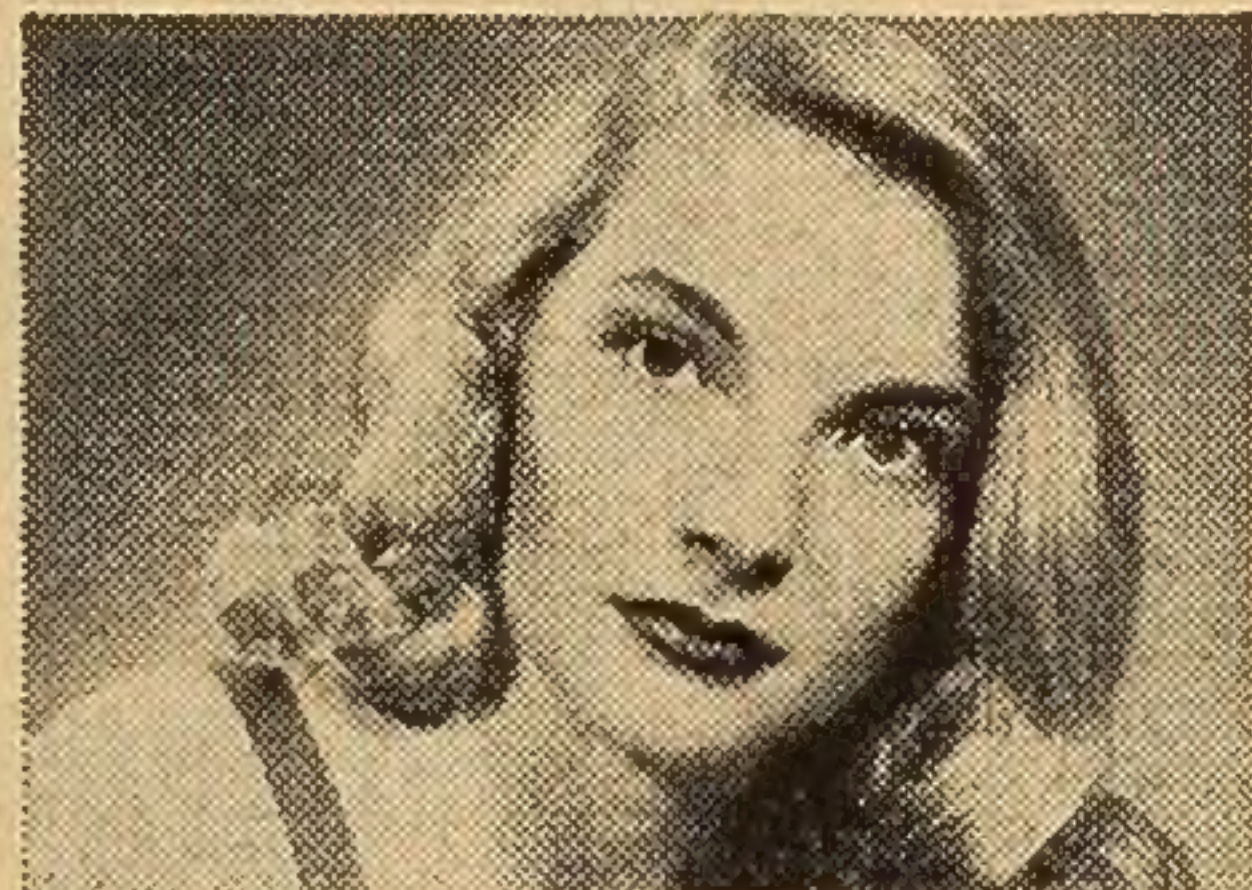
4. KATHRYN MURRAY, star of TV's Arthur Murray Party: "Dancers need figure control, too, but must have complete freedom of motion. That's why Playtex Girdles are perfect—wonderful 'hold-in' power without a seam or bone, so flexible even a grandmother like me can bend in comfort."



5. FRAN WARREN, popular RKO-Unique recording star: "The Playtex Living Bra is the only bra with an all-elastic frame that never shifts, rides or slides no matter how active you are. The low-anchored elastic back always stays put—won't annoy you by creeping up ever!"



6. MOLLIE PARNIS, brilliant fashion designer: "The Living Bra is the prettiest you can buy—and gives the prettiest curves. Both the nylon-and-marquisette cups lined in cotton, and the all-cotton cups lift and lure, round and raise into that high but natural look women love!"



7. JUNE EARING, Champion swimmer and Aquashow star: "No other girdle with such wonderful 'hold-in' power is as flexible, supple, and comfortable as Playtex—because only Playtex is made of Fabricon. It's the only girdle you can ski in, swim in—and look glamorous in when dancing."



8. BETTY KEAN, of the (riotous) Kean Sisters comedy team: "Playtex Lightweight has more 'hold-in' power with less weight than any other girdle I've ever worn—and it costs only \$4.95. Actually gives more support and more comfort than girdles that cost me three times as much."



9. JUSTINE PARKER, lovely star of many TV dramas: "The Playtex Living Bra in Long Line is for me—all the wonderful all-elastic exclusive features plus an elastic 'magic-midriff' that smooths inches away sleekly and surely for the long, lean look of today's fashions."



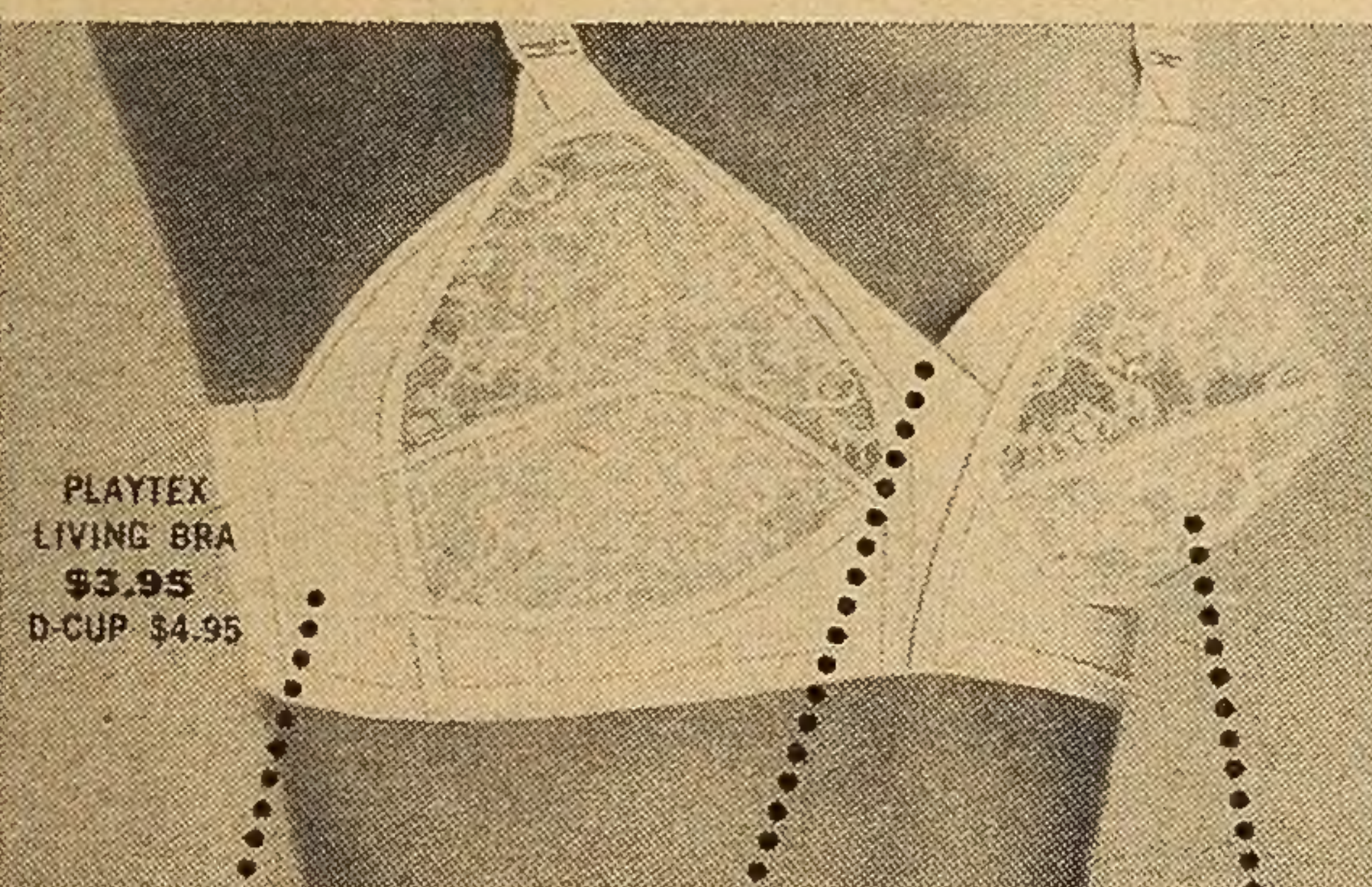
10. GRACE DOWNS, Dean of Grace Downs Air Career School: "No other bra in the world has bias-cut elastic side panels that self-adjust to your every motion, hold you firmly without cutting. You get heavenly comfort day into night with the Playtex Living Bra. Once you wear it—no other bra will do."

Nothing to Buy! Enter This Exciting PLAYTEX Contest Now! You May Win

\$10,000.00 CASH

Just Tell Us Which One of the Above Statements Interests You Most!

THESE PLAYTEX FACTS WILL HELP YOU WIN!



*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back... doesn't shift, slide or ride.
*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.
*Sculptured cups give high, rounded uplift... a perfect "sweater" silhouette



MADE OF FABRICON, a wonderful new girdle material of downy soft cotton and latex that gives more "hold-in" power with greater comfort. Air conditioned with tiny air dots—and Magic-Controller also has a non-roll top that stays up without a stay.

1,016 PRIZES WORTH \$40,000!

1st PRIZE: \$10,000 CASH

2nd-3rd-4th:

MINK COATS worth \$5,000 each

5th thru 16th:

MINK STOLES worth \$1,000 each

plus 1,000 Playtex Living Bras worth \$3.95 each

(Values stated include 10% federal excise tax.)

Just read what these "Women in the News" say about the features of Playtex® Girdles and Bras. Vote for *one* statement that interests you most about either the Playtex Girdle or Playtex Bra. Simply complete the following phrase in 25 words or less—"I vote for Statement No. —because " Enter as often as you wish. Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store. What you write can earn you \$10,000.

OFFICIAL RULES

- Simply fill out an Official Entry Blank, or write on one side of a plain piece of paper. Send as many entries as you wish, to Playtex, P. O. Box 140, New York 46, New York.
- Entries must be postmarked no later than Oct. 27, 1956, and must be received by Nov. 5, 1956.
- Any woman in the United States or its territories is eligible to enter, except officers and employees (and members of their families) of the corporation, any of its divisions, or its advertising agencies. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations.
- All entries become the property of International Latex Corp., Playtex Park, Dover, Del., the sponsors of this contest; none will be returned. All entries must be original work of contestants submitted in own names. The contest will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of sincerity, originality of thought, and appropriateness to the product. Decisions of the judges will be final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
- Winners notified personally or by mail. List of winners available by requesting same and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your entry.

Additional free Official Entry Blanks available at your favorite store.

To: PLAYTEX, P. O. BOX 140, NEW YORK 46, N. Y.

"I vote for statement # _____ because _____
(complete in 25 words or less)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Remember: You may get a Playtex Living® Bra as a prize. Your bra size _____

Treat your eyes to

Color

new...



in 5 lovely, iridescent, jewel-tone shades \$1

Sapphire Blue ★ Amber Brown ★ Emerald Green ★ Blue Pearl Grey ★ Turquoise
Beautiful Gold-Tone Swivel Case

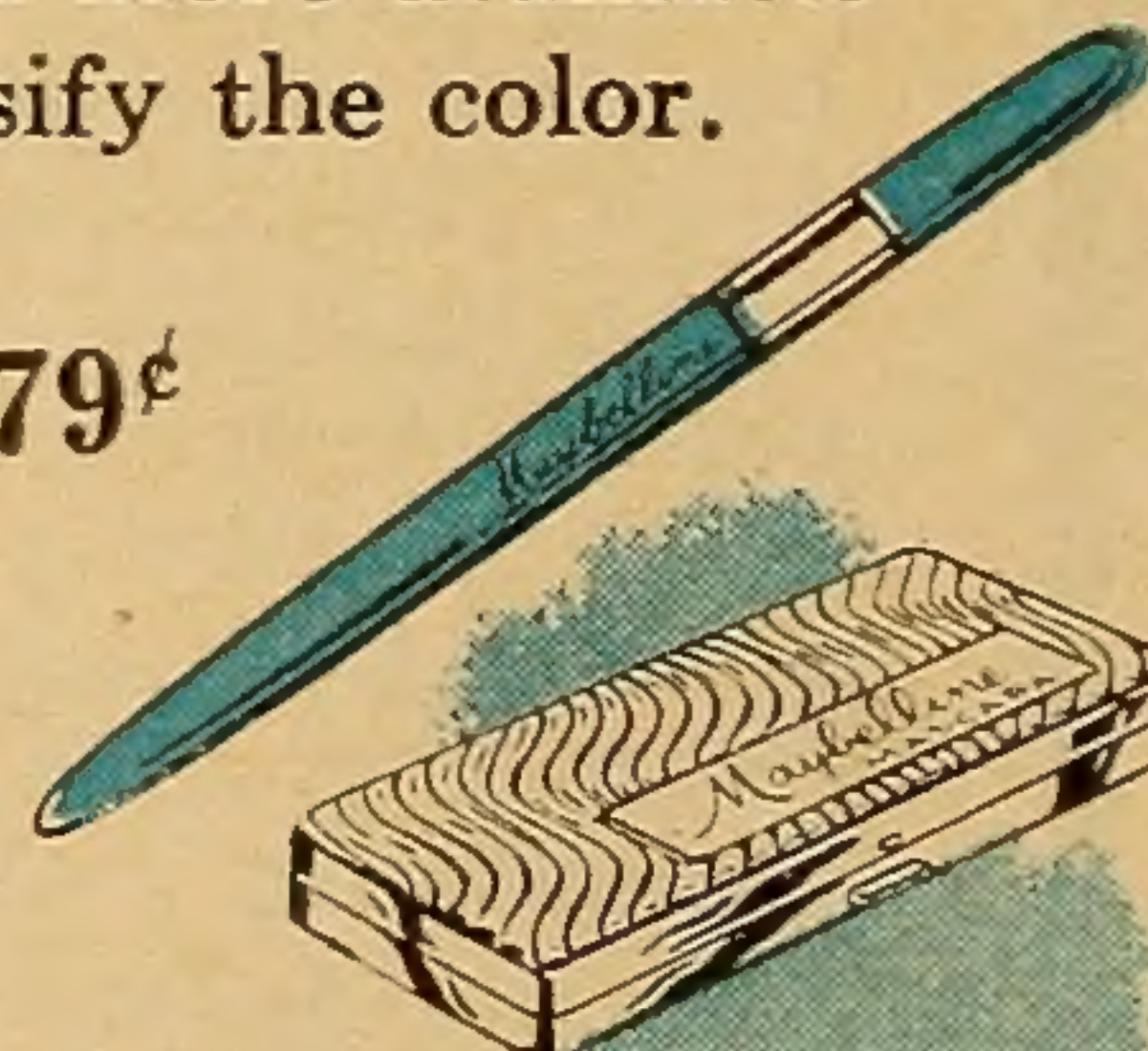
Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—and you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It's so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.

Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil

Never needs sharpening—the only spring-locked crayon that can't fall out—gives soft feather-touch. Natural-tone shades: Velvet Black, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Dove Grey or Auburn. Exquisite turquoise and gold-tone case.

39¢ for two long-lasting refills

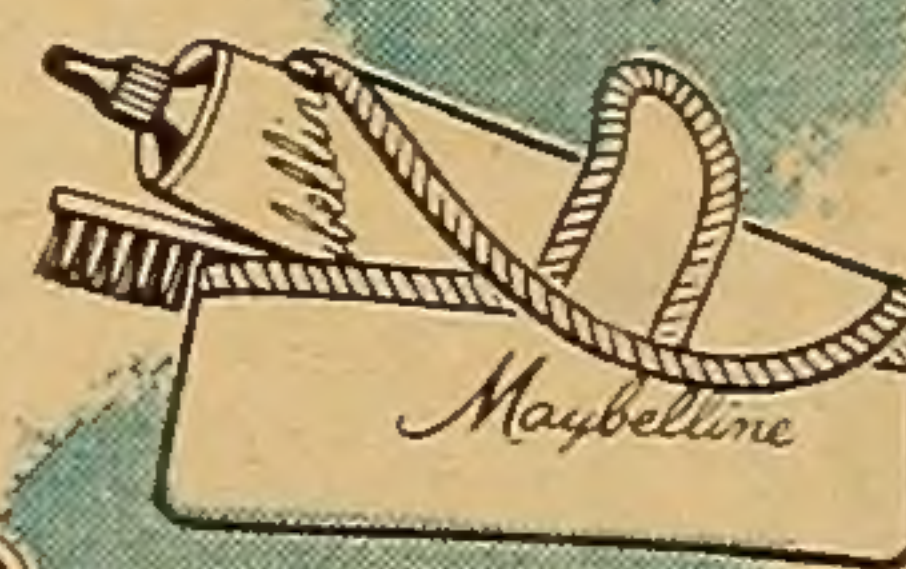
79¢



Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara

The finest and smoothest mascara for long, velvety-dark lashes in seconds. Solid Form in gorgeous gold-tone vanity case . . . or Cream Form in smart carry-kit.

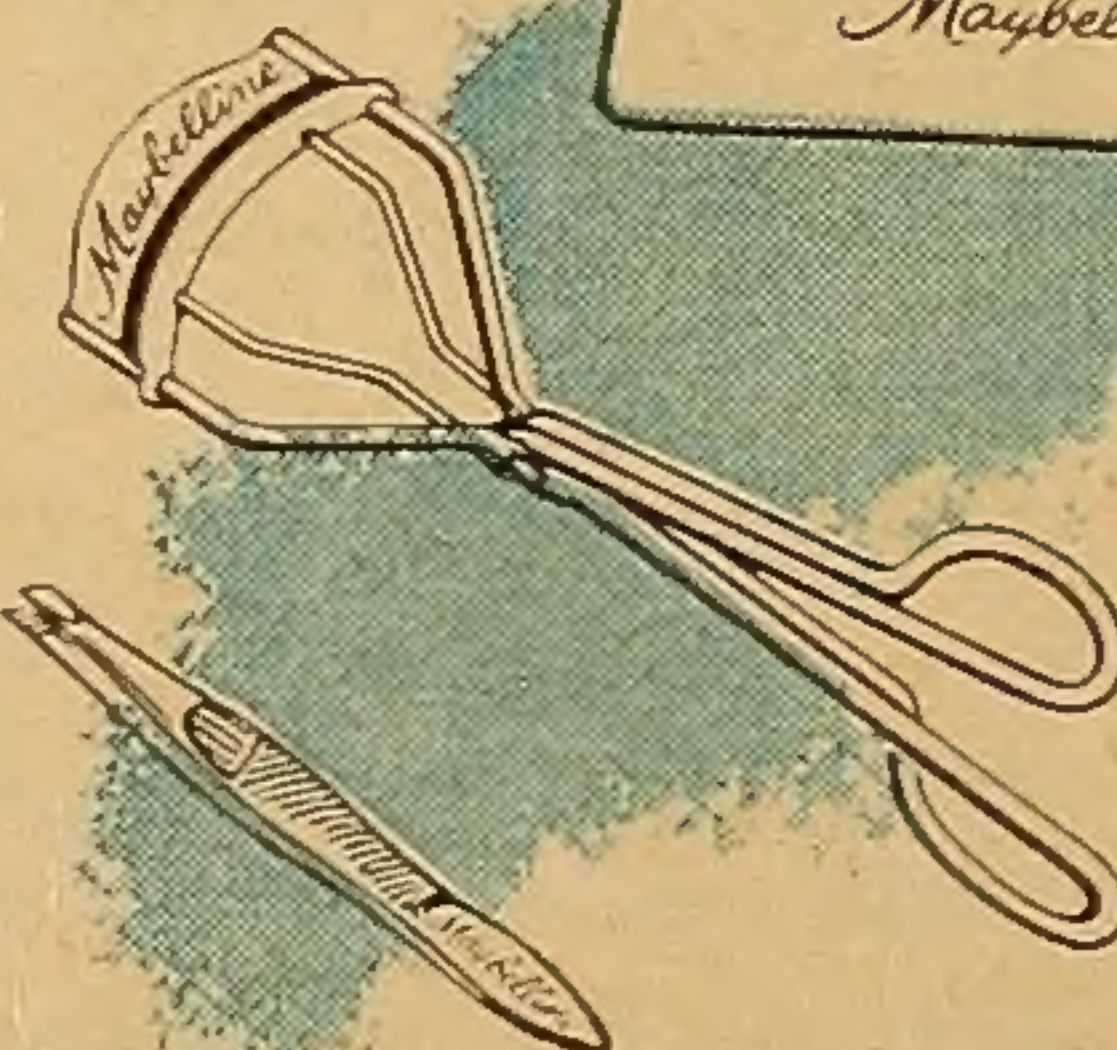
\$1.25



Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler

Special soft-cushion method works gentler, quicker, easier. Gold-tone. It's the finest precision-curler made. Cushion Refill, only 10¢.

\$1.00



Maybelline Precision Eyebrow Tweezers 29¢

Tweeze with ease—these silvery tweezers are designed with the "grip that can't slip." Straight or slant-edge.



LIBERACE TELLS

"why I'm not married"

What *isn't* between Liberace and women? Ask him and he'll tell you that "I am self-sufficient as far as love is concerned.

"I work hard. I'm not boasting but I happen to love my work. I lived for a long time without anyone but my family caring whether I was successful. When I finally did make it my fans showed me a warmth, a tender kind of respect that I had yearned for from the beginning of my career. This may be hard to understand, but they have given me a feeling of love. I know I am loved by my fans as a person. It isn't just admiration for an artist or an appreciation of my music. It is the honest, unreluctant love of the little moments a million people can spare from their hearts. Now you take all these and put them together and you have a love that overwhelms me. I'm loaded with the love of my friends and my fans.

"Most people have to find a certain mate. One single person out of the millions, who will give them the love they need. When we were graduated from high school just about everyone in my class went scrambling through a world they didn't understand too well in search of one thing. Someone to love, someone to love them. I understand that. Everybody wants to be loved. It's human nature. But because of what's happened to me as a performer I don't need that kind of love. You see why I'm not starved for love. It's all around me, all the time. So I don't search for it like other people.

"Some day I may find love of the more personal kind. Someday I may find a woman with whom I will want to share my life. But I'm in no hurry.

"And right now, though they can make all the jokes they want, I don't feel that I've deprived myself of anything important."

Choice of smart women the world over



DISCOVERED

a new, down-deep-in-the-skin clean feeling

This is a new, never-before kind of feeling. It could come only from a new, never-before kind of cleanser. Not from any soap . . . too drying. Not from any cream . . . too thick and slow and greasy. Not likely even from other *liquid* cleansers.

Proof? New Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women.

The fact is that this new Deep Cleanser, by the makers of Jergens Lotion, has up to 4 times as many cleansing ingredients as traditional cleansing creams . . . to help it search *deeper* for clogging dirt and make-up . . . to help you tissue them away more quickly, more gently, more thoroughly.

And because every single cleansing ingredient in Jergens Deep Cleanser is also a recognized skin softener, it leaves your face softer, smoother, clearer. Agree . . . or *double your money back*. Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.





before he
comes home...
splash yourself
with freshness
.....



deodorant
COLOGNE with
APRIL SHOWERS
fragrance

Wrap yourself in the fragrant cloud that says, "Darling! You're home!". . . that's April Showers Cologne. It contains a new kind of deodorant that eliminates body odors, leaving only the springtime scent of April Showers. Use it tip to toe . . . *such heavenly luxury for only*

69¢
plus tax

10 **CHERMAY** PERFUMER

NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*

**WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH**

FOR MUSIC AND DANCE

The King and I

FOR DRAMA

Bigger Than Life

These Wilder Years

FOR LAUGHS

The Solid Gold Cadillac

Pardners

FOR SPECTACLE

The Brave One

FOR SUSPENSE

The Burning Hills

Rebel In Town

Walk The Proud Land

Raw Edge



★ **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Rita Moreno and some of the best songs Rodgers and Hammerstein ever wrote make *The King And I* an all-time great movie.

★ **THE KING AND I**

an enchanting musical

■ Everything is beautiful about *The King And I*—the sets, the costumes, the music, the singing, the dancing and the people. To start with the people—there is Anna (Deborah Kerr) a prim, English widow who arrives in Siam with her young son to educate the King's many children. The King (Yul Brynner) is a captivating combination of grace and arrogance and infantilism. He has a yearning for western culture coupled with an instinct for barbarism which fascinates and sometimes enrages Miss Kerr. She, after all, is a lady, and though she is not entirely appalled by the King's large harem, she doesn't like women to be treated as unimportant possessions. Her defense of an unwilling bride (Rita Moreno) who has been forced to give up her true love (Martin Benson)

—and is about to be whipped by Brynner—provides the climax and also the material for an exquisite ballet. The book and lyrics are the work of that team of wizards, Rodgers and Hammerstein—and of course you'll hear "Getting To Know You," "Shall We Dance?" and most of the other songs that originally made this musical a hit on Broadway. Don't miss *The King And I*—it is absolutely enchanting.—Cinema-Scope, 20th-Fox

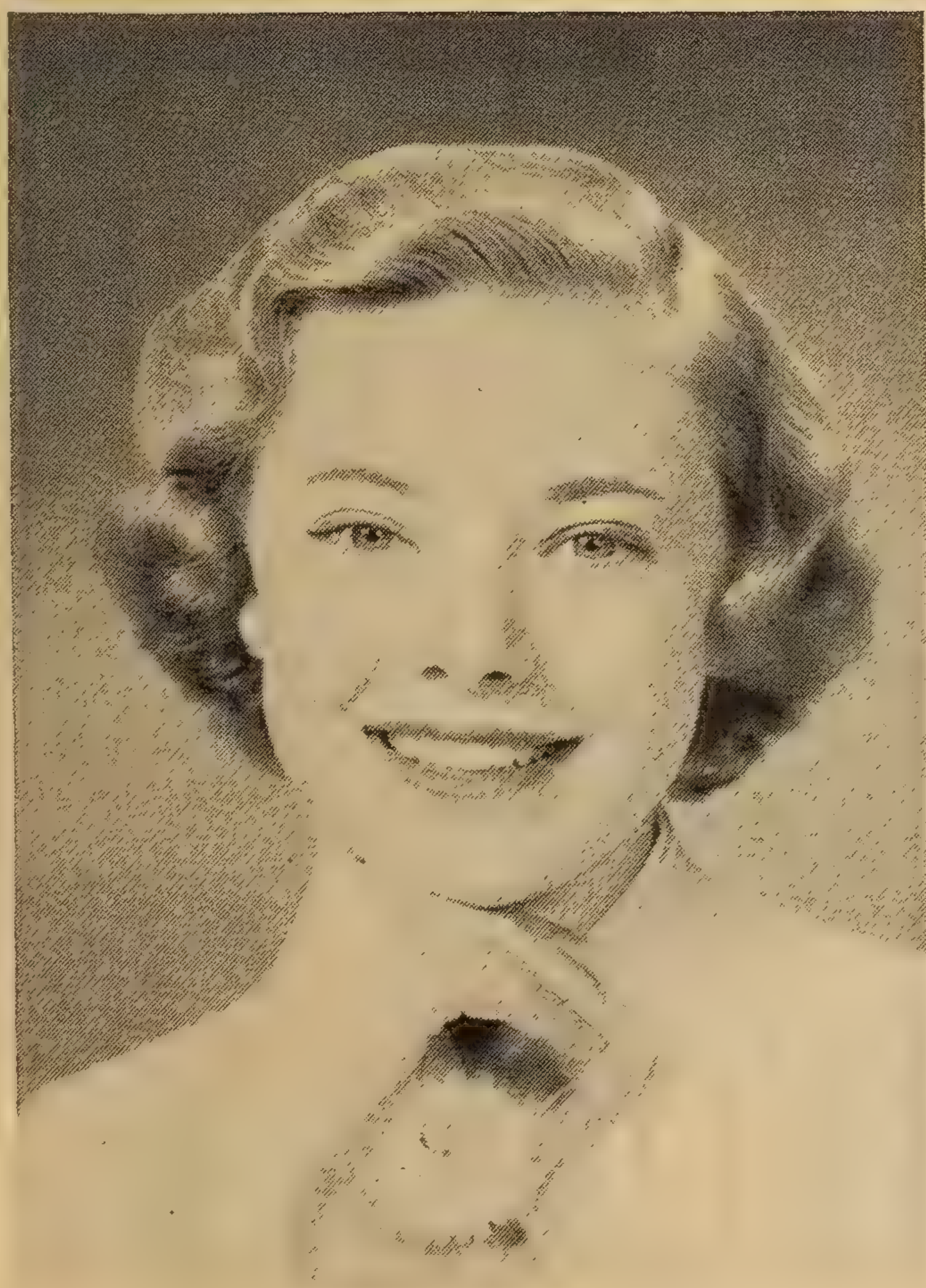
THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
sparkling comedy

■ The unique charm of Judy Holliday has never been more compelling than in this often hilarious movie. Judy, a generally unemployed actress, likes to attend stockholders' meetings of the vast International Projects Corporation—she inherited ten shares. Judy doesn't know anything about (Continued on page 12)

New! BOBBI— with “Casual Curlets” and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles



Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets”... of pretty pink plastic... simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!

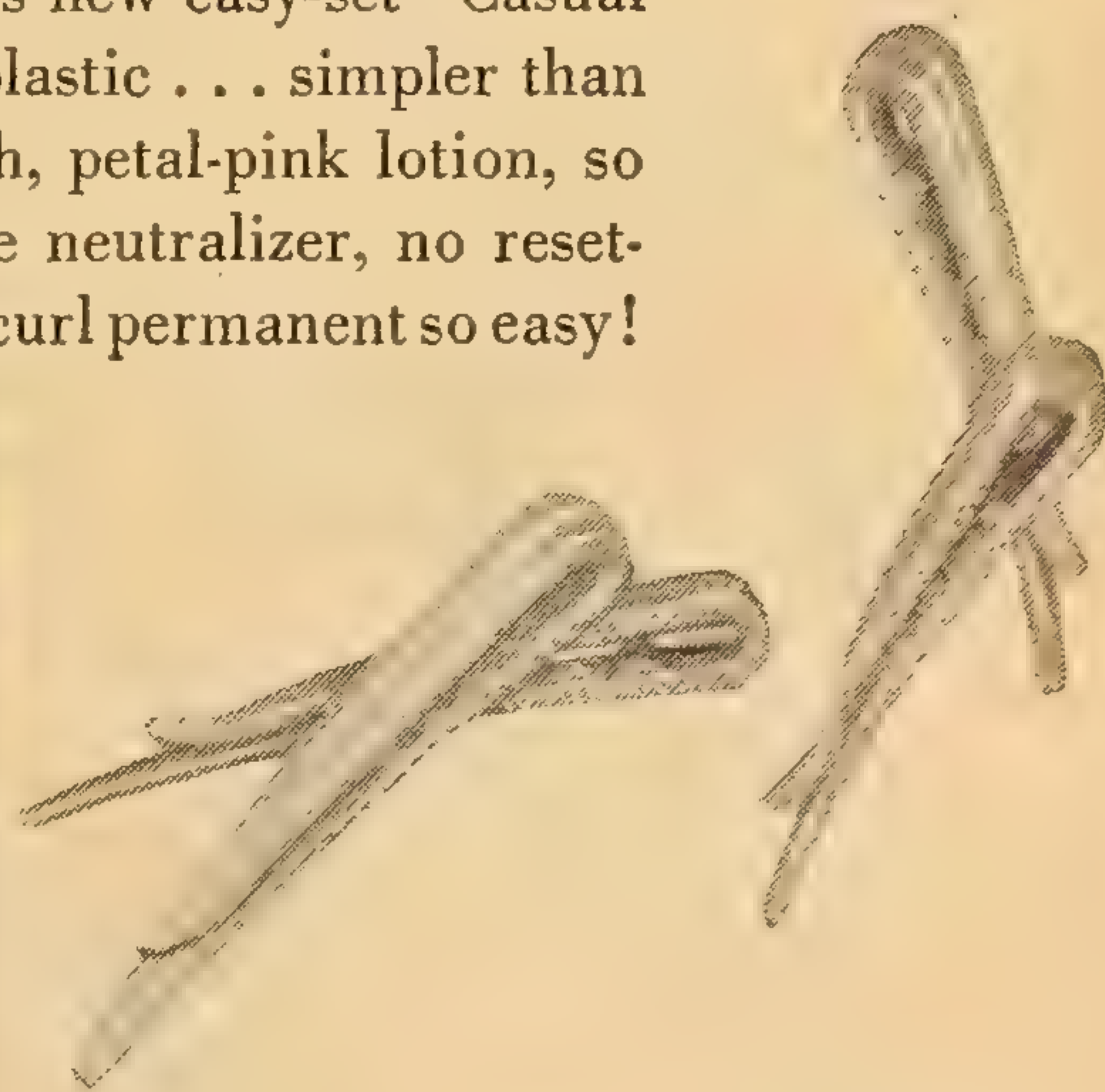


Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets”... smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New “Casual Curlets” are 7 ways better!

1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won't want to hide 'em!
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4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can't slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.

See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets.” Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.



All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with 55 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.

Sally's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

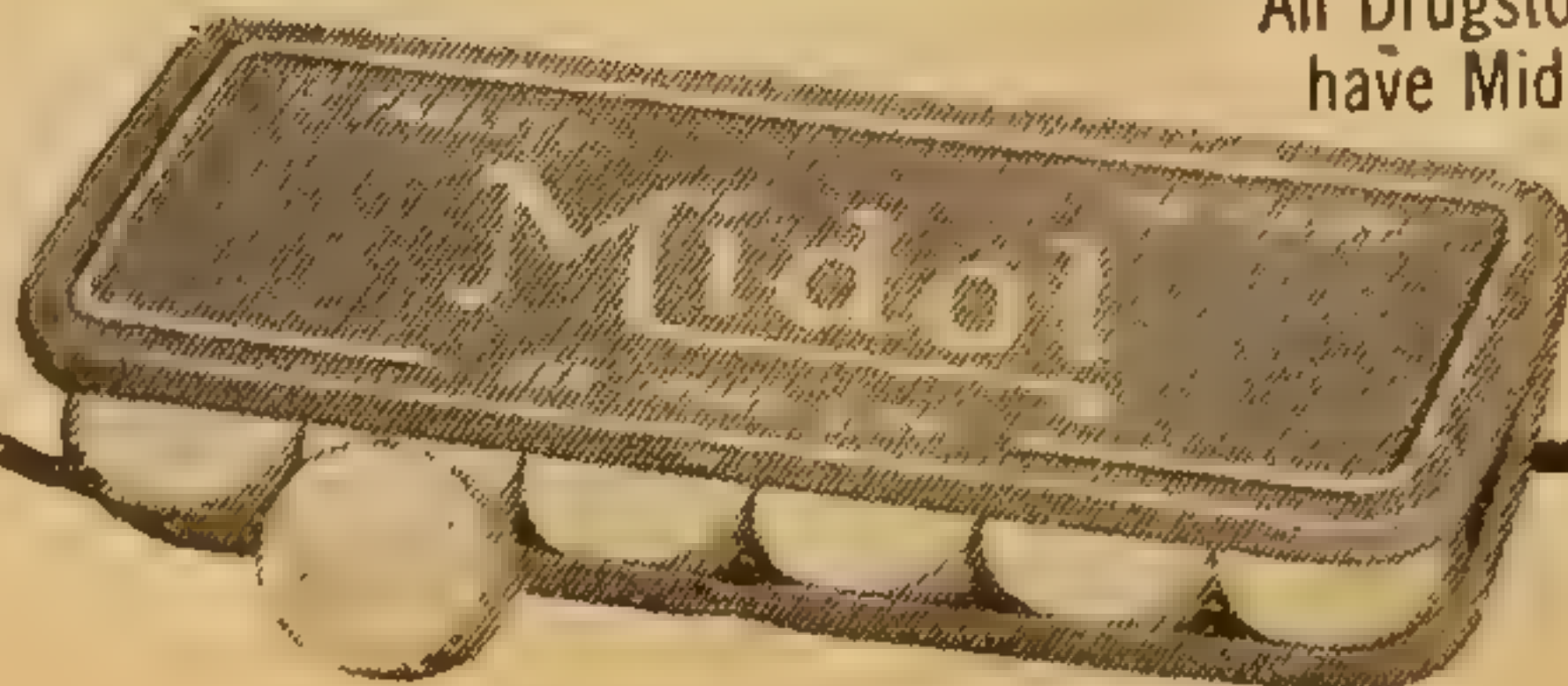
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a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-106, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



movie previews (Continued from page 10)

big business but she suspects that the Board of Directors earns too much money, and she makes such a pest of herself, asking questions, that the frightened Board gives her a job to keep her quiet. The only honest man in the outfit is retiring president Paul Douglas—he's retiring to Washington. When he goes, graft and corruption set in. Judy, with an office, a secretary (Neva Patterson) and nothing to do, creates her own job. She becomes the bosom pal of thousands of stockholders all over the country. Along with their proxies they send her homemade cakes and the latest local gossip. The Board has been dying to weasel government contracts out of Douglas and they send Judy to Washington to soften him up. Actually, they send her so that she won't make trouble over a current shady deal. She not only makes trouble—but brings Douglas back to save the company. The dialogue is sparkling; the romance between Douglas and Judy is tender and funny, and the Board of Directors (John Williams, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman) are harassed and comical crooks—Col.

BIGGER THAN LIFE

another kind of drug addict

■ As if we didn't have enough problems already, here is what will happen to anyone who plans to become a cortisone addict. Cortisone is one of those wonder drugs, remarkably effective in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis. It is not like the drug Sinatra took in *Man With The Golden Arm* whose main effect is to kill you the hard way. What the main effect of this movie will be I have no idea—except maybe to shock some arthritics right out of their chronic suffering. I hasten to add that the makers of *Bigger Than Life* stress the fact that when taken under doctor's orders cortisone remains the wonder drug it is. Keeping that in mind—here's the plot. A nice, middle-class school teacher (James Mason) has been leading a calm, dull life with his wife (Barbara Rush) and young son (Christopher Olsen) when he is stricken with a rare, usually fatal disease—inflammation of the arteries. Mason's doctors have been getting encouraging results with cortisone and prescribe it to him. Mason, in his anxiety to feel good, doesn't stick to the dosage and blooms into a manic-depressive with an overwhelming desire to kill his wife and son. There are times when, supposedly acting insane, Mason seems much healthier and more attractive than in the good old normal days (the drug gives him confidence to speak his mind and vitality enough to become somewhat creative). His "normal" wife refuses to inform the doctors of her husband's increasingly peculiar behavior and lets their son be victimized by him. When Mason locks her in a closet, she realizes her mistake. Well, it's a slick and well-acted drama, if you're interested.—CinemaScope, 20th-Fox



THE BURNING HILLS

in the saddle with Tab Hunter

■ When Tab Hunter's brother is shot in the back on their homestead Tab knows exactly where to go—to the benighted town of Esperanza in search of a man with a limp, a man with fancy spurs and a man who smokes cigars. These men work for a cattle baron who has been stealing all the land in the territory. When the baron asks Tab to drop dead Tab shoots him dead instead, and heads for Fort Stockwell and justice. Well, the man with the cigar turns out to be sadistic Skip Homeier, the baron's son, and he, and a lot of other men set after Tab—who by this time has found Natalie Wood (a fiery Anglo-Mexican whose dad was killed by Homeier's dad). She hides him, fearlessly faces sadistic Skip and drugs him and his crew so that she can make a getaway with Tab. Their getaway is hampered by a half-Indian trapper (Eduard Franz) but you're never quite sure whose side he's on. (Oddly enough, he's on no one's side, which is some sort of switch.) Tab is more resourceful than the Lone Ranger and just as brave in this active film.—Warnercolor, Warners (Continued on page 14)





for the girl in **P**erpetual **M**otion

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Magic Oval Crotch Pantie**

CAN'T RIDE UP—EVER!

Leading an active life can be fun—especially when you're comfortable and perfectly at ease. That's where "Perma·lift's"* Magic Oval Crotch Pantie comes in—it helps you lead the life you love—happily takes you from one caper to another without ever chafing or irritating. And, of course, your new Pantie CAN'T RIDE UP—EVER! Styled of lightweight, yet controlling nylon power net with satin lastex front and back panels, this wonderful new Pantie has no bothersome bones or stays and fits you as perfectly as your own personality. So, try one today at your favorite corset department.

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with extra-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream



Smooth out "sun-glare" crinkles—
Lightly pat Pond's Dry Skin Cream around eyes. It's extra rich in lanolin—*homogenized* to penetrate deeper, soften dry lines faster!



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Stroke Pond's Dry Skin Cream up throat. Pond's *special emulsifier* restores moisture to sun-dried skin . . . makes skin look younger, firmer. Get a big jar—less than a dollar!

Extra Rich in
**HOMOGENIZED
LANOLIN**
for faster, deeper softening



**So effective—more women use it
than any other dry skin care**

movie previews *(Continued from page 12)*

REBEL IN TOWN

a western with character

The Civil War's over, but not for rancher John Payne. He hates Rebels and is engaged in hunting down a handful who've turned into bank robbers. The war isn't over for those robbers, either (four sons and Pop—J. Carrol Naish)—who lost their farm in Alabama. Happens that Payne has a seven-year-old son who is accidentally shot by one of Naish's sons (John Smith). John's brother (Ben Cooper) is horrified and wants to stay around for the funeral, but he can't. Brooding up in the hills, Ben defies his father and brothers and decides to go back to town. Brother John knifes him when no one's looking and obligingly ties him to his horse. Payne finds Ben and takes him back to the ranch where his wife (Ruth Roman) recognizes him. She doesn't give him away, though, since she's sick of killing and it's obvious that Payne would kill him in a minute. The day comes that Payne discovers who Ben is, and that's the day he (Payne) has to choose between being a man or a beast. It's an unusual Western because of the idealism of Cooper and the interesting character of J. Carrol Naish, who arrives in town for the climax.—U.A.

WALK THE PROUD LAND

new life for the Apaches

■ If anyone can give pride back to the Apaches, it's Audie Murphy. What he wants to give it back for is another problem since they, in any case, will be tied down to a reservation and doomed (as we all know) to vanish. Nevertheless, as newly-appointed Indian agent to the San Carlos Reservation (in 1874), he kicks out the American army, removes the chains from Apache chief Robert Warwick and his sub-chiefs and happily sets up housekeeping with Anne Bancroft (a widowed Squaw). He tells her he's engaged, but she has her own ideas about that. When Audie provides guns for the Apaches (to hunt), the legendary Geronimo swoops down to recruit his brothers for a marauding band. Those Apaches stick with Audie, but there's trouble in store for them anyway—and trouble for Audie whose fiancée, Pat Crowley, shows a distinct lack of interest in sharing him with Anne.—Technicolor, U.I.



THE BRAVE ONE

a boy and a bull fight

■ One of the rarest of all events in a bull ring is when the bull's life is spared. This happens in *The Brave One* because Gitano (the bull) is such a magnificent beast that the greatest matador in Mexico can't defeat him. But, essentially, *The Brave One* is the story of a little boy (Michel Ray) and his love for Gitano, whom he adopted at birth. Michel's father (Rudolfo Hoyos), a gentle, realistic farmer, tries to prepare him for the day when Gitano will meet his destiny—death in the ring, but Michel, with unbounded hope and persistence, miraculously has his way. In a pastoral setting, where one gets the feel of life and customs in a small village (and the contrast to that of life on a rich Mexican ranch) you follow Michel through his touching crises of loving, losing and winning back Gitano, up to the thrilling moment when 80,000 hysterical fans, who've begun by shouting for the death of the bull, end by demanding that he live.—Cinema-Scope, RKO

movie previews

RAW EDGE

mayhem and madness out west

■ To begin with there's Dan Kirby—he was lynched. Kirby, as his brother Rory Calhoun discovers, was the only honorable man in the Oregon Territory. His Indian widow Paca (Mara Corday) has been handed over to Robert Wilkie, by order of Herbert Rudley who runs the frontier town. There are lots of people who want to get rid of Rudley—his wife (Yvonne De Carlo), all the Indians, Rory, and a father (Emile Meyer) and son (Neville Brand) who desire to take over the territory. Let me tell you, getting hold of Mr. Rudley turns into a real competition, and through it all Neville Brand is trying to get hold of Yvonne De Carlo. She screams every time he comes within ten feet of her—and you'd scream, too, considering his character. When the gunsmoke lifts there's hardly a paleface left in Oregon.—Technicolor, U.I.

THESE WILDER YEARS

tears for James Cagney

■ Now that he's a big steel man James Cagney starts wondering about the son he sired out of wedlock and never saw. That son (Don Dubbins) is nearly twenty-one and doing quite nicely with his foster father. Barbara Stanwyck, head of the foundling home that arranged for Don's placement, has no intention of helping Cagney find him. Even the efforts of his lawyer (Walter Pidgeon) can't subdue that lady's fighting spirit. But father and son do have a meeting anyway. Meanwhile, there's teen-ager Betty Lou Keim who is in the unfortunate position of being an unwed mother—that is, she's about to become one when Cagney is first introduced to her. Through Betty he learns that one can atone for the past, in part, by being responsible for someone else's future. You'll cry a little.—MGM

PARDNERS

Martin & Lewis shoot it up

■ Jerry Lewis always wanted to be a rancher—his father was a rancher and got killed—and Dean Martin's father got killed with him—they were pardners. But Jerry is a Mama's boy, and Mama (Agnes Moorehead) has a million dollars which she can double by marrying Jerry off to a large heiress. Jerry's cousin (Lori Nelson) runs the ranch his dad used to own and Dean Martin helps her. When they come east for money—the mortgage is due and the Masked Raiders are always burning down the barns—they come away with nothing but Jerry and Cuddles (a champion bull). So Jerry becomes a rancher and a sheriff, under the name of Killer Jones, but he always remains himself—completely friendly, innocent and incompetent. Of adventures with the Masked Raiders I will only say that Jerry winds up roped to a chair with dynamite (lit) in his pockets.—Vistavision. Para.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

STORM CENTER (Col.): Bette Davis, as head librarian, is asked to remove a book called *The Communist Dream*. She refuses because of her American sense of freedom. A town crisis arises.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME (MGM): The life story of Rocky Graziano, played by Paul Newman, Pier Angeli plays his wife and Eileen Heckart his mother in this film. The action doesn't let up for a moment.

THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE (Disney): Fess Parker, who looks and acts like a Southerner, is really a northern spy attempting to dismantle the southern railway system during the Civil War. Jeffrey Hunter, a motorman, suspects it and the chase is on.

LUST FOR LIFE (MGM): Kirk Douglas plays artist Vincent Van Gogh in this excellent film. His brother Theo (James Donald) understands Vincent's tortured personality and tries to help by financing his painting. Painter Paul Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) also helps but their theories clash. Vincent is then stricken with emotional disorders. The color in the film is wonderful.

TRAPEZE (U.A.): Tony Curtis finds injured Burt Lancaster in Paris. Tony wants to learn the triple roll on the flying trapeze and Burt is the man to teach him. Gina Lollobrigida starts the trouble when her yearning for the spotlight is equalled by nothing else. Great circus atmosphere and wonderful trapeze shots.

THE BLACK SLEEP (U.A.) is a tale of horror involving surgeon Basil Rathbone who's working on a drug to simulate death. Between his assistants, and captives (Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney, John Carradine, etc.) it's surprising to find a few healthy people in the film.

UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS (U.A.) is a documentary film based on reports and official investigations of "flying saucers." A most interesting and informative film.

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no Lacquer at all!

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TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION
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...With Just One Brushing!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! Instantly sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

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MAKES TEETH WHITER — CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

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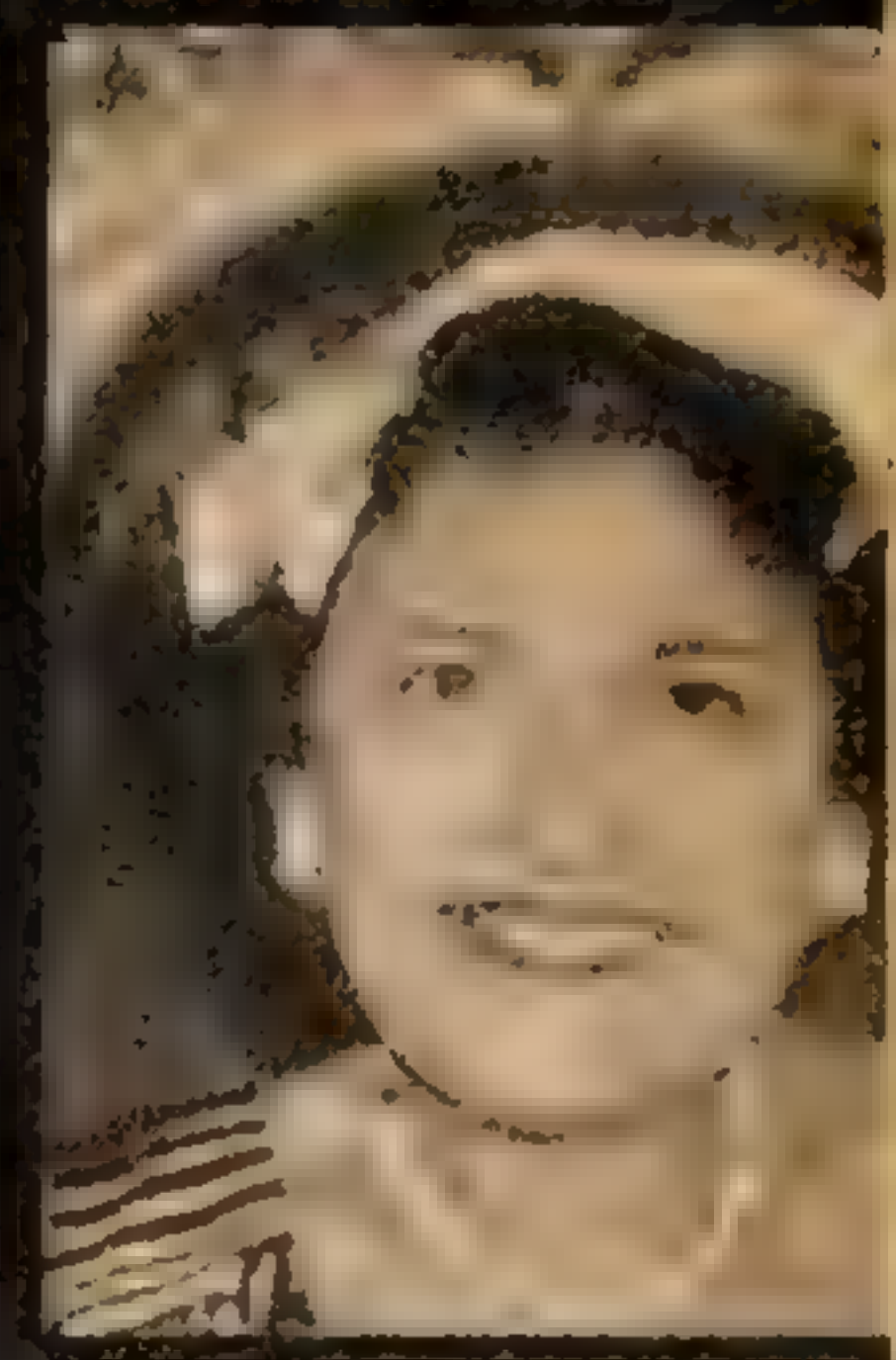
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LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood



IN THIS SECTION:

Liz' marriage ends! (p. 22)

Watch out, Debbie!

I nominate Anthony Perkins

Open letter to Diana Dors

The letter box

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



Nobody ever had more prayers to go with her into the delivery room than Janet Leigh. She had a miscarriage once, and was sick during this pregnancy—but she came through all right—and brought such a beautiful baby home to Tony.

KELLY CURTIS: There are no two happier people in Hollywood these days than Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis and their lovely little girl, Kelly, who is the spittin' image of her pop.

In their new home on San Ysidro Drive in Beverly Hills, Janet and Tony have built a special nursery for Kelly, complete with a small kitchen for preparing baby's formulas. Their bedroom is only a few steps away and even with a nurse on duty they go tiptoeing in several times a night. Tony has been scolded by the nurse for picking the baby up too often.

I asked Tony what the baby's real name is and he grinned, "It's Kelly Schwartz, legally." (Schwartz is his real name.) "But one of these days we may make her name Curtis for

keeps if she has no objection."

The new home of the Curtises is a dream. They've remodeled the entire kitchen, which is now all electric, with one of those wall-refrigerators.

Except for the den, the rugs are all pure white—the same color as Janet's miniature poodle, Mercy. Between Mercy and Kelly—what those rugs won't look like before long!

Yes, the poodle is just a mite jealous of the baby, but still spends most of the day sitting under Kelly's crib, the world's smallest watch dog.

COME HOME, PAPA. Lana Turner and Lex Barker couldn't be happier about their expected baby (due in January). Lana tells me she wants this baby very much, despite



Remember when Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron got married? Everyone said she wouldn't be happy without her career. Well—Lita's having a baby, not a come-back!



But of all the women in Hollywood who has waited for a second child, Lana Turner is it. Lana, I know this has been your dream for years. Congratulations.

the fact that childbirth is dangerous for her because of an RH blood type factor.

She almost lost her life when she lost a baby during her marriage to Bob Topping.

Lex was away on location making *War Drums* in Kanabe, Utah, when Lana learned the stork was on its way to their house. She called him and broke the news this way, "Come home soon, Papa. Mamma's going to have a baby."

GOOD LUCK, SHIRLEY! The marriage of pretty blonde *Oklahoma!*—*Carousel* star Shirley Jones to Jack Cassidy was no surprise at all. When I was in Rome last summer and Shirley was on the stage there in *Oklahoma!* her love for Cassidy and his for her was quietly discussed. He was not free at the



Though they looked happy in Rome when they first fell in love, Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy had their troubles for a time while Jack tried to get a divorce.



For a change, Gene McGrath flew to Terry Moore instead of the other way 'round—to take her to the preem of The King And I. There's a story on page 34.

time to marry her.

They were married on my birthday, August 6th. Shirley wired me, "We are going to have a very quiet wedding at Cambridge. Life is very, very wonderful for us. We just want you to be the first to know."

Shirley's right. I always do like to be the first to know.

STILL VERY MUCH IN LOVE are Terry Moore and Gene McGrath. They recently went to Bob Dalton's seaside restaurant, took a table overlooking the moonlit water, ordered their dinner—then suddenly cancelled.

Mr. Dalton was momentarily non-plussed until Terry explained, looking dreamily into Gene's eyes, "Suddenly we aren't hungry."



And here's the wedding closest to my heart. I flew all the way to England to be with Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels to see their daughter Barbara (who is my god-child) get married in St. James Church. Her groom is a BBC producer, Russell Turner.

Ava's coming home—but just to get her divorce (finally) from Frankie. What with her living in Spain, working in Pakistan and generally being a world-traveller, Hollywood hasn't seen the tempestuous, troubled, beautiful girl in a long time.



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



I nominate for stardom: TONY PERKINS

■ Although now it may seem like blasphemy and the brickbats may start flying in my direction, I sincerely believe that this tall, lanky boy who is already the talk of the town will come close to reaching the place James Dean held in the hearts of the fans.

That's saying a lot. It seems to me the Dean fans are more hysterical in their devotion to him since his death than they were when he lived.

But this young Perkins—he is something rare indeed. Rare in the talent he comes by naturally from his famed father, Osgood Perkins. Rare in the resemblance he bears to Gary Cooper, so marked in their picture *Friendly Persuasion* that a national magazine carried the likeness on a cover. Rare, above all else, in the way his youth and sensitiveness reaches out from the screen to grip the heart-strings—just as Jimmy's did.

After the sneak preview of *Friendly Persuasion*, a fan wrote me: "This is the finest young actor (meaning Tony) since James Dean. Perhaps he will be greater because his talent will grow and mature, a gift denied the tragic young Dean."

Who is this sensational young Perkins? He first attracted attention as the mixed-up boy in *Tea And Sympathy* on Broadway.

Born in New York City on April 4th, 1932, he received his education at Browne and Nichols Prep, Columbia University and Rollins College in Florida before following his late father into showbusiness. He has appeared on most of the top TV drama programs and his movies (most still unreleased) include *The Actress* with Jean Simmons, *Persuasion*, *The Lonely Man* with Jack Palance, and his first starring role, *The Jim Piersall Story*, for Paramount.

Watch for Tony in the November Modern Screen.

So off they went, arm in arm, back to John Wayne's yacht which they had borrowed.

Bob Dalton is used to the ways of movie stars, having the only "Drive-in" yacht business, a special pier to which Rory Calhoun, Ray Milland, Kirk Douglas, Humphrey Bogart and others tie up their boats when they come in to dine.

Who said life in Hollywood is like any place else?

LOOK OUT, DEBBIE! I hope by the time you read this, you have slowed down. But, as I write it, you are doing much too much, my pretty, pert little friend.

Just out of the hospital, you are suffering from complete exhaustion, your doctors say. And I, for one, don't wonder. For a girl who is expecting her first baby, you have taken enormous chances, Debbie.

Look at the record: You were so ill from chasing around the country with Eddie that they had to take you off a plane in Dallas, Texas, just before you admitted you were expecting a baby. But, you went on to New York and trailed him around everywhere, to his TV broadcasts, to his charity appearances. Everywhere Eddie went, Debbie went, too.

Then, back to Hollywood where you started a movie, *Time For Tammy*, in the second month of your pregnancy, and unbelievably, a second picture, *Bundle Of Joy*, a musical, with your husband, in your fourth month of pregnancy.

As though this weren't enough, you continued to be constantly at Eddie's broadcasts and even business conferences, just as you did when you were his little tomboy sweetheart. You even moved out of your home and into your studio dressing room to live—where you couldn't possibly have the comfort and quiet and rest you need.

My dear, I know you love Eddie. And, I'm sure he wants you with him. You have always been so completely his pal as well as his sweetheart.

But from now on, at least until you have your baby—and even after, you are going to have to remember that you aren't a carefree little girl anymore. You are a woman about to face the most marvelous experience of your life. And you are going to have to adjust yourself to the knowledge that you can't forever more be "on the road" with your man. If you are as smart as I think you are, you'll find the nursery very sweet.

MORE BABIES: I've known this to happen in so many cases: right after Lita and Rory Calhoun made up their minds to adopt a baby, they found out they were going to have one of their own! It will be their first after years of marriage, and the happy event is scheduled for January.

Several years ago, Lita lost an expected baby and she and Rory felt they might never have one of their own. She wanted one so much that Rory finally agreed they should adopt a child.

Just as they were about to apply to a well-known adoption agency, comes this happy news.

OUT OF SIGHT: A very chastened John Ireland telephoned to tell me that he thought of Joanne Dru all the time he was in London, but he didn't believe she thought about him as much.

That's not what Joanne told me when I



I was shocked to see these pictures of Debbie at work on *Tammy*. She looks like a doll, but if you ask me—she's just overdoing it at this time!



Mind you, I'm not saying Debbie's schedule is any harder than any other star's. But she has to be at work with her four directors by 7:30 a.m. . . .



. . . and until evening she's rehearsing, seeing visitors like George Nader, doing tiring scenes—and trying to run her home by phone! Now, is that what you call rest? Not for a young lady expecting a baby, it's not!



LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Gary Cooper on the Riviera with Rocky and their daughter—he never travels without them.



The visitor who makes the most stir is Marilyn Monroe Miller, in England with her new husband, to make a movie with Laurence Olivier. Even I was astonished at the reception she got!



Leslie Caron and Peter Hall got engaged in Paris. I hope this ends Leslie's loneliness.



And Frankie spent a few hours on the beach at Rome—relaxing between his many dates.



Bob Mitchum took his family to Paris, and spent a lot of time browsing along the Seine.

talked to her after she received a black eye in what was assertedly an automobile accident. She didn't pan John. She just said she had to be away from him for a while, to take stock of their marriage and the direction in which it was headed, before she made up her mind.

When two fundamentally nice people get in the kind of headlines Joanne and John made recently, it really makes me sick at heart.

END OF A MARRIAGE: It was Elizabeth who called Bill Lyon, her friend and press agent at MGM, and it was just before dinner time. "Bill, can you come to the house immediately?" she said, her voice dissipated and lifeless for one so young. "Mike and I want you to make the announcement that," her voice was so low it was hardly audible, "—that we are separating."

It was Elizabeth, too, who opened the door

for him when he arrived at the hilltop home of the Wildings. The smile she gave him was wan. He pressed her hand in sympathy.

Mike, good-looking, mature, usually jovial—but at this time unnaturally solemn, was waiting for them in the living room. Liz went and sat beside him.

She was wearing a black-embroidered Chinese housecoat. No makeup. It was obvious she had been crying and it looked as if she might again. But for this moment she remained dry-eyed. She reached over and curled her fingers around Mike's hand.

"We want you to tell us how to put it—that we are going to part for a time," she told Bill, her voice faltering a bit.

Bill said, "Are you sure this is your wish, Elizabeth?" (As well as he knows her, he never calls her Liz.) "Are you sure, Mike?"

Two miserable people nodded their heads. Bill took a notebook out of his pocket. "How

do you want me to say it?" he asked kindly.

"Just say," said Liz, "that after thinking about it and talking it over for a long time Michael and I have decided that it is the best thing for our marriage if we separate for a while. Just say that we still have the deepest respect and affection for one another. Say—" But the words wouldn't come any more. She was crying quietly, Mike's arm around her shoulder.

Bill started dialing the newspaper and news syndicate telephone numbers.

A maid came in quietly and said, "Dinner is served, Mrs. Wilding."

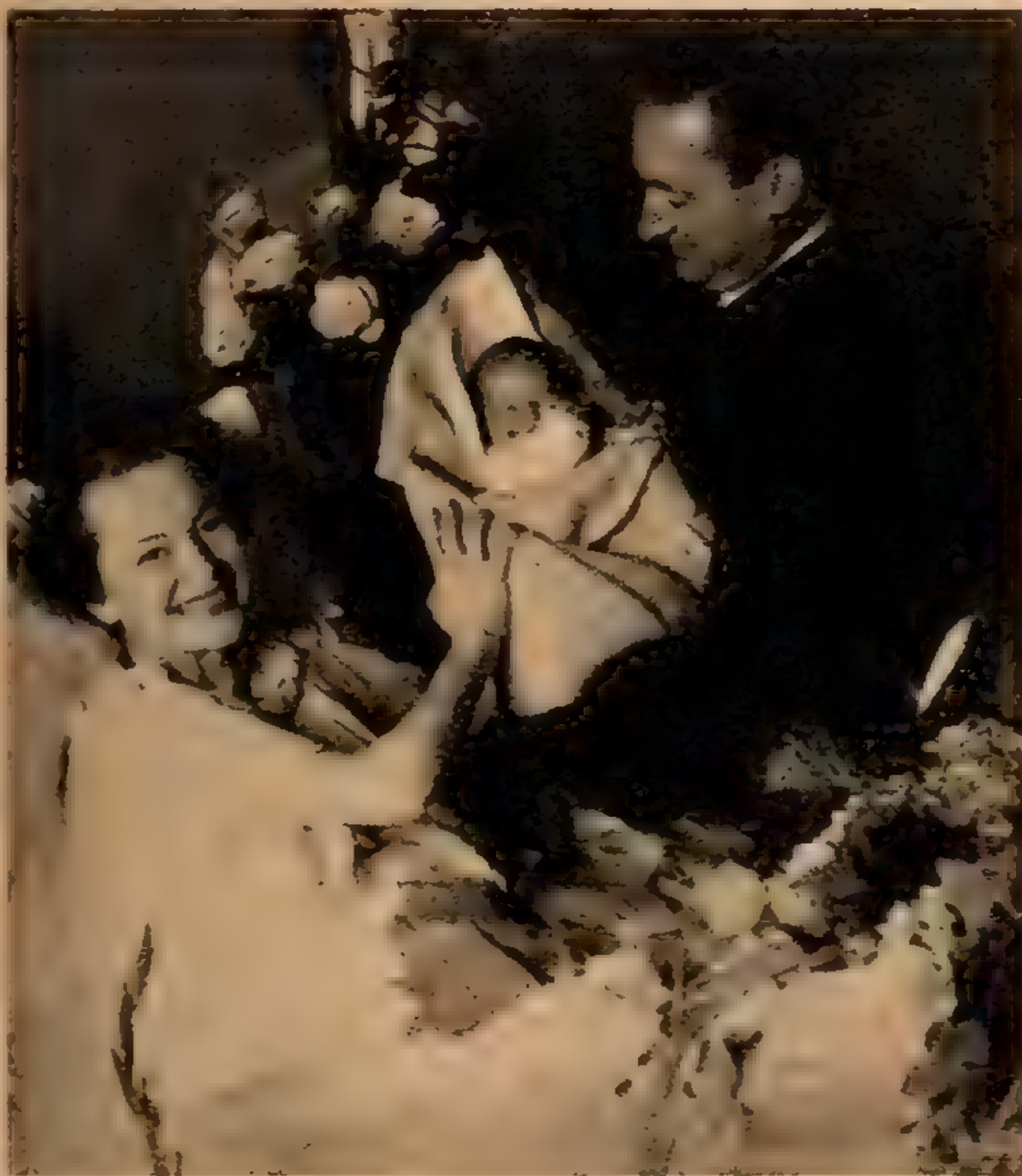
Liz shook her head. "Not now. Not now," she almost whispered.

For a little while only the sound of Bill's telephoning and the startling words he was speaking to surprised editors was the only noise in the comfortable, colorful room whose windows revealed the lights of the City of

So many stars are in Europe now that Hollywood is practically deserted!



Ingrid Bergman is not only making Anastasia, but may be on Ed Sullivan's TV show this fall.



Olivia de Havilland had her second baby, at Neuilly, France. She's named Titine Galante.

the Angels, spread out at their feet.

For two hours after, the three sat talking quietly, Liz never leaving the circle of Mike's protective arm. By 10:30 p.m. all the telephoning was over. Bill got up to leave. Liz and Mike walked to the door with him, and turning—he saw them entering the dining room for a meal that had long since grown cold, if they had the appetite to eat at all.

And, so ends another Hollywood marriage. When you think about it, the end of it isn't much more surprising than the beginning.

The union of the twenty-four-year old girl, still very young for her age, incurably romantic, in love with love—and a continental sophisticate twenty years her senior, who is at an age to sample life like a good wine—didn't have much of a chance in the first place, did it?

WHAT WILL ELVIS DO on the screen? To get the right answer to the burning ques-

Open letter to DIANA DORS:

■ Dear "Marilyn Monroe of England:"

You and I got off to a flying good start at the cocktail party given you by your Hollywood boss Bill Dozier. The minute I met you I liked you. Despite all your bosomy publicity and the gossip that you are a hard gal where the American dollar is concerned, I found you friendly, likeable, amusing, happily in love with your husband, and an all-around good scout.

I particularly liked the way you praised your so-called rival, Marilyn. "She's the greatest," you told me in your pleasantly clipped British accent. I sincerely believe you have no intention of making yourself a carbon copy of M.M. either on or off the screen.

But there is one matter, not too little, in which you are consciously or unconsciously, too much like her!

That is, in your habit of being unpardonably late for appointments or not showing up at all.

The story is going the rounds that RKO, in a nice gesture to acquaint you with George Gobel, the comedian with whom you are co-starred in *I Married A Woman*, arranged for you to see some of his TV shows run off in the projection room. Several members of the press were invited, to discover first hand your reactions.

Well, they never found out how you like droll George, because you never showed up. A friendly act went for naught and several people were inconvenienced. I wasn't one of them, so I'm not sounding this warning because of that.

Several hostesses, wanting to welcome you to a new community and to have you meet new friends, have told me that you accepted their invitations and then didn't show.

Everyone understands that you are under a strain, launching a new career in a new country, and you can't be everywhere at once. But, Diana, if you can't come there's always the telephone handy to say so!





the letter box

Sal Mineo and Elvis Presley completely dominate this month's mail! Fast coming up is Yul Brynner, from the fans in the cities where *The King And I* has shown. Where are you Brando, Sinatra, Rock Hudson, Tab Hunter tom-tom beaters of past months?

Among the women, Kim Novak is running far ahead of her glamour sisters in my mail. DONNA SCHLISHER, NEW YORK, writes: "Please please, please don't let them put Marilyn Monroe in *The Life Story Of Jean Harlow*. Kim Novak is the only girl who has the beauty and talent to play Jean."

"What did Elvis Presley ever do to you?" storms MARY ELLEN ELLIS. "If he's 'just a passing fancy'—why don't you let him pass in peace?" I repeat, teenagers are ma-a-ad for Elvis.

"Yul Brynner, bald-headed and bare-footed, makes all these other so called screen idols with their correct grooming and wads of hair look like store window dummies," opines CLAIR TRIPP, KOKOMO, INDIANA. "Yul is the greatest lover the screen has ever seen, without having one kissing scene in *The King And I*."

Sal Mineo made a mistake saying he hasn't a steady girl friend. If I had one letter I had 100 from admiring high school age gals who would like to fill the post.

"Bob Wagner is just the most," enthuses EVA ST. JOHN, BELLAIRE, TEXAS. "I saw him on TV in *The Ox Bow Incident* and I am convinced he is the most important young actor in Hollywood." Wait 'til you see Bob in *The Mountain*.

JACK HASKINS, TOLEDO, OHIO, says he has solved the problem of high prices at the box office. "I see my favorite actors in films on TV and then I buy the movie magazines (*MODERN SCREEN* is my favorite) and read all about them. I can't afford \$2.50 admissions." I'm afraid there's too much truth in what you say.

"D.M.", ROCKY MOUNT, VIRGINIA, asks, "Why are all the Hollywood contests conducted for girls only? We guys would appreciate a free trip to Movietown, too. Put in a good word for us guys, will you, Louella?" Consider it put.

tion of the month—I went to the only man who knows: Hal Wallis, the producer who will launch Elvis as a Hollywood star this month.

"What kind of a musical will he make?" I started off. "Modern, hillbilly, rock 'n' roll, or what?"

Hal scratched his chin before he hurled his bombshell. He said, "Maybe he won't sing at all!"

I'm no enslaved teenager, but even I gasped! "Not sing! What do you expect the kids to do—throw stones at the screen?"

"No," said Hal, "but take it from this angle: everyone knows Presley can sing. Wouldn't they be surprised if he turns out to be an actor, too?"

"But, Hal," I continued to protest, "why take a guaranteed gold mine and test it for salt? Audiences will expect Elvis to sing. It'll be a let-down if he doesn't."

Hal grinned. "I didn't say he wouldn't," he backed down. "I just said maybe he wouldn't. I haven't the right story yet but we might just find the perfect combination of singing and acting for him."

"Are you going to let him use his revolving hips?" I pried on.

Said Hal, "I've never tolerated bad taste in any of my films, you know that, Louella." Then he smiled. "But if Elvis should just happen to rotate the lower part of his spine in his natural vocal exuberance, well—we don't want to disguise him too much from what the fans expect, do we?" Now, what can you do with a man like that?

MY GODDAUGHTER MARRIES.

You really would have to have seen the marriage of Barbara Bebe Lyon to Russell Turner to appreciate what the Lyon family mean to London. They were in London all during the war and are adored by all the people.

I drove out to Bebe's house to drive with her to St. James Church in Spanish Place. All the way to the church the fans kept shouting, "Bebe! Ben!" As for the bride, who was beautiful in a long white wedding gown and veil, they almost broke the window of the car until Ben pleaded with them, "If you love us, please let my daughter get to the church in time for the ceremony."

When Douglas Fairbanks drove up to the church he was given a rousing welcome. They shouted loudly for Tyrone Power and for all the other American celebrities.

My mind went back to Bebe's wedding on June 14, 1930 when she married Ben Lyon and I was her matron of honor. We all wore different pastel shades, but we had no such extravagant thing as dyed flowers to match our clothes.

I felt it was worth traveling 6000 miles to attend the wedding of Barbara, who is my godchild.

I FEEL SORRY FOR MARILYN

Monroe, who cannot go to the theatre or anywhere without being mobbed. Ben Lyon, who gave her the name of Marilyn Monroe, said it is so fantastic to him to see her being guarded like royalty. "When I first met her," he said, "she was literally starving to death. I gave her her first job."

Marilyn was the first to telephone me when I arrived in London. I was rushing to attend a party so I promised to see Marilyn later. I'll have more about her after I see her.

The telephone girls at the Savoy, who get all sorts of celebrities and famous people, were more interested in my call from Marilyn than any others. Among them Ingrid Bergman, Rita Hayworth, Douglas Fairbanks and Tyrone Power.

"SHE'S A LIVING DOLL," Robert Mitchum whispered in my ear as I joined Rita Hayworth on the set of *Fire Down Below*. "You'll never find a girl easier to work with."

Rita greeted me like a long lost friend. She looks a little older but still very, very beautiful—her long red hair, her trademark for so many years, is pinned back.

She plays a displaced woman who has no passport and is illegally in a foreign country. I saw her play a scene with Bob and Jack Lemmon in which they were supposed to try and make a deal with her to smuggle liquor into Trinidad.

Rita told me she has taken an apartment in London and has her two children with her. She plans to come to the U. S. with the girls after she finishes *Fire Down Below*. She is living a very secluded life and is seldom seen around the gay spots in London. Beyond an occasional dinner, Rita, up to this time, seldom goes out socially.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

WHAT NEXT?



Here's Bob Wagner on a date with Natalie—and he's wearing a beard and carrying his shoes! And Ben Cooper shows up in a one-piece suit—shirt, tie, pants all in one piece!



"KIM—IF I WERE YOU..."

In the July issue of MODERN SCREEN we asked you to help Kim Novak make the biggest decision of her life, to choose between love or career.

Your response was magnificent. Thousands and thousands of letters poured into our office. We sent all of the letters on to Kim and both Kim and MODERN SCREEN thank you so much for them.

It was almost impossible to choose among so many wonderful, wonderful letters, but we have selected one which we feel shows extraordinary understanding of Kim's dilemma, and presents a possible solution to it. The letter was written by Mrs. Rae Cross, of 2331 West Kiowa Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado. To Mrs. Cross, we are forwarding a \$100 Savings Bond and our heartfelt gratitude—and Kim's too.

Dear Kim,

From past experience I would say "Choose your career"—for now, anyway.

Until you reach the place where you instinctively—and without needing help—know that you could give up your career and be perfectly happy with Mac and his interests—until then, marriage, or trying to combine marriage and career, would almost certainly result in heartache, frustration, and eventually divorce. Marriage or career—either one is a full-time, worthwhile, but demanding job. Very few women have the attributes necessary to make a success of both. There are some who have succeeded, but they are few.

A man may successfully combine a career and marriage. It is the normal way of life. A woman must choose. True, many women attempt both, but something, or someone, often pays too dearly. The competition is too keen. I am not philosophising. I am writing from my heart and personal experience.

"All the way," you say. There will be times when the lights and the success of your career will make it a vibrant, happy way. There will be times when it will be dark and lonely. Success is a poor substitute for love and the sharing of mutual interests. I know. Nevertheless, since you feel you must reach the pinnacle in acting—be honest and fair with Mac. Don't marry him—hoping that things will work out. Marry your career! If, later on, you want to divorce your career—the separation will not cause the heartaches that come when you divorce a man, plus all the memories of a marriage that didn't have a fair chance.

I do hope that whichever you choose—career or marriage—that you go "all the way" forcing yourself to forget or ignore all the "might-have-beens," all the regrets—giving only your best to your voluntary choice. If you give your best you will receive the best in return.

Very Sincerely,
R. C.

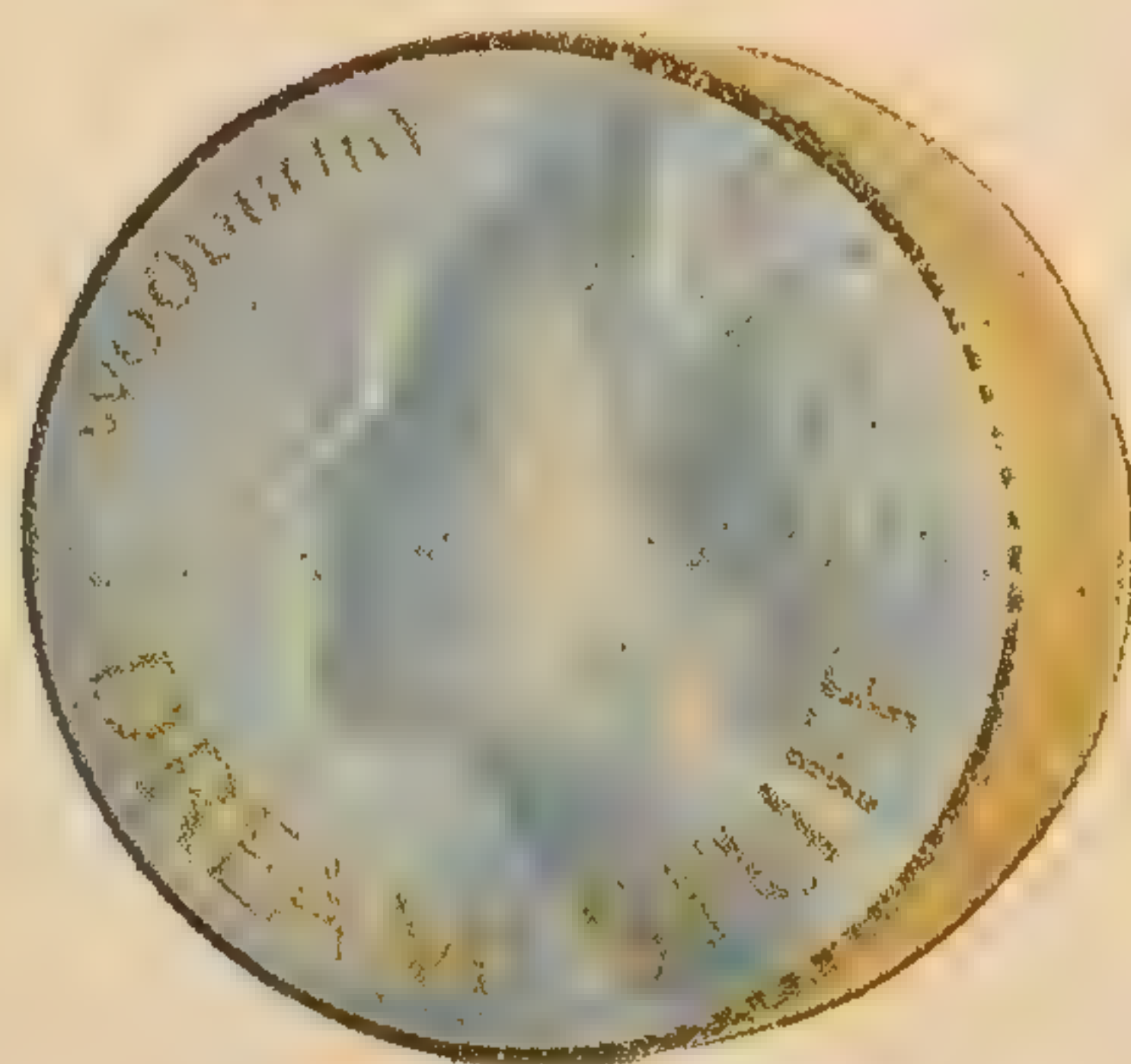
ELIZABETH TAYLOR co-starring in M.G.M.'s "RAINTREE COUNTY"



the
Elizabeth Taylor look!
Yours with...

Woodbury Dream Stuff

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In pretty blue-and-gold box, 49c.
In smart ivory-and-gold mirrored compact, \$1.00.

With a mere touch of its puff, Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color . . . the smooth, soft look of very young skin like Elizabeth Taylor's. Clings like a foundation . . . flatters like a powder . . . stays color-true. Never streaks or dry-cracks. It's the fabulous all-in-one make-up busy women can apply in a split-minute — and get compliments all day! Neat, too — no loose powder to spill! Five dreamy new shades.

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Look! The First Weatherproof Pin-curl Permanent

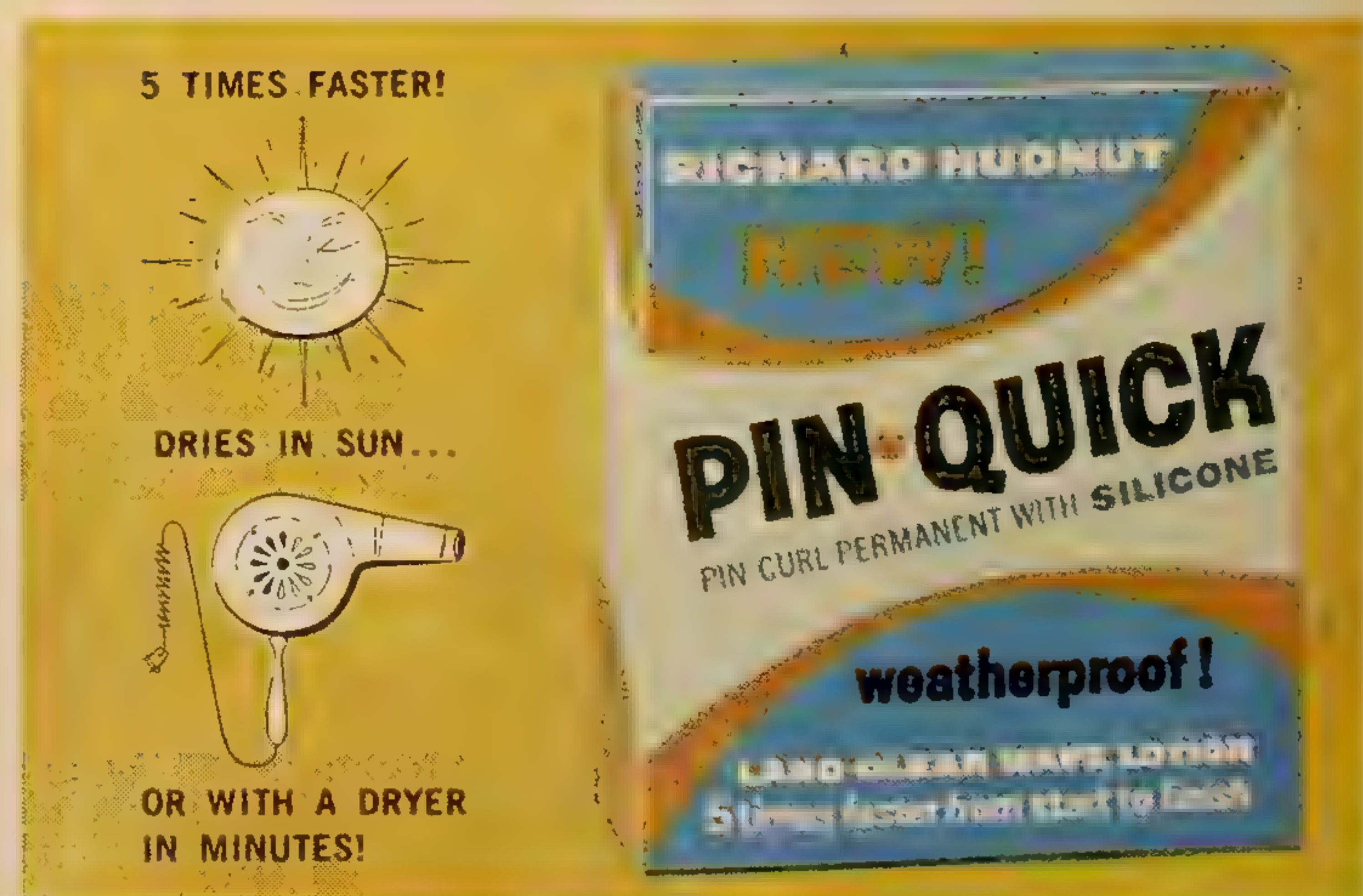


Richard Hudnut's NEW SILICONED PIN·QUICK

WEATHER CAN'T WEAKEN IT!
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Forget the troubles you've had with ordinary pin-curl permanents—starting to droop from the first shampoo ...wilting on the first damp day!

Exciting new Pin-Quick *really works!* Richard Hudnut guarantees it! Curls are locked in to stay—last and last till you cut them off! Weather can't weaken it ...water can't wash it out! Miracle-working Silicone in Pin-Quick helps keep your hair soft, lustrous, far easier to manage. See how beautifully soft your pin-curl wave can be with New Weatherproof Pin-Quick. **\$1⁵⁰** PLUS TAX



RICHARD HUDNUT GUARANTEES PIN-QUICK TO LAST LONGER THAN ANY OTHER PIN-CURL PERMANENT—OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



Your James Dean Memorial Medallion

Dear readers—

It is a year now that Jimmy Dean has been dead. That doesn't seem possible, does it? It doesn't to us. There is so much that makes us think, "He died only yesterday." So much that makes us think, "He can't really be dead."

There are your letters, coming in every day, so filled with a warm, alive love for him. There are the people we meet who knew him, the stars whose voices soften and whose faces change when his name is spoken. There are the old issues of MODERN SCREEN, filled with his pictures and his words. There are the stories told us now by his friends, filled with his living presence.

We have one of those stories for you this month, told by a guy who was his pal both before and after Jimmy came to Hollywood—the movie star, Nick Adams. It's a great story. By the way, it is not a sad one. It's the story of Jimmy's happiest moments, and we have some wonderful pictures with it.

But this is the anniversary of Jimmy Dean's death, and somehow, even a great story is not enough. We spent a long time wondering, what is there that we can give you at this time that will endure—like your memory of Jimmy? Something that you can keep always, long after the pages of this magazine have yellowed and aged.

Well, we think we've found the answer. We think we have created something for you that is worthy of his memory. A James Dean Memorial Medallion.

We searched until we found the best pictures of Jimmy that we had ever seen. We submitted them to a famous sculptor. Carefully and painstakingly, he carved in plaster a head that was a marvelous likeness. This statue was given to craftsmen who modeled from it a golden-toned medallion of enduring brass, more than an inch in diameter, its shining beauty protected against tarnishing. Above is an artists' sketch of the Medallion—only a rough sketch, but we think it captures some of the quality of it. The Medallion is so made that you can wear it on a necklace or a key-ring or a bracelet—or enclose it in a locket. If you would like to own it, on page 80 you can find out how.

We hope you like this Memorial Medallion. We think it is finer than putting up a statue, or handing out certificates. It is something that you can own forever, that will never grow old, that you can keep near you. It is something that we are proud to be able to offer to our MODERN SCREEN readers. We think Jimmy would be proud of it, too.

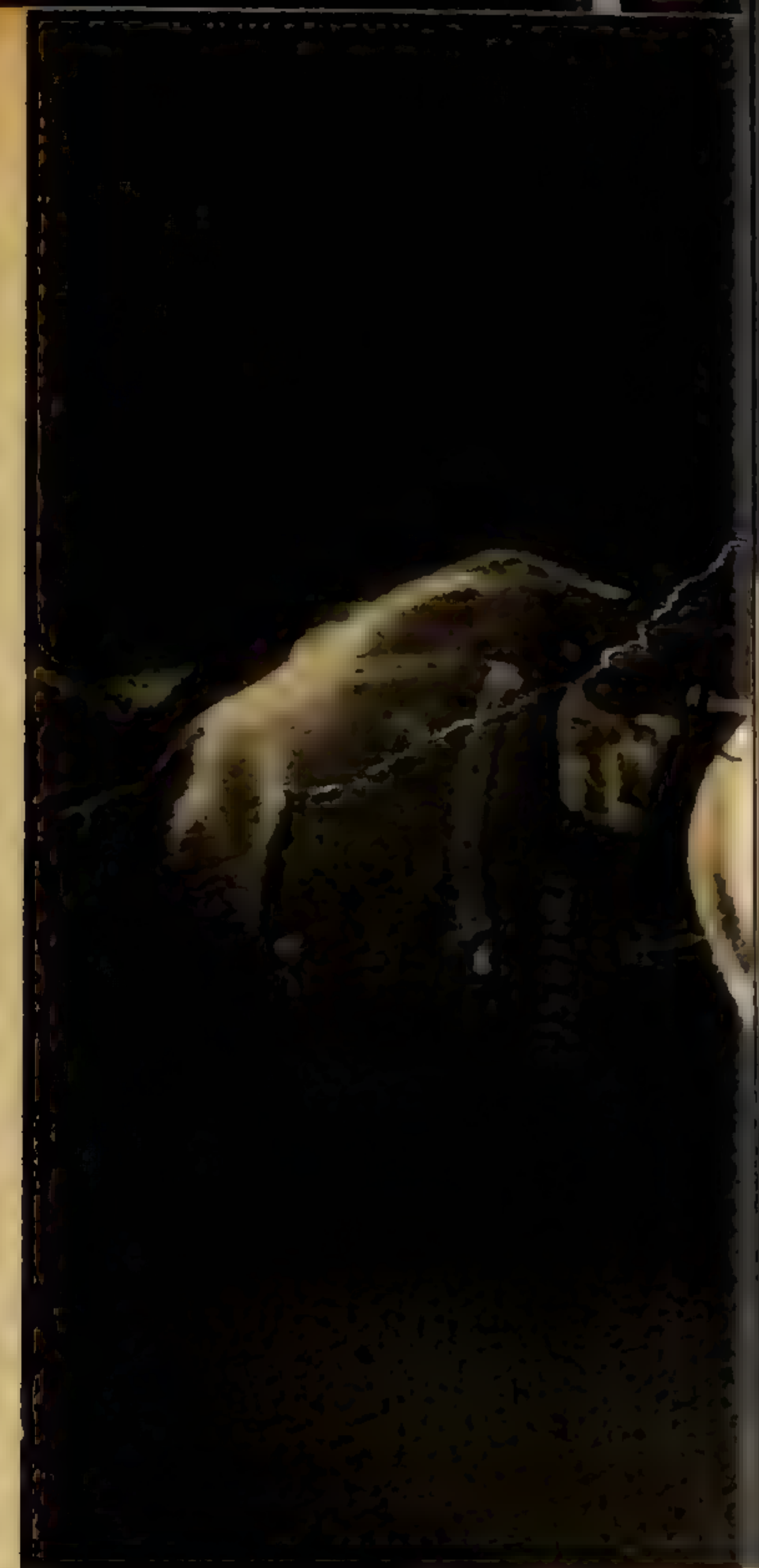
David Lyons
EDITOR

James Dean's pal, Nick Adams, recalls his favorite stories of...

Jimmy's happiest moments



He loved animals because he said, "They accept you on your own terms." They tickled him because they would do just what they wanted to and didn't give a darn. Like Jim.





Photos by Dennis Stock, Magnum

All the tension went out of Jimmy when he was with kids, and he'd play with them by the hour. Maybe because at heart he was such a kid himself.



He got a kick out of trying anything new. If it was dangerous like bull-fighting, all the better. If he looked silly, like at ballet dancing—he was the first to laugh at himself.

■ I wish someone would explain human beings some day. Why is it that whenever I think of Jimmy Dean, who loved the fun of life much more than he loved life itself, I feel like crying? I mean, the first guy to hoot at me, if he saw me, would be Jimmy himself. I remember his reaction one afternoon when we worked in *Rebel Without A Cause*, and we all argued against his decision to use a real knife, instead of a prop, in the famous knife fight scene. All we had to do was catch the look in his eyes as he stared in protest at us, to know that a prop would be too dull, let alone unrealistic, as far as he was concerned.

So he might get cut. So what?

So he did get cut—and he was delighted with the feeling of satisfaction that came to him, a feeling based not only on the fact that he had *lived* his role more than he had pretended it, but that there was a *kick* to this way of acting, as there should be to everything a fellow pitches in to do—and no matter the cost.

I think my sadness comes because nobody seems to have remembered this Jimmy Dean—or talks about this Jimmy Dean, the fun-loving Dean.

The Jimmy Dean I knew was intelligent enough to know that the truth in life comes out in its laughter, and so he lived mostly in laughter when he was with his friends (and, as I later found out, when he was with favorite members of his family). It was true (*Continued on page 30*)

Jimmy Dean's happiest moments

continued

No matter who says what, I know he was happy with his fans, as long as no one tried to pull him to pieces. And one of the greatest moments of his life was when his grandfather told him about his ancestor the auctioneer. But I guess I don't have to say that when he could "get with a beat" on a bongo drum—man, Jimmy was really living then!



(Continued from page 29) that he could be introspective. But this was a passing thing with him. He was always curious about his acting ability, wondering if it was something he had inherited, and he couldn't keep from making investigations along that line.

Also he could be touched deeply by sentimentality, since he was only ten when his mother died and her going was a shocking loss in his life that he never fully got over. One day he told me that at his mother's death he managed to undo the ribbon which was wrapped around the funeral door wreath, and slept with it under his pillow for nights afterwards.

But these things didn't always plague him, and the everyday Jimmy was mostly a happy Jimmy. My favorite memory of him goes back to a night when I was sitting at the Villa Capri restaurant in Hollywood with some friends and he entered wearing a leather jacket, tight whipcord britches, gauntlets, high boots, and dangling a pair of goggles from his hand.

"Hey, man," he greeted us. "My new motorcycle is outside. Real sharp. Come *(Continued on page 78)*





WHY WE CALL NATALIE "TIGER"



*An intimate disclosure
by Faye Nuell, one of
Natalie's closest friends*

■ The first time I met Natalie Wood, we didn't like each other one little bit. That was a year and a half ago, and we were both working on *Rebel Without A Cause*. Naturally, I knew who Natalie was, but I was just a stand-in, and she'd never seen me before. Then, all of a sudden, she was seeing a lot of me, because I had known some of the kids who had real parts in the picture for a couple of years, and I spent most of my time hanging around with them. Well, Natalie didn't know I knew them, of course, and she had me pegged as a pushy kid trying to show off by hanging around (and annoying) her friends. So when someone finally got around to introducing us, she gave me the chilly shoulder supreme. And of course I figured her for a snob, and star or no star, I didn't think much of Miss Wood.

I suppose things would have stayed like that for the rest of the picture—except for Natalie. As far as I was concerned, if I didn't like her, that was that. Finished. Only Natalie is a funny kid. She doesn't like disliking people without a darn good reason—and she has a real instinct for nosing out a reason for *not* disliking them after all if she can. So one Saturday night when we were working late there was a break while the camera crew set up for the next shot, and all of a sudden Natalie marched over to me, determined to find her reason, one way or the other. She started gabbing. I was puzzled, but I had nothing better to do so I answered her, and we kidded around for a while. Then she asked me if I wanted to go to a show the next afternoon, and I was so startled I said yes before I knew it. Well, that started our friendship, and it's been rocketing along ever since. We've found a lot of things we have in common—including a fit of the giggles every time we tell each other what we thought of the other one at first.

By this time I suppose you're saying, "That's all very well," but *why do you call Natalie Wood 'tiger'?* Well, possess your soul in patience—I'm not going to tell you (*Continued on page 81*)



terry moore: my husband's a fast worker!

by JIM HENAGHAN

■ "Gee, it's good to be home," said Gene McGrath.

Terry Moore, his wife, flopped down on a huge sofa beside him and looked around at the apartment, a modest twelve-room, two-storied affair in the middle of Caracas, Venezuela. "Yeah," she said. "Only this is the third home I've come home to in the last two days! And only two days ago I was in Hollywood, and in another two days I have to be there again."

"Just like last week," said Gene.

"And the week before. And the week before that."

Gene kissed her. "This," he said, "is what you get for picking me up at that party."

"Picking *you* up," said Terry. "We were formally introduced and I couldn't get rid of you."

"Same thing," grinned Gene. "I was irresistible. Admit it."

"Persistent!" said Terry. "That's what you were. The most persistent man I ever met, and the fastest worker."

"And irresistible," said Gene.

Terry kissed him on the nose. "Persistent!" she said. "And maybe just a little irresistible—just a little."

She stretched out on the couch and thought about it.

It had been at a run-of-the-mill Hollywood party. Terry was with her mother. Her eyes idly skimmed the crowd and finally focused on a tall, well-built young man in his early thirties leaning against a wall near a potted plant at the far side of the room. He had wavy dark hair and soft brown eyes and wore a conservative grey ivy league suit. He held a drink of ginger ale in his hand. Terry looked him over carefully until she came to his eyes. They were staring intently—at her. Terry blushed a little and turned away. She looked back after a moment and the man was still staring. Terry turned away and went to sit with her mother. In a moment John Wayne was by her side, the young man in tow.

"I'd like to present a friend," Wayne said. "Mrs. Koford, this is Eugene McGrath—and this is Terry Moore."

"How do you do?" said McGrath, and sat down beside Terry without being asked. "You're a very pretty girl," he said.

"Thank you," said Terry.

"Now that the formalities are over with," said Gene, "let's get out of here and have dinner."

Terry tried to glare. "We just met thirty seconds ago." (Continued on page 62)





I flipped when Elvis held me in his arms—

by Kay Wheeler, 18 years old, of Dallas, Texas

■ All of a sudden, Elvis Presley had his arm around me and he was kissing me. *Kissing me!* Well, what would you expect me to do? I flipped! I absolutely flipped.

But I never showed it. I was cool as a cucumber the whole time, all that afternoon and evening. Everyone thought I was amazing. But I wasn't amazing. I was just in a daze. The truth of it is, I didn't believe a bit of it, that it was happening to me.

But it was. And all because about a year ago, when I was seventeen, I was eating a hamburger in a small cafe and absent-mindedly put a nickel in the juke box, pushing the selector button without looking. Suddenly, I heard a voice proclaiming (in no uncertain terms) that there was "Good Rockin' Tonight!" "Wow! Who's hungry?" I thought to myself, as I investigated this voice that set my nerves to tingling, and took my appetite away. Crazy! It didn't help much. It was some unknown by the strange name of "Elvis Presley."

It wasn't easy, but I remembered the name, and started looking for his records to buy. This wasn't easy either, for they were practically impossible to find. But I had been bitten by whatever bites you when you start digging Elvis Presley. So, having no idea who he was, or what he looked like—I became a Presley fan, and decided to do something about him. Up until this time, I think I was a completely average girl. My hobbies had been collecting things—but not autographs! First, it was dolls, then shells, rocks and stamps, in that order. I guess about the most enthusiasm I had ever shown in that direction was a letter I wrote to Charlton Heston complimenting him on his performance in *The Naked Jungle*. Elvis Presley was so completely unknown that I couldn't even find a picture of him anywhere. One day I met a girl from Gladewater, Texas, who had seen him there, singing in some Western Jamboree show. She said he was "a living doll." And then one Saturday night several months ago, I was using the phone (as usual), when suddenly, from the television set in the den, I heard a voice that I hadn't been able to forget. "It's Elvis," I screamed, and threw the phone down. (I don't remember to this day (Continued on page 90))

Rita comes to life in Trinidad



For the first time in three years, Rita Hayworth has something to take her mind off her romances—namely, work. And a good thing, too. For Rita's love life, always chaotic, has been even more hectic than usual, what with divorce number four, attempts to reinterest husband number three (Aly Khan), and any number of brief, unhappy side-trips into romance with a variety of beaus. This sort of thing can leave a girl gloomy, if not downright sullen, and Rita was no exception. But now, making a movie in sunny Trinidad, she has suddenly burst into smile and song. She hums happily under her breath when rehearsing with co-star Jack Lemmon on the hot, narrow streets, stretches out the famous legs to the South Sea sun in-between scenes, and scurries happily off on 'day-long excursions to neighboring paradises when work permits . . . which isn't often. But the New Rita doesn't mind that, either. She's at the set on time, morning, noon and (when necessary) night, with her lines all learned and her dances well-rehearsed. She's dieted cheerfully back into shape. She takes direction like a lamb. She *loves* to work!



photos by Jack Stager



Her favorite scene requires a black bathing suit (which made it popular with the rest of the cast) and a dip in the Golden Grove Lagoon at Tobago, which is why Rita goes through it cheerfully for re-take after re-take. She has even been suspected of "fluffing" deliberately and then asking in all innocence, "You mean I get to go swimming again?"



MORE →

RITA HAYWORTH

continued



Every now and then Bob Mitchum (the third star of the film, *Fire Down Below*) finds Rita sunbathing—under a parasol, and stops to comment. But at night Rita (who used to claim she was a stay-at-home married to a succession of gad-about), comes out of the shadows to dance barefoot on the grass. At the "Friendship Party" hosted by A. R. Broccoli (part owner of Warwick Productions, which is making the film) she danced with every member of the cast and crew, leaving them raving happily about the "nicest star in—or out of—Hollywood." For a girl who has spent the last few years dodging friends, relatives and newsmen alike, hiding behind dark glasses and nursing her hurts in private, this is more than a ball. It's a brand-new life—with only one possible shadow on the horizon.



... and from Trinidad suddenly





drift back surprising rumors of a new romance!



Daytimes, she and Jack Lemmon see the town together, chat with the natives and make friends with everybody—including each other. Since Jack has recently separated from his wife, naturally—rumors start. Now the question is: Does Rita leave Trinidad with a new—and difficult—romance?

END



they laughed at him, sneered at him, never suspecting ...

the secret strength of Burt Lancaster

by LOU LARKIN

■ Burt Lancaster shook his head. He was sitting behind the desk in his Beverly Hills office, half studying a script for *The Rainmaker*, half musing over the past.

"Sometimes I think it's because they *wouldn't* believe me that I've been able to do the things I wanted to do," Burt said softly. "For years I had the mistaken idea that I was trying to prove my ideas to people. I know now that I was only trying to prove them to myself."

Burt flipped a page of the script. His thick blond hair was in absolute disarray. He wore a plaid sport shirt, open at the neck.

When he moved his head, thick muscles rose and fell in his neck. There was a pink glow of health in his face. His eyes are blue and penetrating. When Burt looks at you those eyes become inquisitive, as though they are trying to determine what makes you tick.

It was hard to believe that this man has had all Hollywood pop-eyed with wonder. He is considered, by most members of moviedom, the man who stood the picture business on its ear.

Burt leaned back in his chair and took a long look at the ceiling. Then, in a laugh that wrinkled his nose and exposed those famous white teeth, he said:

"I'll never forget the first time it happened. I was about seven and he was about eight. We were in an argument over something and I said, 'I'll murderize you.' That meant I was about to clobber him, but good. I said it three or four times, but he wouldn't believe me. We wound up with a black eye apiece.

"But I had the most wonderful mother in the world. She nursed my eye when I got home and then very carefully explained that it could have been worse. 'He could have blackened both,' she said. 'Then you couldn't have seen to hit back.'

"But as sore as my eye was I remember enjoying the excitement of the fight. It aroused something inside me. And it wasn't long before I was yearning for that feeling again, but I *wasn't* yearning for another black eye.

"One night my father—he worked in a Manhattan post office—took his guitar, sat on the front steps of the house and sang one song after another. I listened for a while and the next time he sang the words came easy to me.

"I never did fully understand it but when I sang I got the same feeling of excitement I had in the fight. After that I'd sing whenever I felt bored, and it was often.

"I think I suffered from boredom more than most kids. School, in particular, annoyed me with routine. Starting at the same time every morning, leaving the same time every day, the same seat, the same subjects seemed to suffocate me. And the moment the bell rang I'd be out that door and as soon as I hit the open air I'd swell up my lungs and bellow the first note I could think of. The other kids must have thought I was crazy.

"The music, I'm afraid, came from a very savage and unsoothed breast.

"As I got older, sitting on the steps summer evenings with Dad at the guitar, became one ritual that never bored me. The Italians in our neighborhood loved to listen to him sing the songs of Ireland. One night a group of them gathered around him and when he had finished they applauded.

"The sound of clapping hands was new to me and one of the most pleasant I'd ever heard. I liked it. Then I sang. More applause. Here was proof positive that I had done something special. I guess that was the very beginning.

"When I was twelve I had a small reputation as a 'performer.' (Continued on page 58)

**MODERN
SCREEN'S
LETTER
TO AN
UNBORN
BABY:**

Honey—it takes most babies a long, long time to get to know their parents. Some of them never quite do, even when they're completely grown-up. But you, baby, are different, because (though you probably don't know it yet) you're going to be born to two of the most famous people in the world. All your life you're going to be hearing an awful lot about your Mom and Pop, and you're likely to be very much confused. So we'd like to set you straight right from the beginning—or a little bit before *your* beginning. First, we're going to print an exclusive statement from your Mom, telling what plans she and your Dad have for you. Then we're going to tell you something about these swell parents of yours: what they're like, the things they do together, the kind of families they come from, and the things they'll pass on to you. Pay close attention, baby, for in one second your mama's gonna tell you . . .



THE KIND OF FAMILY WE'LL BE

**DEBBIE'S
STATEMENT
ABOUT
THE
BABY:**

"What plans can one make for a baby? I hope that she or he will be normal and healthy and have just that sort of family life. Much like mine, in happy association with family and relatives. Of course, we will have pictures taken for our fans but we do think the baby should have a lot of privacy too. If we have a boy we want him to be able to shinny up a tree without falling off and breaking someone's camera. If she is a girl, we don't want her spoiled by too much attention, and any doctor's book will tell you that spoiling is caused by flattery and so on. If she or he is constantly pictured in magazines that is what could happen. I know Eddie will be a wonderful father and companion for our little one. You often hear people predict that bachelors are poor husband prospects, which is funny. How can you tell until he stops being a bachelor? Eddie was a long standing bachelor but he is as husbandly a husband as a girl could want. We don't hope for a boy or girl—just for the baby God gives us."—DEBBIE FISHER

MAMA SHOWED UP AS:

Mary Frances Reynolds on April 1, 1932 in El Paso, Texas, but she moved to Burbank when she was 9.



SHE IS A SHRIMP:

Five feet, one-and-a-half inches tall.
100 pounds
Green eyes, brown hair

SHE GOES TO CHURCH:

At the Church of Nazareth; her mother's family were Free Methodists.

THE RELATIVES ON MAMA'S SIDE:

There's one brother, Bill, and a wonderful mother and father. Debbie's Dad is a Southern Pacific Railroad carpenter. Deb's mom is a housewife but when times were hard, she worked, too—even took in laundry.



WHAT MAMA IS:

Impulsive and headstrong—she wants what she wants *right now!*
A living riot—she never stops clowning.
A bundle of energy, always on the go, and a chatterbox supreme. If she's quiet you know she's furious about something!
A sports fiend, who could throw a ball faster and farther than any boy in the neighborhood.
A top-notch bowler, and she would be a great golfer—but "that game goes too slow!"
She used to plan to be a gym teacher.
A big eater, always looking for something to munch.
A big milk drinker.



PAPA SHOWED UP AS:

Edwin Jack Fisher, born August 10, 1928 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania where he grew up.

HE'S A MEDIUM SIZE:

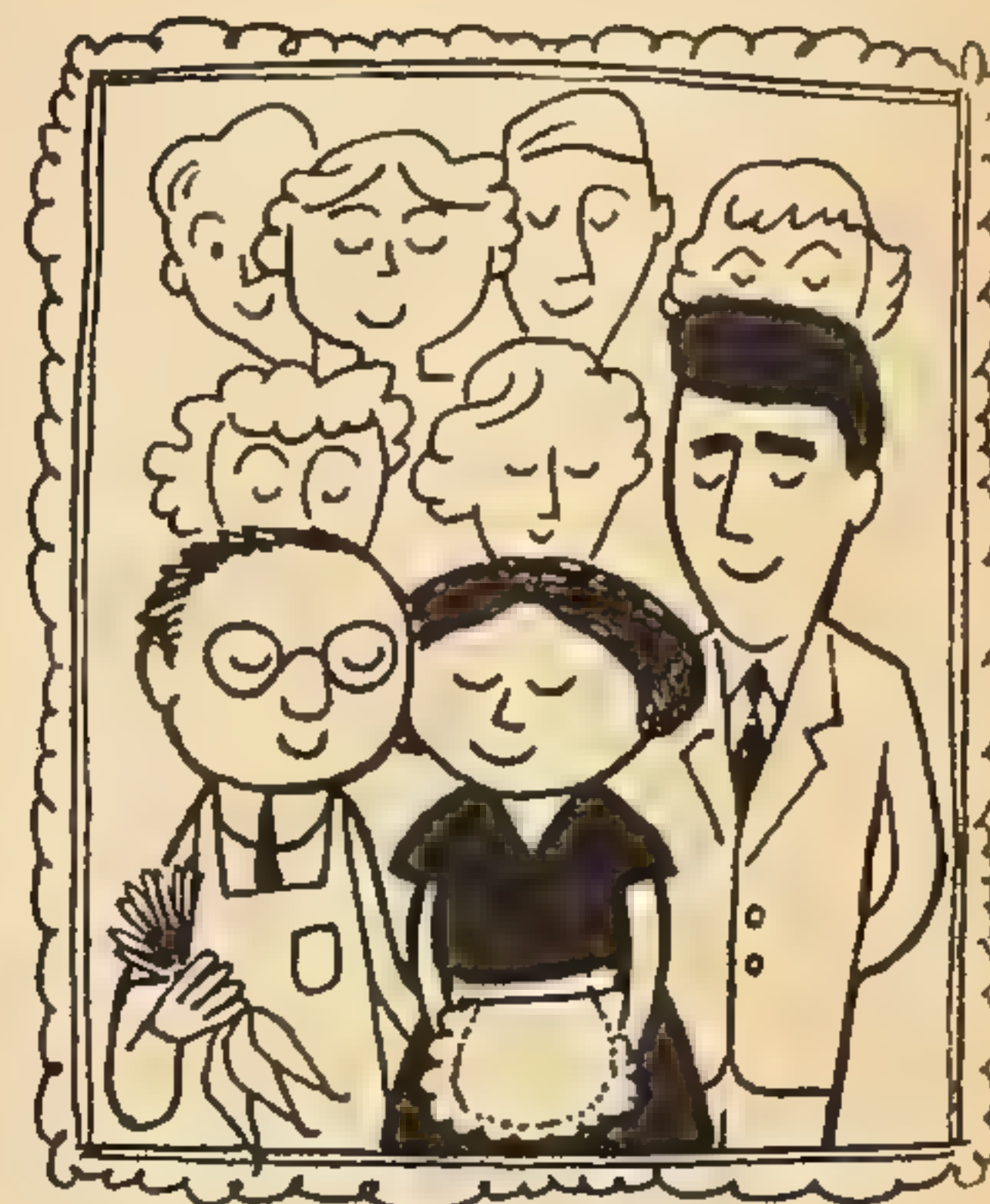
Five feet, eight inches
140 pounds
Deep brown eyes
Black curly hair

HE GOES TO TEMPLE:

in the Jewish religion, like all his family.

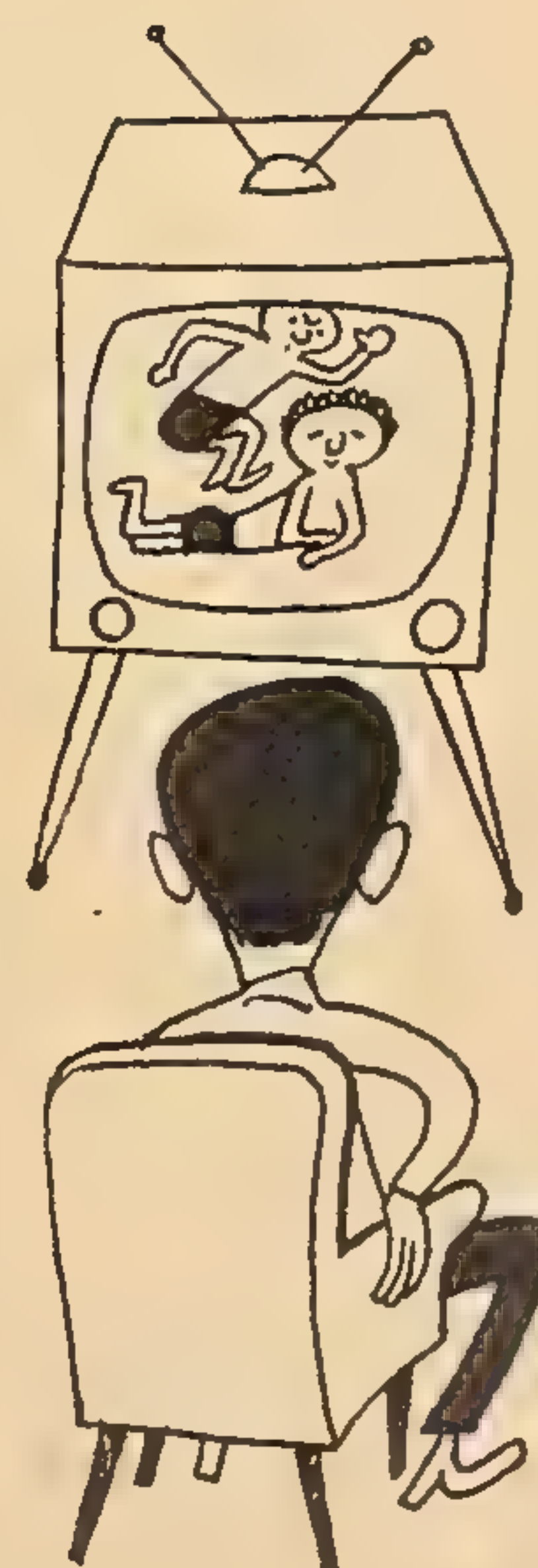
THE RELATIVES ON PAPA'S SIDE:

There are four sisters and two brothers. Eddie's Mom was divorced and has remarried. Eddie is on very good terms with his step-father. He sees his real father a lot—Dad is a retired vegetable-vendor now living in California.



WHAT PAPA IS:

Patient.
A guy with a quiet sense of humor.
Easy-going about everything. Perfectly capable of sitting still.
An ex-sand lot-baseball-player, who now loves to watch fights on TV, and is (like all good singers) becoming a good golf player, though he only putted his first ball two years ago.
A dedicated singer, who, as a child, told his mama, "If I can't be a singer, I'll be a street-cleaner." His climb to the top was a struggle all the way, with many disappointments, failures.
When success came, it came fast and big.



continued on following page



A star by accident; she entered a contest to get a free blouse, and found herself with a movie contract. She thought it was a big joke and would never last, but her rise has been slow and steady ever since. Now she's at the top of every popularity poll.

WHAT MAMA LOVES:

Papa

The Girl Scouts. She has 47 Merit Badges and a long history as a troop leader. Mimicing people. She won that contest "doing" Betty Hutton, got her first big break imitating Helen Kane in the movies.

People in general—unless they're late for appointments, which she thinks is terribly rude.

Planning things. Her dates sometimes complained she always insisted on mapping out the evening—but she did it so well that they let her.

A good fight—or at least, an argument. She never agrees with anyone.



Very easy to talk to. And a very good listener. Quick to learn and profit by his own mistakes.



WHAT PAPA LOVES:

Mama

Sleeping late on Sunday mornings, then breakfasting in bed on a glass of juice while reading the Sunday papers. Old friends. He'll do anything for them.

Work. He thrives on a schedule that would send another guy to an early grave. Peace and harmony. He tries to avoid unpleasantness at all times.

Singing. Not just for money—he sings in the shower and even on the street.



WHAT MAMA LEARNED FROM HER FAMILY:

To make enchiladas eighty-five different ways, and to make wonderful Mexican frijoles. (Her grandmother taught her.)

To ask questions when she wants to learn. No matter how young she was, Debbie always got an answer from her parents.

To make her own decisions. The Reynolds made her do that very young. If she or Bill chose wrong, their parents suffered too, but said Mrs. Reynolds, "That was our



WHAT PAPA LEARNED FROM HIS FAMILY:

Never to give up. At his lowest point when he was struggling for a break, his mother kept him from quitting, and suggested that he call Milton Blackstone, who finally put him on the road to success. To get along without being the center of attraction—his brothers and sisters taught him that. To go on loving through bad and good—he weathered his parents' divorce without bitterness. To be happy without much money.





headache and we kept it
to ourselves."
To profit from experience.

WHAT MAMA FOUND OUT FROM PAPA:



How to make Lima Beans
à la Sonny Boy (Eddie's mom's
nickname for him). How to
make Grossinger's Rye Bread.
How to eat—and like—the
food Eddie grew up on: salami,
pastrami, halvah, bagels, and
other Jewish delicacies. How
to take care of a Boxer dog.

To want a girl with the same
background as his—one who
hadn't had too much, so that
the things he could give her
would be a thrill, not a bore.



WHAT PAPA LEARNED:

To eat Mexican food.
That there are beans that aren't
lima. That dancing is the most.
That an argument can be fun.
That he can make his own
decisions without relying on
his advisers all the time.
That the out-of-doors
is nice, too.



AND THE THINGS THEY HAD IN COMMON ALL ALONG

Strong family ties and a deep love of home. . . . A love
of plain, home-style (different homes, of course) cooking. . .
A long list of advantages neither had as a child—and a
huge delight in providing each other with these "extras"
now that they can. . . They're both always in a rush. "No
matter how neat Debbie's room is," her mother used
to sigh, "fifteen minutes after Debbie gets home, it's a
shambles." Mrs. Reynolds used to think there was no
one like her daughter on this—but then she met Eddie.
Now there are two of them to dash madly out of the house,
looking like dreams—leaving chaos behind. . . Neither
of them is demonstrative. They're not cold—just not the type
to gush in public, or call everybody "honey." In Debbie's
family, particularly, if you praise one of them too highly
the individual in question is likely to turn purple and pretend
he can't hear you. Deb's father's way of demonstrating
affection is to call you "Hoss" or something equally
endearing. (Eddie is "Hoss.") Mrs. Reynolds thinks this long-
standing "lack of gush" is what drew Eddie and Debbie
together. . . Both love small-town living—but they're not
liable to get much of it for a while. . . Both are sensitive. . .

Both love television, will watch for hours. . . Both
are generous, and feel very, very grateful for their good
luck. . . Both are clothes-conscious, love to dress well.
Eddie is more conservative than Debbie, and goes big for
black suits. Both love red, are happiest in nice sports
clothes. . . Both love show business, music and animals—
have a menagerie around the house. . . Both are in
the same movie (something Eddie wanted before he ever
even met Debbie), *Bundle of Joy* . . . They met in
Hollywood, they fell in love in Palm Springs, they had a
transcontinental misunderstanding, they made up in
New York, they were married in the Catskills. Now
both, more than anything else in the world, want a baby to love.



END

In the Gables' marriage,

Kay's heart attack could



have meant the end. But it didn't!

by Charlotte Dinter

THE BRAVE LOVERS

■ Clark Gable and his wife Kay have had more than their share of trouble in their lives. But fate waited until now, when they thought there was nothing but peace ahead, to deal them the hardest blow.

Their big test came, ironically enough, just a few weeks before their first wedding anniversary last July 11. It came suddenly, without warning.

The vivacious, beautiful woman Gable had chosen, who was sharing with him the outdoor, rough-hewn life he needs, was told she had a heart condition.

Kay, the witty, forthright blonde who used to boast she'd never had a sick day in her life, suffered several attacks of angina pectoris. She was rushed to a hospital. Clark called in a team of top specialists. They made every test in the medical book. But there was no getting around those two ominous Latin words.

However, the doctors were encouraging, if in a slightly negative way. "Don't worry," they told their beautiful patient and her famous husband. "We're taking every precaution to ward off a coronary."

Kay was given the same medicine that was administered to President Eisenhower following his heart attack. She was also given some firm instructions. She was told that she must follow them to the letter if she wanted to get well.

The instructions? Change her whole way of life. Just like that.

No more hunting trips with Clark. Not for a long, long time. No more location trips with him. No more swinging those golf clubs he bought her. No more dashing about with "The King" in that glistening white Thunderbird he loves to drive.

No more Sunday bicycle rides and picnics along the out-of-the-way roads in San Fernando Valley. No more airplane flights to Clark's favorite fishing grounds up Oregon way. No more busy days working around their twenty-acre ranch home in Encino. No more riding beside her husband on that bright red tractor she'd surprised him with at Christmas.

In short, Mrs. Clark Gable would have to give up, at least for the present, all the activities that had helped to make her first year of marriage such a happy one.

Kay was ordered to remain in bed for several months after she (Continued on page 70)

THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT OUR WEDDING. Not as we were being married, but just afterwards. The priest had blessed us and pronounced us man and wife. Fifty choir-boys had sung the *Ave Maria*. It was time to walk up the aisle, but she whispered, "Wait." For a second I didn't understand. Till she moved quietly and alone to the side of the altar. There she knelt down, laid her bouquet at the feet of the Virgin Mary, bowed her head and prayed. Not a short hurried prayer. She must have been kneeling there for three or four minutes, like she'd forgotten the world, like she was all by herself in the church having a little talk with our Holy Mother. A kind of hush fell over everything. I choked up. It was such a simple gesture, so reverent, so touched by grace. Here was my wife who had just become my wife, praying for *us*—for our marriage, our happiness. Chills tingled along my spine. I'm not ashamed to say my eyes misted. Through the mist I still saw her little figure like a doll in the big white veil and dress, I saw the bent head, the folded hands, the pure profile. Then she rose and came toward me, her eyes shining with prayer. My wife is a very human girl. But in that moment I felt I'd married an angel.

why I love my wife

by Vic Damone

To me she is not Pier Angeli, but Anna Maria Damone, my wife. When I talk about her, I like to say "my wife." It comes naturally to me. I love the words and the sound of them in my ears and what they mean. It's hard to describe in words what she is like. Sweet and good and wonderful, yes, but these are general terms and don't explain what makes my wife herself. I think the best way is to show her at certain moments that hang like pictures in my memory. Some could never have happened more than once. Some happen over and over again when she does a familiar thing and a familiar look crosses her face, which makes my heart laugh or melt or both together. Let me describe a few of these changing moods and what lies behind them. They will tell you better than all the adjectives in the dictionary why I love my wife.





THE WAY SHE LOOKS WHEN SHE MISSES A GOLF BALL. And why does she look that way? Because she thinks she's failed me. I happen to like golf. I would like my wife to play with me but she doesn't know how. So I take her to the driving-range and teach her. On that range where I asked her to marry me and she gave me her answer, I now teach her golf. She swings—and misses. Well, anybody can miss once—even her husband. She swings the second time—for a second miss. Her face clouds up, her eyes slide toward me to see how I'm taking it. I'm taking it like a soldier. Like a soldier she lifts her club, attacks again—and misses! Three times is too much. Her hand flies to her mouth, she turns on me this helpless look. Reproaching herself. Like a baby who didn't mean to smash the bottle. Like a child who tried so hard to please her papa and feels so guilty because she didn't make it. I can't help laughing inside. But she doesn't want laughter. She needs encouragement. So I encourage her. "Come, let's try again—" and she does better.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS WHEN SHE SERVES ME TUNA-SAUCE.

I'm fussy about my food. When it comes to cooking, I don't believe that a woman must be treated like a little girl. If she cooks, let her do it right. My wife learned how to fix a real good Italian sauce. Then she began to experiment and one day she floored me. "I'm making a new spaghetti sauce for dinner. Tuna fish and anchovies." I'm conservative. "Thank you very much," I said. "You make it for *you*." At dinnertime I ate two heaping dishfuls. "Is this chicken sauce?" I asked. She mumbled something, so as not to lie. Till I was all through. Then she spoke in a small voice, "I didn't want to spoil your dinner, but you just had anchovies and tuna fish." She jumped from the table. I ran after her—and caught her. But what could I do? The stuff still tasted great. She cooks tuna-sauce pretty often now. She can't resist it. Whenever she serves it, she gets this look on her face. Very pleased with herself that she put something over on her husband. Like a little duck strutting. Or like Peter Pan ready to flap his wings, ready to crow, "How clever I am!"



THE WAY SHE LOOKED AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

You may wonder why I include such a troubled memory here. Because it's too meaningful to leave out. I was in North Dakota, ready to go on, when suddenly I'm in the midst of a nightmare. On one side the doctor from Palm Springs: "A plane accident. Pier's going to be all right. We're not sure about the baby. Come as quickly as possible. She keeps calling for you." On the other side: "Vic, you're on." So now I hang up, now I've got to do a show. Somehow I manage and then I leave. By train, by plane, by car, it takes me 24 hours to reach the hospital. What I see first are the eyes. One is bandaged, the other is black and blue. She's under sedation, her hand is cramped from shock. But the minute I walk in, she murmurs something and the poor hand reaches for me. She looks so tiny, so fragile, so pitiful, it seems my heart will break. Harm has come to her, yet in her pain and sorrow—even in her semi-consciousness—she wanted only me. Through my fear, that shone like a light. With her hand in mine, I knelt by her bed and prayed.

Vic Damone tells: Why I love Anna Maria, my wife

THE WAY SHE LOOKED WHEN I WATCHED HER DANCE in *Port Afrique*. I knew she was going to do this sexy little number. Not wanting to make her self-conscious, I sneaked on the set. Her dress was so tight she could hardly move in it. But *how* she moved!—all the alluring gyrations like a harem queen, like she'd been playing sirens for years. Then it's over, and she holds the pose, one hand up, one down, the body twisted, *such* invitation in the eyes. That's when she saw me, and it's hard to describe the mixture of expressions—shyness, confusion, embarrassment, a touch of apology, a hint of pleasure even. Like: "Here I am caught in the act and I wonder what he's thinking." I went over to her. "I didn't know you were capable of such things." Now she was really confused, not sure how I meant it. I was confused myself. It bothered me a little to have my wife carrying on like this. For me alone, I would like it. For the public—well, I'm still thinking it over.



THE WAY SHE LOOKS WHEN MY RECORDS come on the air. To my wife, every tune I record is *our* song, and every time she hears it, it is like the first time. We sit having breakfast and here comes *On the Street Where You Live*. *On the Street Where You Live* can hardly be a surprise any more, but you'd never know it from her. The mouth makes a big O, the eyes dance like stars, she holds up her hand for a signal that the whole world should stop and listen, including the birds who are busy outside with their own songs. She gets more and more excited. She wants to hug the radio, the disc jockey, even the network. So she hugs me instead. Then she calls the cook and the nurse. By now it's almost over. Besides, they've heard it already a hundred times. But they're nice, they come. She stands there radiant till the last note. "Isn't it wonderful?!" she squeals. "Now you can all go back to what you were doing." To have such an audience as my wife in the house where he lives—this should happen to every singer!

THE LOOK I ALWAYS LOOK FOR ON OPENING NIGHT. We love each other very much and we pray a lot. I am a singer. Unless you're a singer, you can't realize the toughness of opening night. Because she's part of me, my wife realizes it. On opening night I look to where my wife sits. Her fingers are crossed, her face is quiet and concentrated. There's pride in it. But beyond pride, there's something more important. It's a devout look, a look of guidance and strength. She's praying that all the songs I've rehearsed so hard should come out right. Not for applause or money. One doesn't pray for such things. But because what a man does, he must do well. As I work, my eyes keep going back to that ardent look. And I work harder. For I feel that God and my wife are in my corner.





THE WAY SHE LOOKS IN THE MORNING. Every morning my wife is up before me. I open my eyes and she's leaning over me with the baby in her arms. Because I love her in white, she often wears a white satin robe that Helen Rose gave her as a shower-gift. Her dark hair falls over her face, which holds a deep smiling tenderness as of a young madonna. This little ceremony started by chance. If things are premeditated, they are less appealing. But little by little, as she saw how happy it made me, she began to bring the baby every morning. Now I wait for this moment, which is very precious to me. Sometimes I pretend to be asleep so as not to miss it. The baby is pink and gurgling and cute as a button. I know I sound like every father in the world, but I think he saves an extra special morning smile for me. My wife and my baby, they are my life. I almost lost them both. We don't dwell on past heartaches, but when I look up into her soft eyes, we don't need any words. We are thinking the same thoughts. We are sharing the joy and gratitude as we shared the pain. She puts the baby next to me and sits down beside us. She knows why my eyes need to open on them in the morning. She knows it's the only way to start off my day right.



THE WAY SHE LOOKS WHEN A WOMAN FLIRTS with me. Then she's the cutest. First of all, I'm so completely happy with my wife and she knows it. But a woman is still a woman and my business is singing to the female sex. If someone likes my singing, I'm nice and appreciative. If she happens to be beautiful, maybe I'm a little bit more appreciative. After all, I'm a man and when something beautiful smiles at me, I smile back. Then I look at my wife. She's drawing herself up in a kind of swagger, like she's about eight feet tall. Under the wide forehead, her eyes dart me a challenge. "I dare you—I just *dare* you to smile at her again." But beneath the challenge lies a glint of amusement. She's not mad this time, she's not even really jealous. She knows she's the only girl in the world for me. She's just re-stating her claim. We enjoy this secret little byplay together. And whoever the lady may be, I don't smile at her again. Until the next time.



P.S. There's one look I'd like to show you but can't. My wife's favorite seat is in my lap. The minute I sit down, she jumps into it and throws her arms around me. I wish I knew myself how her face looks then. But I've never seen it. It's always buried in my neck.

END

At Vicki's age, Betty (below) was dancing in a chorus line. Her daughters, though, know few Hollywood children, seldom meet a movie star, and would "die of embarrassment" if someone mentioned outright that Mama is one, herself.



Betty Grable:
**the fun I have
with my
daughters**

Now that Vicki and

■ At the breakfast table last week, nine-year-old Jesse said, "Mom, how old are you, anyway?"

"I'm 102," said Betty. "Eat your eggs."

Twelve-year-old Vicki stared as though she were seeing her mother for the first time. "Come on, mother, how old are you really?"

"Thirty-nine," said Mrs. James and added, "An honest thirty-nine, not a Jack Benny thirty-nine."

"Suppose," Jesse mused, "somebody



Jesse are approaching their teens, Mama's much too busy to go to work

asks us how old you are. Should we tell them?"

"Sure," said Betty. "Who cares? I don't."

She thinks it was the first time her daughters gave any thought to the age difference between them. The girls are quite adult for their years, while Betty appears a fast twenty-eight. Most of the time they seem more like friends than mother and daughters. Their closeness comes from their being together so much of

the time. Harry James is away a great deal; on an average of six months out of the year in fact, and while his band engagements seldom keep him away from home more than a month at a time, he never fails to be amazed at the way his daughters are growing up.

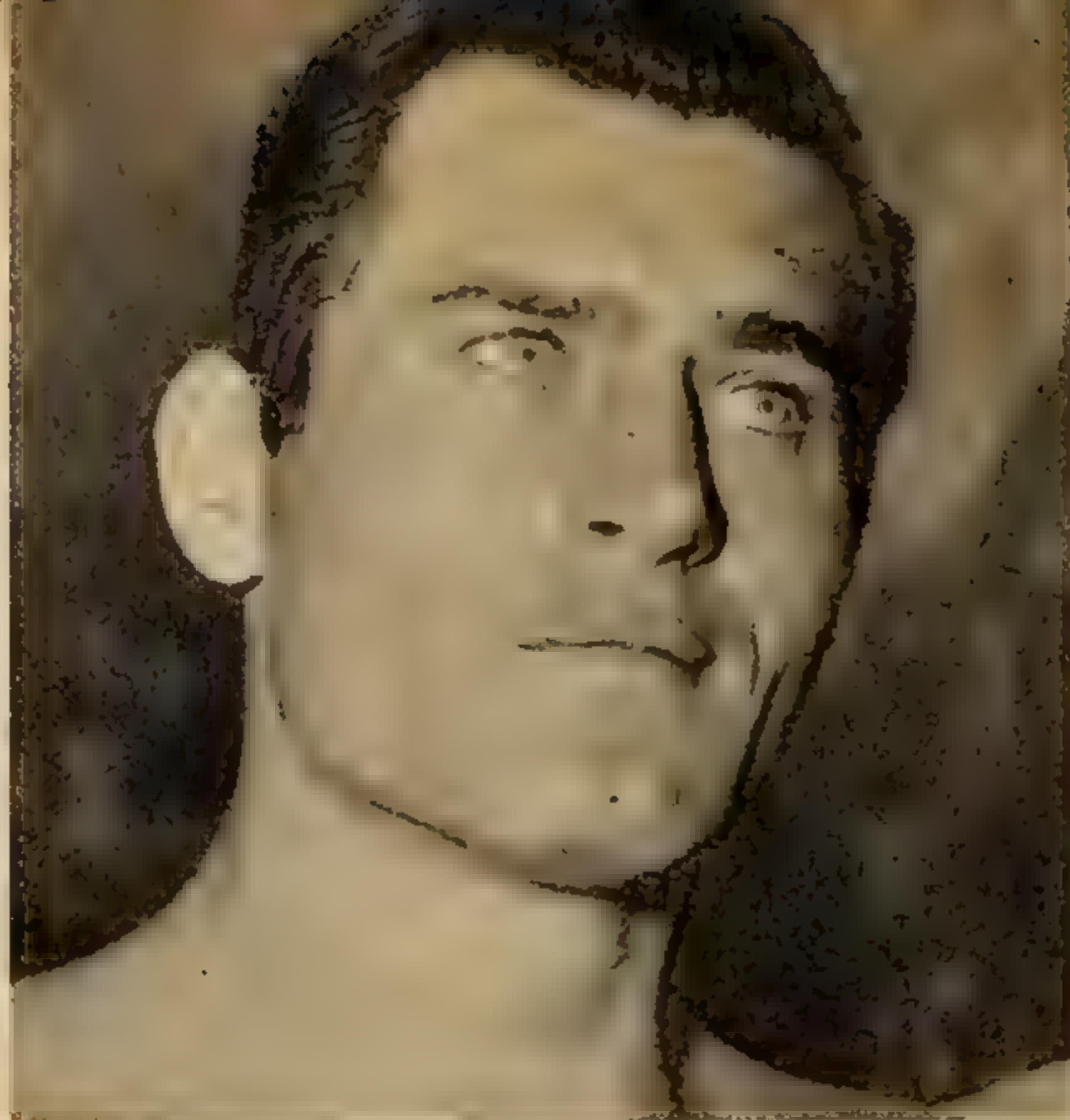
From various points around the globe Harry has made long distance calls to keep in touch, timing his calls to catch the girls before bedtime. Bedtime has moved up through the

years and Harry can never quite adjust himself to the fact. Just last summer he phoned later than usual, having been detained by business, and was surprised when Jesse answered the phone.

"Why aren't you in bed?" he said. "It's almost eight o'clock."

"Heavens to Betsy, Daddy! We're just finishing dinner. I'm not a child any more, you know!"

And Vicki proved in her own way that she has (Continued on page 74)

**CLINT WALKER**

You haven't seen him in the movies yet (you will soon) but you have on your tv screen. Van Johnson persuaded the 6'5½", 235 pound brown-haired, blue-eyed guy to give acting a try and he's been "Cheyenne" on the tv show ever since. Clint's married, has a 6-year-old daughter.

**ROD TAYLOR**

Rod's first film was The Virgin Queen. He plays opposite Debbie Reynolds in The Catered Affair and is now in Giant. Blue eyed, brown haired, 5'11" Rod is single, comes from Sydney, Australia and in 1954 was voted their best actor. He loves swimming and riding horseback.

**CLIFF ROBERTSON**

Cliff was discovered in the N. Y. production of Wisteria Trees. Mrs. Josh Logan told her director husband about him and Cliff made his screen debut in Picnic and then put into Autumn Leaves. 5'11", brown-haired Cliff is single, would love to meet the "right girl" and raise a family.

**JOHN SAXON**

To pay for drama lessons, John became a photographer model. His picture was discovered in a romance magazine and Hollywood called him for Running Wild and The Unguarded Moment. 5'10½", brown-haired and brown-eyed John loves Calypso, is learning to play the bongo drums.

**ELAINE AIKEN**

She started as a fashion model (5'6¾" tall—115 pounds) did tv commercials, summer stock, studied with Lee Strassburg and then went to Hollywood. There she bumped into old friend Rod Steiger who carried her off to a talent agency. Her first film is The Lonely Man.

**KIPP HAMILTON**

Her first movie was Good Morning, Miss Dove and she's in One In A Million. Kipp, who looks something like Gene Tierney, is 5'5¾", weighs 120 pounds, has red hair and green eyes. She went to drama school in Los Angeles, followed her theatrical family's footsteps to Hollywood.

**VERA MILES**

As Miss Kansas, 5'4" blue-eyed blonde Vera won third place honors in the Miss America Contest of 1948. Hollywood regarded her a star before her films were ever released, finally showed her in The Searchers, 23 Paces To Baker Street, Autumn Leaves. Married to Gordon Scott.

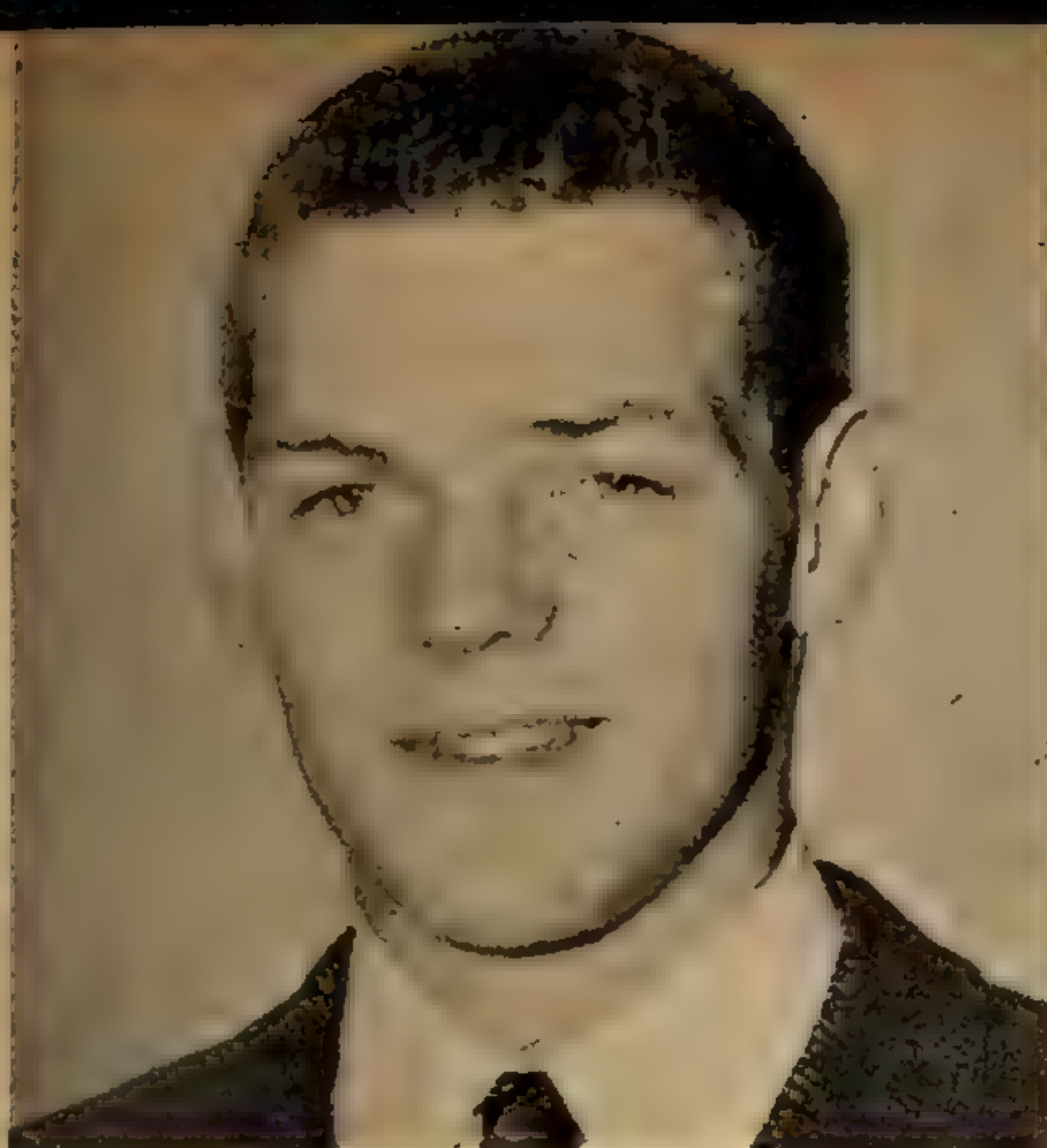
**DIANA DORS**

Besides her 35 inch bust, 23 inch waist and 35 inch hips, British Diana has acting ability, graduated from the London Academy of Dramatic Arts. Lately you've seen her in Kid For Two Farthings and soon she'll be in Hollywood's I Married A Woman. She's married.

PICK THE WINNERS!



of Modern Screen's Silver Cup Awards for the top new stars of 1956



JAMES MACARTHUR

Jim is the son of Helen Hayes and playwright Charles MacArthur. His first film is The Young Strangers, but because he entered Harvard this fall and wants to concentrate on his studies, he will do only one picture a year. 18 year old Jim is 5'7", has sandy hair and blue eyes.



DON MURRAY

He was an unknown chosen to play opposite Marilyn Monroe in Bus Stop, his first film. 6'1½", green-eyed, brown-haired Don comes from a theatrical family, had been in a number of Broadway shows before coming to Hollywood. He recently married actress Hope Lange, also in Bus Stop.



ANTHONY PERKINS

Tony's father was an actor and, at 24 years of age, so is Tony. Brown-eyed, 6'1½"; he appeared in The Actress, The Friendly Persuasion and will soon be seen in The Lonely Man. Described as "the young Jimmy Stewart," Tony is a newcomer to show business, a college graduate and a bachelor.



BEN COOPER

Remember him in The Rose Tattoo? Ben's been in show business (from the theatre to radio to TV to films) since he was eight years old. Blue eyed, 5'8", Ben is unmarried, lives with his sister Bunny, can currently be seen in A Strange Adventure. Ben's a sportsman, also sings and plays the guitar.



KAREN STEELE

Karen is the natural, blue-eyed blonde who played the wife with in-law trouble in Marty. She was raised in Honolulu, is quite a sports-woman, speaks several languages. She's 5'5"; weighs 110 pounds. Other films: The Sharkfighters and The Dancing Detective.



ANNA KASHFI

Born in Darjeeling, India, the daughter of a civil engineer, Anna has worked in Indian and American movies. Her first film here was The Mountain, followed by Battle Hymn. She is 5'5", has black hair, brown eyes, and is single (dates Marlon Brando). She prefers native sari to our fashions.



VICTORIA SHAW

Bob Hope suggested she try Hollywood and the day after she arrived in America from Australia, Victoria had a contract and a leading role in The Eddy Duchin Story. A top model in her native country, she is 5'6", weighs 120 pounds. Married to actor Roger Smith.



CARROLL BAKER

You'll soon see her in Giant and Baby Doll. A blue-eyed blonde, 5'5" Carroll arrived in Hollywood via the Florida night clubs (she started her career as a dancer) and the New York stage. She's an Actor's Studio product and is married to stage director Jack Garfein. She lives in N. Y.

■ Every year MODERN SCREEN gives one of its famous Silver Cup Awards to the most popular new stars in Hollywood—your choices for the boy and girl with brightest futures of all. Last year you picked Kim Novak and Russ Tamblyn—and you certainly were right! Who will it be this year? Here are the pictures of the hottest kids in Hollywood for you to choose from. Last year the awards were given out on the Colgate Comedy Hour, in the most spectacular TV show of the year. This year they'll be on your TV screens again. So hurry—study the stars, fill out the coupon and send it to us right away. (Your choices every month of this year on the poll—see page 72—will determine the winners of the other MODERN SCREEN Silver Cups.)

**MAIL TO: SILVER CUP BALLOT BOX, MODERN SCREEN
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MURRAY HILL STATION
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.**

Entries must be postmarked not later than Sept. 30

For the top new stars of 1956, I nominate:

_____ MALE

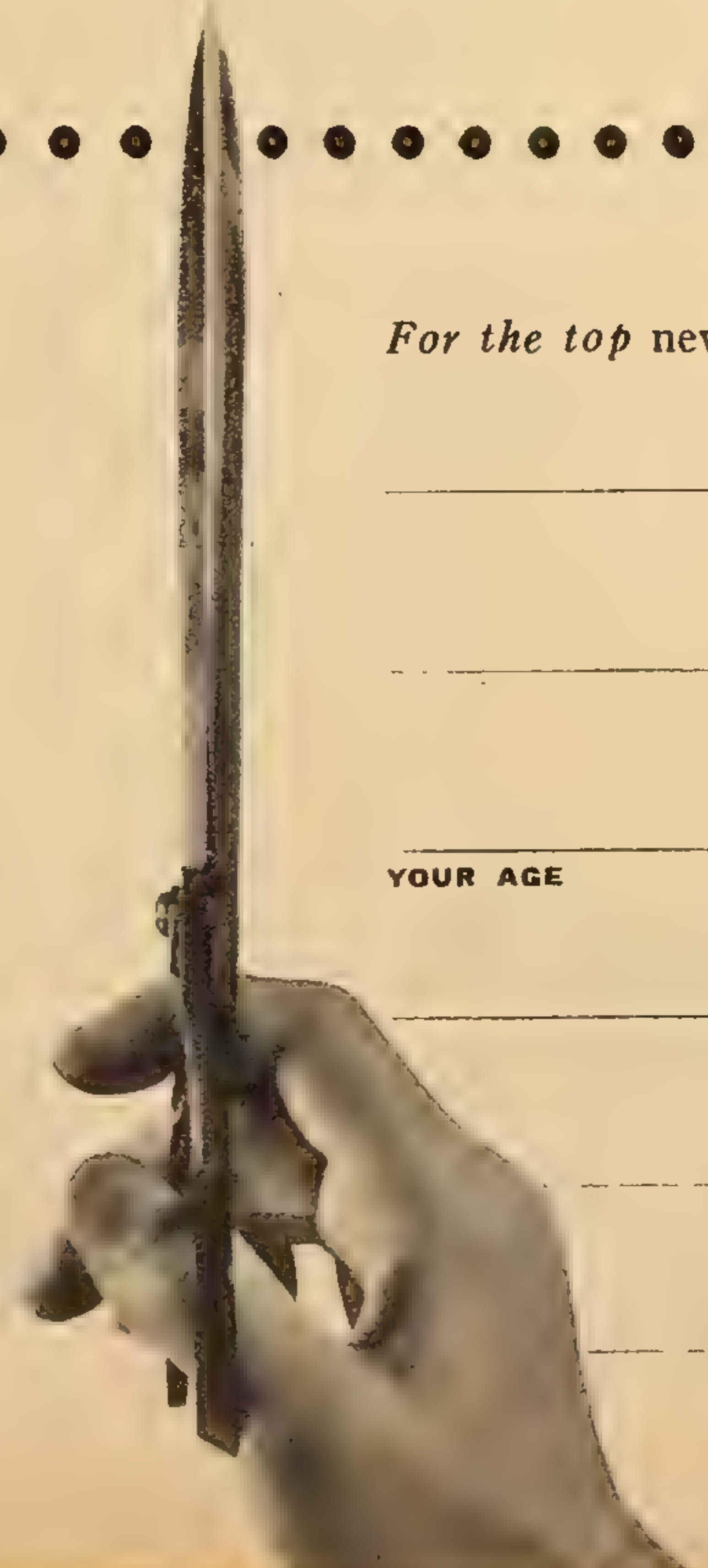
_____ FEMALE

YOUR AGE _____ NAME _____

_____ ADDRESS _____

_____ CITY _____

_____ STATE _____



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Above: "DUALIFT"
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Left: Famous "RINGLET"
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burt lancaster's secret strength

(Continued from page 43) That's what we called anybody who stood up in front of people and sang, recited poetry or played the violin. There was a Settlement House in the neighborhood and one afternoon I was asked by one of the directors if I'd like to take part in a play. It was called *Three Pills In A Bottle*. I wasn't interested until I heard one of the kids laugh.

"Now I was interested. Someone, I didn't care who, didn't even know who, wouldn't believe I could be in a play. I insisted on playing the part. And when I first walked on the stage I experienced that mysterious excitement again, a kind of racing inside me, as though life had suddenly speeded up like an old-fashioned movie.

"In a few days I knew every line, every gesture, plus those of the rest of the cast. After the play, somebody told me that a man, whose business it was to discover juvenile talent, was looking for me.

"But I didn't want to act anymore. Because after the play I felt like a sissy. No one had told me about make-up! And the idea of putting powder on my face and then appearing in front of the gang was my idea of doom. Acting, I decided, was not the job for the kind of man I wanted to be. At night, before I went to sleep, however, I couldn't shut the sound of applause from my ears. And though I put up the most convincing pretense of despising acting, inside I wanted to become an actor.

"I just wouldn't believe myself."

Love vs. the circus

Burt decided to become an acrobat during high school. In gym classes he quickly became an expert at the most difficult

Carol Ohmart admits, "I arrive for appointments late . . . And I do it deliberately. If I get there first, there are always men around to make passes."

Paul Denis

exercises and one day announced proudly he was going to become an acrobat.

"That was my idea of a real man," Burt said. "Yes, I was laughed at. Being good in gym was one thing, but becoming an acrobat?! Not a chance, they told me.

"Well, as you know I joined a circus after I got out of high school. It took time and it took self-discipline, but I had to prove they made a mistake.

"But one thing happened to me in high school that almost changed my life. I fell in love. She was beautiful and kind and I was unworthy of her, I thought, but I adored her. My interest in gymnastics had made me overlook a lot of very necessary human emotions. I was kind of dedicated to becoming an acrobat and I wanted nothing to interfere. The girl—her name was Hester—was the first person of my age who showed me the meaning of kindness, understanding and gentleness.

"When we graduated I tried to decide whether to stay in New York with Hester or join the circus. I suffered the tortures of the damned making up my mind.

"As I look back I can see a lot more clearly what really made the decision. No one doubted that I was in love with Hester. But no one believed I'd ever become an acrobat. I went with the circus."

Burt worked thirteen years flip-flopping. Few were impressed.

"It's understandable," Burt admitted. "To really appreciate the skill of an acrobat you have to be one. The average person doesn't realize the weeks of work that can be invested in a stunt that takes only seconds to perform. In Trapeze we tried to show that.

"In a way the circus was a refuge to me, a form of escape. I was happy, I guess, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was missing out of my life. The crowd seemed right, the temporary cheers, the lights, the excitement, all that was right. But something was wrong.

I look like a floor walker?

"Between seasons I tried to find what I was missing. I took a variety of jobs.

"One of the first was a spot as a singing waiter in a beer joint.

"The following year I walked into Marshall Field's department store and applied for a job as a truck-driver. The personnel man looked me over and said, 'You just don't look like a truck driver.'

"They put me on as floor-walker in the ladies' lingerie department.

"But a small matter with the U.S. government arose at the time and all of a sudden I was filling out papers. The Army had a spot for me. Private, Infantry.

"But when I checked my papers I noticed the form had a space for 'civilian occupation.' I started to write 'acrobat' but it came out 'actor.' It looked wrong at first, but the more I stared at the word the more I knew it was right. I'd finally found out what I was missing, as I was joining the Army.

"Now, I've heard all kinds of jokes about the Army making dish-washers out of truck-drivers, cooks out of watch-makers and auto-mechanics out of school-teachers.

"I was shocked by what they made out of me. I was put in Special Services as an actor. The Army believed me! And as a soldier I never worked so hard in my life—at being an actor. I read plays, rehearsed for hours, studied drama, saw some movies five and six times just to catch a scene that struck my fancy.

"I played second, third, fourth leads in the plays, but starring in any of the plays didn't interest me then. I luckily had the good sense to admit to myself that I had to learn a lot about acting.

"During my tour of duty I met Norma. She was a USO stenographer. One look

and I really knew what excitement was."

After the war, they were married.

A chance on Broadway

Just before he got out of the Army, Burt learned that there was a part open in a Broadway play. An agent assured him that he fit the role like a glove. "But," he said, "you're still in the Army. Uncle Sam won't let you work for anyone else while he's paying for your service."

The agent gave Burt two days to get discharged. When he asked one of his officers what the chances were the Lieutenant thought he was crazy.

"Two months, at least," he told Burt. Lancaster asked permission to make a few calls to speed things up.

"I pulled every trick in the book that was legal," says Burt. "Here was another guy who wouldn't believe me. But a couple of high-ranking officers sympathized with my cause and to the surprise of everyone including myself I was out of the Army in two days."

Burt got the part in *Sound Of Hunting*. The show was a flop, but Burt wasn't.

A Hollywood talent scout cornered him after the final performance and Burt came to Hollywood.

And Burt suffers from no illusions on how he happened to get the starring role in his first picture, *The Killers*.

"I had no money. Norma was expecting her first baby. I had one suit, herringbone, I think. And no one believed I could act. I was beginning to doubt it myself.

"Hal Wallis was looking for someone to play the role of the Swede in the Ernest Hemingway story. I was available. And I was available at a very low price. That's how I got the part. I don't kid myself about it now, nor did I then."

Hollywood finds him "hot news"

He wasn't more than a few weeks making the picture when Hollywood reporters found the newcomer a source of hot news.

Burt was dangerously frank. Honest and coldly blunt. He told the writers that Hollywood movie-makers wasted time,

money and talent. He criticized directors, verbally mauled producers and spoke openly on the faults of other actors.

"I told them that as soon as I had enough money I'd produce pictures and show them. As usual, no one paid any attention to me," Burt recalled.

Then Burt announced that no one was going to pry into his private life.

"The day that word got into the papers," Burt said, "my phone wouldn't stop ringing with requests to take pictures of my home, my wife, my children. They wouldn't believe I'd keep my word."

Lancaster does to this day.

But Lancaster had never intended his children to become "private." To the contrary, he's sent them to public schools in this country and in Mexico when they accompanied him on location trips. He brought them to Paris for *Trapeze* and intends to take them on all long journeys.

The Lancaster children number five, ranging from nine to one-and-a-half.

The Hecht-Lancaster team

Two years ago Burt joined up with a the boyhood chum, Harold Hecht, to form the now famous production team responsible for *Marty*.

"The company made *Marty*, not Burt Lancaster," Burt points out. "I did throw a little weight to get Ernest Borgnine for the part, though. And you know, when I first tried to convince Ernie he'd be perfect in the role, he wouldn't believe me."

It was just about the last time that any sane person in Hollywood refused to believe a guy named Burt Lancaster.

Burt has finally convinced everyone that he can act and produce, even direct. Well, almost everyone.

What did his children think about having a movie star for a father?

"I'm just their father, and I have a good reason for not telling them that I'm any kind of big wheel in the movie business."

What was the reason?

Burt's mouth broke into a big smile, but his eyes stayed a little sad. "They wouldn't believe me," he said. **END**

ART FOR PAT'S SAKE or how Jane Powell learned that a Turner isn't a Lana!

■ On her first date with Pat Nerney, Jane Powell discovered that ignorance isn't always bliss. He seemed like such a nice young man and she wanted to make a good impression. She was doing all right, too, until they drove past a lush meadow shaded by great trees and Pat said, "Looks like a Turner."

To a girl who has spent the greater part of her life in Hollywood, Turner means only one thing. "Where?" said Jane. "Where is she?"

It occurred to Pat that perhaps she had misunderstood. He waved an arm at the landscape. "Over there," he said.

And Jane suddenly knew he wasn't talking about Lana, or anyone who looked like Lana. She dimly recalled hearing of an artist named Turner, and guessed that was what Pat meant. In a similar situation, many girls would have nodded and hoped for the end of the subject, but Jane Powell is an honest person who has never hesitated to ask questions.

"I know next to nothing about painters," she said. "Tell me all about them."

Pat went on for hours after that, for collecting paintings is his special hobby. Under his tutorage Janie found the subject fascinating, and by the time they were married a year later, she was an avid fan.

Their honeymoon in Europe followed the trail of the continent's art museums, and in Florence, Paris, Rome and London, Janie absorbed a great deal. Her tastes widened to accept all sorts of techniques. For instance, Pat had bought a Vlaminck, a violent painting that showed the fury of a windstorm, and Janie had turned up her nose at it, preferring quieter subjects. But once she had been to Europe, she decided the Vlaminck would look quite well on the dining room wall.

Today they have a fine collection, and are constantly exchanging paintings they've outgrown for those which appeal to them more. It is a satisfying but expensive hobby, and they hope some day to be able to afford a Vermeer and a Bonnard. Jane's own favorite is El Greco, and she mentions this in an apologetic tone. "He's a little old-fashioned," she says of the 16th-century painter, "but I do like his work."

On the producing end, neither of them, they admit, will ever be a Rembrandt. Pat covered a few canvases but gave up in favor of being a spectator. Jane tried to work with oils, just once. "It was awful," she says. "I wouldn't let anybody see it." However, she reports with considerable pride that her son Jay draws "a remarkably good Mickey Mouse."

The whole thing may have begun as art for Pat's sake, on that first date, but by now Jane has discovered a whole new world, and loves it.



Something new behind this



2-quart Norrisware saucepan is shown in main color illustration.)

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7-inch skillet retails at \$5.25. Yours for 6 Heinz Soup labels and \$3.25



my husband's a fast worker

(Continued from page 34) "Wasn't it wonderful," said Gene.

Terry gazed at him pop-eyed. "I'm not in the habit of running away from a party right after I've arrived," she said, "nor of dining with total strangers."

"I'll get your wrap," Gene said.

Twenty minutes later Terry Moore, Mrs. Koford and Gene McGrath were seated at a small table in a Beverly Hills restaurant. Terry's expression of offended dignity had changed to one of glassy-eyed confusion.

"Look," said Gene, "I have an idea. Today is Thursday. Why don't you both have dinner at my house Saturday night?"

Terry exchanged glances with her mother. "I suppose it will be all right," she said. "Where do you live?"

"Panama," said Gene. "I'll get the tickets in the morning."

"Panama?" asked Terry. "Panama! What tickets?"

"The airplane tickets," said Gene. "You can't take a taxi, you know. I want you to meet my mother and my brothers."

"What for?" asked Terry.

"Oh, you know how families are," said Gene.

He fell to with the Chow Mein—and Terry and her mother both sat with their mouths agape. Finally Terry managed to sputter a protest.

"It's insane," she said. "I have to be at work Monday morning."

"You'll make it in plenty of time," said Gene. "Would you pour me some tea?"

Terry poured the tea.

A home in every port

It was an elegant dinner that Saturday night. The glass doors to the dining room of Gene McGrath's house were open to admit a small breeze. The table was graced with slim candles in crystal holders and white linen and gleaming silver. Seated, eating a meal that was an epicure's delight were Terry, her mother, Gene and his brother Bob and his wife. Every once in a while Terry would block her ears to the dinner conversation and calculate back on the last forty-eight hours. Almost as though they had been under hypnosis she and her mother had packed and boarded a plane at Los Angeles International Airport and suddenly they had shaken off the spell and found themselves walking into a dining room more than two thousand miles away from home. "How did this happen?" she had whispered to her mother. "Don't ask me," said Mrs. Koford. "I'm not even sure I'm here."

Gene McGrath's voice broke into her reverie. "What time do you have to be at work on Monday?" he asked.

"Oh," said Terry, "my call has been cancelled."

"Good," said Gene. "It will give me a chance to show you my apartment."

Terry looked around the room. "You mean," she said, "you keep this house and an apartment, too?"

"Two," said Gene. "I'll show you the one in Caracas first."

"Caracas?" said Terry. "That's in South America!"

"You know your geography," said Gene.

"I suppose," said Terry, "your other apartment is in Africa."

"Don't be silly," said Gene. "It's in New York."

Terry put down her fork and got up. "Mister McGrath," she said, "may I have a word with you on the terrace?"

Gene rose. "By all means," he said.

Who are you?

There is no night for conversation like a night in the tropics. Terry led Gene to a low wall at the edge of the terrace.

"Now," she said, "who are you?"

"I'm McGrath," said Gene. "You remember. John Wayne introduced us at a party a couple of days ago."

"I don't mean that," said Terry. "I mean who are you? What do you do? Are you an American? Are you a Panamanian? What do you do? Are you a burglar? And last but not least, how did you hypnotize me and my mother and drag us down here? And why?"

"Well," said Gene, sitting on the wall, "I'm an American. I was born in Panama and I live here most of the time. I operate an insurance company—a very profitable one. I deal in stocks, bonds and real estate in Central America, South America and the United States on the side. I am thirty-four years old. I have a few dollars put away. I am not a burglar. I didn't hypnotize you. And my intentions are honorable. I wouldn't have brought you here without your mother. Now let's go finish dinner."

Terry Moore had been home from Panama and South America just three days, via New York where she had inspected the New York suite, when early one morning the doorbell rang. She answered it to find a florist delivery man staggering under a huge bouquet of red roses. The man lugged them inside and put them on a table, and when he had gone she read the note attached. "Pick you up in an hour for breakfast (signed) Gene," it said. And in an hour he was there.

A little matter of business

"What are you doing in Hollywood?" Terry said at the door.

"I had to come up on some personal business," Gene said. "It will take about three weeks, I think. We'll spend a lot of time together. Come on, let's go."

Terry started to follow him out but halted on the doorstep. "Just a minute," she said. "Where are we going *this time*?"

"Just into Beverly Hills," Gene grinned.

"California?" asked Terry.

"Of course," said Gene.

"Okay," said Terry, closing the door behind her. "I've found out recently a girl has to ask these things."

The next three weeks were happy ones. They were parties, quiet dinners, happy lunches, and evenings just sitting before a fire at home. Although Terry and Gene were well past the stranger stage Mrs. Koford generally went along—a bow, no doubt, to Gene's adhesion to the Spanish custom of chaperoned dates unless a couple were engaged. Once or twice Gene had kissed her a tender good night on the porch, and as the days passed Terry found herself watching his face when he was unaware of it and searching the warm brown of his eyes. Christmas came and they all went shopping—and under the tree at Terry's home they exchanged gifts. Early on the morning of New Year's Eve Gene came over.

"Let's all go up to Las Vegas for the New Year," he said to Terry and her parents.

"Is your business (Continued on page 64)

STACK AND SKEETS



■ The name of Robert Stack is deeply etched on several silver trophies and countless gold medals. Along with Esther Williams and Sonia Henie, both Olympic performers, Bob Stack is one of Hollywood's few real champions.

Skeet-shooting was his sport, and he won his first National Championship when he was fifteen years old. When he was sixteen, he was an All-American. Being an All-American—in shooting—means that you are one of the five top experts in America. Bob has a cabinet full of medals and trophies and honor badges.

"It was strange how I got interested in shooting," Bob says. "When I was ten years old, my uncle took a key from his pocket and unlocked a closet door. I looked inside. The closet was piled with guns. The minute I touched them, I had gun fever. There is something about the way a stock is hand-rubbed, the way each working part is hand-honed, that makes a good gun as beautiful to me as a fine painting."

When he was eleven, he was taking guns apart and putting them back together again. Two years later he read about a fifteen-year-old boy who had won an important championship. He decided that he could be a champion too.

Skeet shooting is probably the most difficult kind of target shooting. Clay pigeons are released in a semi-circle at difficult angles. The shooter must hit them in the air, as though they were real birds flying overhead. But Bob had an affinity for the sport. A year and a half after he decided that he could be a champion too, he had tied in the shoot-off for the National Championship in the seventeen-and-under age group. And the boy he had tied with was the boy he had read about and admired.

The next year he participated against men—not boys. He won the 20-gauge championship and became an All-American. He won every championship that he entered, and he broke two world's records. He was seventeen years old.

Then he became an actor, and there wasn't enough time left over to practice. He could have entered matches without practicing and done pretty well; but he had been an All-American twice and he was too proud to have his name written beside inferior scores. But he still has an affinity for guns. And in the record books he is still one of Hollywood's few real champions.

(Robert Stack is in U-I's *Written On The Wind*.)

*John Wayne's children tell ^{almost} all

■ It was one of the last nights the Wayne kids would ever spend as "a family, all together, and they were making the most of it. Giggling, eating, reminiscing—the works. After all, things were changing. Toni was getting ready to get married (did, too, a few weeks later). Pat was disappearing on location trips all the time now that he was in the movies. Melinda, having turned fifteen, was concentrating on boys. Michael at twenty-one was a full-fledged business man, about ready to put his giggling days behind him forever. So when they found themselves all home on the same evening, for once in a blue moon, they bopped down all over the living room, and gabbled. It was Toni who got onto the subject of their father, merely by pulling a new lipstick out of her bag and showing it to Melinda.

"Remember," Toni said thoughtfully. "Dad's face the first time he saw me in lipstick?"
"Oh, boy," Michael chorled. "Was that something! How old were you—about ten?"
"I was not," Toni said indignantly. "I was at least fourteen. And all the girls at school were wearing lipstick, so naturally, I did, too. And then Dad came over to the house one day, and when I walked in he hit the ceiling. You've got make-up on," he bellowed. "Oh, come on," I said. "I'm almost fifteen, Dad." You'd have thought I had it smeared so thick thick from the time he made!"

"I don't see why you had so much trouble," Melinda put in. "I never did."

Naturally," Toni said. "I broke the ice for you. You had a cough. Why, when you got your first formal."

Dad went shopping with me," Melinda interrupted. "I didn't know he knew anything about women's clothes, but he has pretty good taste."

"Yes," Toni said. "Whereas when I got my first evening dress he really flipped."

He said it was a shame, it was for sure, and then he said, 'You're grown up!'

I said, 'I'm almost fifteen, Dad.' Toni was looking at me, and he said, 'You're grown up!'

I said, 'I'm almost fifteen, Dad.' You'd have thought I had it smeared so thick thick from the time he made!"



*There are two sides to every story. In October's Modern Screen John Wayne will answer back.



by John Wayne

HERE'S MY ANSWER

■ Last month in MODERN SCREEN those four kids of mine raked me over the coals pretty well. Actually, they were fairly mild coals, I suppose, because they're all sensitive kids, and I don't think they've ever thought of saying anything that would hurt me. Sometimes they're even too good to me. Like Toni telling that story about my kicking the shirts downstairs and then saying she's sure I'm cooler these days. The truth is, if the same thing happened today, I'd still send them down the stairs. Harder!

But still, they did a lot of talking about their old man, and I figure it's a pop's prerogative to get a few licks in about this family business, too. So here goes.

No matter what they say, I was an average father, I guess. Michael came first and I took him in stride. Till he crossed me up. I always thought he was the most beautiful baby I'd ever seen, and my pride didn't wear off any with the years. By the time Michael was five, I was still bragging a blue streak about my son's flawless appearance. And one evening when I was with a gang of friends and the conversation turned to children, I couldn't restrain myself. "Well, all I have to say," I said, "is that Michael was the world's (Continued on page 89)



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(Continued from page 62) here finished?"

"Almost," Gene said.

New Year's Eve in Las Vegas was something. It seemed as though all of California was there—and Terry, Gene and the Kofords did all the clubs and casinos and shows. It was dawn when they got back to their hotel. Gene took Terry's face in his hands and kissed her gently. "Sleep well," he said. "I'll call for you late tomorrow."

"Good night," said Terry.

She was dressed and waiting when Gene came by the next afternoon. He had a dapper, silver-haired man with him.

"This is Terry Moore," Gene said. "Terry, meet Wilbur Clark, my best man."

"How do you do," said Terry. Then she sat down quickly and caught her breath. "Your best what?" she gasped.

"Best man," said Gene. "You can't get married without a best man."

"Who's getting married?" said Terry. "You?"

"Both of us, silly," said Gene. "Come on, get your folks and hurry up. I've got everything arranged."

Tears sprung into Terry's eyes. She grabbed Gene by the sleeve of his coat. "Excuse us a minute, Mr. Clark," she said. "I want a word with Mr. McGrath."

She pulled him into a hallway and clung to Gene's lapels.

"You are a terrible man," she sobbed. "You come barging in here and out of the blue you tell me we're getting married. You haven't even proposed to me."

Gene held her close, his lips against her ear. "Yes, I did," he whispered.

"I don't remember," Terry sobbed. "I guess I'd remember a thing like that."

"It was at that party," said Gene. "The first time I met you. I looked across the room and proposed to you. And you turned your head away and blushed."

"And what was all this talk about having some personal business here when you came up three weeks ago?" said Terry. "I suppose that was a lie, too."

"No," said Gene, "it was the truth. And if we hurry it will be finished in about half an hour."

And for the first time, in that dark hallway in Las Vegas, he kissed her properly.

Terry—the world traveler

Back in the apartment in Caracas, Terry Moore McGrath sighed and opened her eyes. Next to her, Gene was reading a paper. She gave a malevolent glare.

"You did too hypnotize us," she said.

"Finish your nap," Gene said. "Dinner will be ready in half an hour."

Terry turned her head away from the light and shut her eyes. To get here, to this sofa in Caracas, she had spent almost twenty-four hours in an airplane, had had breakfast in Guatamala, lunch in San Salvador, supper in Nicaragua and late dinner with Gene in Panama. She had had two suitcases perpetually packed for months, ready for her weekend flights home. To her four homes. She never unpacked them. She had been through customs, passport bureaus, typhoid shots, snowstorms and hurricanes. Sometimes she felt more like a sack of mail than anything else—she had to go through, no matter what. But after all, how many girls had four beautiful homes—with a handsome husband in each? How many girls got to go round the world once a week? How many girls who never heard of Eugene McGrath one short year ago were married to him today? Terry blinked.

"You cast a spell on me," she muttered sleepily. From the looks of her, curled up in a contented, well-traveled little ball, she didn't seem to mind.

END

Terry Moore will soon appear in the 20th Century-Fox film *Between Heaven And Hell*.



All photos • Roger Prigent

modern screen fall fashions

■ Lighter, gayer colors, higher necklines and slightly longer skirt and coat lengths headline Hollywood's fashion news. Kim Novak and Pier Angeli give you a peek at the way the stars are looking this fall. Kim, in Columbia's *The Eddy Duchin Story*, wears a blond 100% Cashmere coat fashioned with a hood that drapes into a soft cowl when not worn up. By Habley-Barber. At Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Kim carries a blond Mello hide Rolfs handbag—she wears blond accessories to match her hair. The luggage is by Samsonite. Right, top to bottom: Pier, next in MGM's *Vintage*, poses in Jonathan Logan separates—felt skirt with attached bicycle belt, tucked rayon blouse. The velvet formal by Suzy Perette that Pier models features the new higher neckline. At Russeks, N.Y. Pier's polished wool coachman's coat has a velvet collar, low back belt and cuffed sleeves. By Haber-Levy. At Goldrings 33 stores. The Relaxon hassocks are by Ero.

For more information about these clothes
write Fashion, Modern Screen,
261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



MORE →

Maidenform's famous and exciting Concerto bra now comes in an intriguing version of exquisite imported French nylon lace and Leno elastic . . . sheer black figure enchantment. The deep plunging Concerto Wunderwire is important news for those who wear this very popular stitched-cup type of bra—who know the fabulous things this style does to give them a glamorous figure line. Superbly fashioned to enhance fall's newest clothes—to give a more rounded, young, uplifted curvaceous look. This bra also assures ease and comfort . . . eliminates shoulder strain because of its light, supple under-cup wiring. The cups are lined with nylon tulle for permanency of shape through wash and wear. Concerto Wunderwire is also available in white. Sized for every figure type—32A to 44D.

Decor, Japanese robe and headdress by Miya Importers, N.Y.



Correct bras and girdles make your lovely clothes exciting

designed for the new silhouette

All photos by Roger Prigent



Gossard uses sheer nylon lace for this utterly feminine strapless bra with Dacron elastic back. The bra features under-bust wiring and light foam rubber cup inserts as well as full cup lining—all for firm, gentle and lovely uplift. Added feature—tubular nylon straps to be attached at your wish. The spiral boned waist basque is also of nylon lace, with a fine elastic back. Detachable garters, adjustable back fastening. Both in white only. The filmy lace trimmed nylon peignoir is by Laros.



Gossard's plunge neckline regular bra is also of beautiful nylon lace. The under-arm control is achieved with a contour strap and elastic band for rib cage comfort. White, black and red. The boneless pull-on pantie girdle is made of Lanonet, Gossard's new lightweight nylon power net that is finished with lanolin. The vertical front and back stretch panels are of satin elastic. The two and one-half inch waistband assures a tiny waist—so important for high style fashion. White only. S.M.L. Peignoir Laros.

Some like it short, some like it long. Here are . . .

hollywood's secrets about hair care

Photos, Prigent



PIER ANGELI. Gave up her short cut and is now famous for long tresses



KIM NOVAK. Her casual short cut and beige blond hair color are news

Hard-to-manage, dull, problem hair can easily be banished. No longer need you envy the lovely tresses of your best friend or those of glamorous movie stars. We gleaned secrets of shining, clean, soft, manageable hair from the Hollywood stars and their studio hairdressers. We learned that they give their hair just as much care as their skin and make-up. Too many girls feel that after they have given care to their skin and put on a beautiful make-up their grooming is complete except for a lick and a promise with the hair brush. This is far, far from enough even with a frequent shampoo and set. The stars have a daily routine for the care of their hair just as they have for the care of their skin. The stars study hair preparations by the trial and error method just as they do those for skin and make-up. They know that hair care without the correct preparations is of no avail. The stars massage their scalp and brush and brush their hair. The hair is nourished by little oil glands in the scalp. If the scalp is not massaged regularly either by hand or by brush—or by both—the circulation of the scalp becomes sluggish and the hair lifeless and dull. Brushing brings out the natural lustre of the hair. It keeps the scalp clean and removes lint and dust particles from the hair itself. After each brushing the stars apply a hair preparation to help keep their hair soft and manageable and to add to the natural lustre. Many hair preparations also nourish the scalp just as skin preparations nourish the tissues of the face. After daily care of the hair, the stars groom it—they place it in shape according to their particular hair cut. Once their hair is correctly placed they use a spray preparation to keep it in perfect order so that it can go through many hours without a rumpled, uncared for look. There are now purse containers for spray preparations so that you can do a touch-up grooming job if you cannot return home before your date. Besides this daily hair care the stars set aside one day each week for their shampoo which is a ritual with them. The care and thoroughness of the shampoo plus the correct shampoo preparations is so, so important. A casual job in the shower with your bath soap just won't do the trick. A good shampoo contains many wonderful essentials to make your hair cleaner, softer and (Continued on page 70)



against fashion's new subtle tones... your one bold stroke is



Red Contrast

You'll wear subtle, sumptuous colors this fall . . . dulled-down greens, smoky taupes, deep, off-beat blues. Colors that cry for a brilliant stroke in your lipstick. Max Factor has created the perfect dazzling lipstick color: Red Contrast. Red Contrast was formulated in Max Factor's Hi-Fi, an entirely new kind of lipstick that makes possible in-

tense high fidelity color that won't come off until you take it off. Other blessings: no blotting, no waiting for it to set, no drying, a soft, smooth feel on the lips. Stroke on Red Contrast. It's everything you need for the new Fall colors . . . everything you want in a lipstick. \$1.25 PLUS TAX

FASHIONS CREATED FOR MAX FACTOR BY PAULINE TRIGÈRE

newest fashion shade in Max Factor's new **hi-fi** Lipstick

THE UNPREDICTABLE ERROL

■ Errol Flynn had proposed. He said, "We're going to get married."

Pat Wymore was overwhelmed—any girl would have been—but she couldn't say yes. First of all, she didn't love him then. Not that Errol wasn't charming and handsome, but after all, he was an actor—and how did she know that when he proposed, he simply wasn't putting on an act? In the short time they'd known each other he certainly hadn't been romantic. Chats between scenes of the picture they were making together in Paris, walks along the Seine—but no big rush. Why so sudden?

She didn't know then that he was Errol the unpredictable.

So, to prove he was sincerely in love and wanted to marry her, Errol invited her entire family on a cruise. On the moonlit Mediterranean under the warm breeze of Capri, she decided she loved him—but she still had her doubts about marriage. Her parents were the ones who convinced her. They told her Errol loved her and needed her, that they could make a success of their marriage.

Three weeks later, Errol Flynn and Pat Wymore were married in Monaco.

Like every young bride, Pat had hoped for a honeymoon—anywhere, as long as she could be alone with Errol. Instead, they rushed back to Hollywood. One day unpredictable Errol would come home as a pirate from the Barbary Coast, and the next he would be costumed as a safari guide in Kenya. Pat began to wonder if she'd ever have time to get acquainted with her husband.

When the studio gave Errol a vacation, they went to Italy to be by themselves. That wasn't easy because the cottage they rented in a small fishing village was invaded by a swarm of peasant girls all eager to see what Errol looked like. The girls followed the Flynnns through the streets, swarmed around the house, and tried to peep through the windows. It was always like that—crowds, clamor, no privacy. Finally, when their baby was born, Pat and Errol decided they needed a place of their own. They found just what they wanted on the island of Majorca. It's an old Spanish house which Errol modernized. There, Pat learned that Errol loved fishing, could cook what he caught and again, how unpredictable he was. "He may decide to take off on a hunting trip at five in the morning or cancel reservations at a supper club to spend a quiet evening playing chess. Or," Pat adds, "when he phones home, I never can be sure whether it's to tell me there will be twenty guests for the weekend or to say 'Pack your bags, honey, we're flying to Rome in the morning.' That's why being married to Errol is as exciting as any of his movies."

Not every woman could stand the pace, but Pat isn't every woman. In the six years of her marriage to Errol, she has learned to adapt herself to his way of life. She's been fishing in Havana in a battered, leaky boat (Errol figures you have to give the fish a fighting chance), been caught in a raging storm and forced to eat and sleep in an abandoned hut on a lonely beach while her husband cooked the swordfish they caught and apologized for the lack of *sauce hollandaise*. She's been on dangerous hunting trips with Errol, but the only time she cried was when he left her alone in the house and two dirty tramps approached with guns! They marched into the house and she nearly fainted when one of them grabbed her. It turned out to be Errol! Another thing she has learned to do is fix Errol's ham and eggs in the morning. Errol's a great cook, but balks at making breakfast. Pat has to be up early to do it. "Not that I like to," laughs Pat. "By nature, I'm a sleepy-head. But Errol is a stickler for punctuality. He wants what he wants when he wants it—and I'd better have it on time. But really, he's not demanding and he only beats me on Saturdays."

One thing Pat is determined about. Her marriage. "This marriage is for keeps," she insists, "and I intend to make Errol happy even if it means certain sacrifices. When we met, my only interest was my career. I had made several pictures and I lived for my work. Now people ask when we'll make another film together. We would, provided we find the right script. But to tell the truth, this is going to be hard. Where can we find a script more exciting than our real marriage?"



hollywood's secrets about hair care

(Continued from page 68) lovelier. Stars always give their hair at least two and sometimes three sudsings. They use a shampoo rinse to make it softer and more manageable. After shampooing, the stars use a solid or liquid hair preparation that contains fine oils, to further soften and control the hair. Some girls have dry hair, some oily. There are special preparations for both kinds of hair and you should choose those that are best suited to your particular type of hair. Contrary to some opinions, frequent shampoos will not hurt your hair. While making a picture the stars have a shampoo every day. Of course, frequent washing does remove natural oils but these can be replaced with hair preparations. A once-a-week hair set is unheard of in Hollywood. The stars set their hair every day. Maybe fewer clips the first day or so after your shampoo and set. But after that you must be a bit more thorough about re-setting—particularly if you do not tie a net on your curls before retiring. No beautiful hair style can stand a night of turning, for there is no cut in the world that will protect your hair from this rumpled, tousled look every morning if you do not wear a net. When we talked to the stars about hair we were amazed that almost without exception they started to tell us first about the care of their hair and then about their hair styles. That shows you the importance of well-cared-for hair. Of course, we asked the stars about their hair styles. How they choose them and how they decide that one cut is more becoming than another. Many of the stars wear their hair long because it becomes them. And there is the secret of your hair cut. Choose the hair cut that becomes you—not one that is being headlined as the vogue. Your barber will know best how to suit your hair cut to your particular face, whether it is round, oval or square. Study the shapes of the faces of the stars to give you a clue to your own becoming hair cut. Most of all—see that the hair your barber cuts is beautifully cared for!

the brave lovers

(Continued from page 49) went home from the hospital. She was allowed to get up for only a few moments each day. But she was forbidden to climb the stairs to the attractive bedroom she and Clark had shared before her illness.

A temporary bedroom was set up in the downstairs study, which Clark had been using as his office. Kay organized it while she was still in the hospital. "I've been lying here moving furniture in my mind all day. Boy, have I worked hard," she joked to a close friend who was allowed to visit her.

But though Kay's sense of humor remained as healthy as ever, she experienced some pretty low periods as she lay in that flower-filled hospital room.

Not that she complained much. She's not that kind of a girl. "Kay's always been one for keeping her troubles to herself," one of her best friends points out. "She's not a cry-baby. Nor does she go in for self-pity."

Still, Kay was worried and depressed those first weeks of her illness. But she did her best not to let her husband know it. You could hardly blame her if she brooded over the fate that threw up this last minute hurdle just when it appeared she'd won everything she'd ever wanted.

Kay must have asked herself the question that many in Hollywood started asking as soon as the news of her illness leaked out. What effect would it have on her marriage?

Kay fills the bill

It's never been any secret that Gable is an outdoor man and that his last marriage to delicate Lady Sylvia Ashley went smash mainly because she preferred an indoor, social type of life. Gable could never bear a woman who demanded pampering, his pals have pointed out.

"Clark wants a 'fun' girl," one friend explained it. "The woman who holds him will have to go fishing with him, play golf with him, rough it on camping trips, run his home smoothly, and look like a glamour girl while doing it. She must be intelligent, chic and poised. And above all, she must not be a phony."

Until the day when she felt those frightful pains in her chest, Kay Williams Spreckels had more than filled the bill. In fact, when Clark slipped the simple gold band on her finger and planted a warm smack on her lips, all Hollywood approved.

"She'll be good for him and he'll be good for her," everyone chorused.

"It appears we deserve each other," Kay quipped happily.

But many wondered how the couple would adjust to this unexpected obstacle—this medical verdict that would necessitate so many changes in the new life they were planning and building together.

"What a tough break for Kay," commented one Hollywoodite. "First she loses the baby Clark wanted so badly. Then this heart trouble develops."

"Of course, he's crazy about her now, but I wonder if her illness will lead to problems later on. After all, will he be content with sitting home all the time?"

But gossips like this one should have saved their breath, and their raised eyebrows. They couldn't be more wrong.

It's true that Clark Gable is a rugged, outdoor type. But he's also a man of great compassion, understanding and loyalty. And his love for the girl he calls Kathleen is bigger than all outdoors, if you'll excuse an appropriate cliché.

He meant what he said

When Clark stood with Kay before the Justice of the Peace in that obscure little Nevada town and recited the words "in sickness and in health," he meant them. With all his heart.

"The only thing that matters is that we're together," he said shortly after Kay came home from the hospital. "I'm a lucky guy—I've got myself a wonderful girl and I'm going to do everything I can to keep her."

"Kathleen's going to be all right," Gable went on. "But she'll have to be good and mind the doctor. And I'm going to stay right beside her to see that she does."

However, Clark was forced to leave his wife for four days. He was winding up the picture *The King And Four Queens*, and some script changes made it necessary to fly back to Utah, to re-shoot.

"Those four days seemed like four months to me without Kay," he said. "I got so lonesome for her, I cleared out of there the very minute we finished the last shot. I didn't even wait around for the regular flight. I chartered a special plane."

"After this, there'll be no more separations," Gable added emphatically. "I've made a decision—I'm not going to take any more pictures where I'll have to go on location. Life is too short. All I want to do is sit home with 'Ma' this summer. We have a wonderful life here on our little ranch. We're going to take it easy together and be happy. Why, we're just as relaxed and contented as two new-

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SUPER FAST RINSING!

born babies." Those are the words of The King.

Does this sound like a man who's annoyed over giving up a few fishing trips?

Hard to believe

At first, Kay found it hard to believe there was anything serious the matter with her. In fact, she didn't seek medical aid until after she had suffered several bad spells.

"I thought I just had a bad case of indigestion," she explained later. "I didn't say anything to Clark. He had so much to worry about with the picture. So I went on the first location with him, and one morning when I was cooking his breakfast I had one of those attacks. The pain in my chest and arms left me almost rigid. I couldn't hide it from him then."

Even when she was in the hospital and had been told of the findings of the cardiographs, Kay tried to carry on with her usual vigor.

Clark had taken a room down the hall in order to spend as much time as possible with her after the day's shooting. Kay was more concerned about his comfort than her own. Though she'd been ordered to remain completely quiet, she insisted on getting up the first few days to personally check Clark's room before he returned from the studio. She made sure there were flowers in it and a big basket

of fresh fruit and a tray of snacks.

She called in their secretary, Jean Garceau, who's worked for Gable since the days when he was married to Carole Lombard. Kay and Jean started working on thank-you notes for the mountain of flowers she'd received.

"Mrs. Gable just won't give up and be sick," one of the nurses pointed out. "But it's so important for her to rest. I don't know what we're going to do with her."

When the doctor heard about all this activity, he lowered the boom. But it was her worried husband who finally convinced Kay that she should let go of things for a while.

Clark didn't make any dramatic speeches. He simply spoke a few sincere words as he sat by her bed one evening.

"Will you do me a favor?" Gable said. "Will you follow orders so you'll get well—for me and the children?"

That was all it took. Kay was a model patient after that. But she countered with a request of her own.

"I promise to take it easy and do everything they say. But please don't treat me like an invalid," she said. "I don't like being sick."

When Kay returned home both she and Clark stuck to their little bargain. She stayed quietly in bed and cut down on her smoking. But her spirits were back up to normal.

The King and his Queen had cleared the hurdle with plenty of room to spare.

The old man's so good

"Everything is going just fine," Kay said recently. "I know I'll be all right soon. How can I help but get better? My old man is so darn good to me. I'm a very lucky girl and I don't forget it for a minute."

Actually, there are few in Hollywood who know much about the private life of the Gables, either before or after her illness. Which is just peachy-keen with them. Though Gable's always tried to be cooperative with the press, he's a man who places great value on his privacy. And Kay, who has had her share of headlines in the past, wisely values whatever her guy does.

There are a few little things which are generally known. For instance, Clark and Kay call each other "Ma" and "Pa," just as he and Carole Lombard did.

People perpetually point out that Kay seems to have so many of Carole's qualities. Though the fifth Mrs. Gable has carefully refrained from commenting on these remarks, she's no doubt getting a little weary of them.

When Kay and Clark eloped, the columnists couldn't get to their typewriters fast enough to start comparing her with her predecessor.

"I noticed all the wedding stories

\$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, \$10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ:

☐ all of the editorial ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I READ ☐ all of Jimmy Dean's story

☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TERRY MOORE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE RITA HAYWORTH:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE BURT LANCASTER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE CLARK GABLE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE BETTY GRABLE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I READ:

☐ all of Louella Parsons In Hollywood

☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:

☐ all of TV Talk

☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE

(2) _____ MALE

(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE.....NAME.....ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

pointed out I'd be good for Clark because I was such an 'outdoor girl,'" Kay remarked to a close friend when they returned from their brief honeymoon. "That being the case, maybe I should tell my husband to pitch a tent and move the bedrolls outside," she quipped.

She was also amused at the columnists who wrote about her "winning" Clark's affections. "The way they phrase it, you'd think I won him in a crap game," Kay cracked.

No need to prove a thing

Once they were settled down in the house that has been Clark's home for so many years, Hollywood saw very little of the newlyweds. Only a few close friends, most of whom are not "movie names," have been invited through the big electric gate that guards the entrance on Pettitt Avenue.

The Gables have been content to be happy without trying to prove it to anybody. Mostly, they bypass parties and premières. After all these years, Clark's still embarrassed when feminine fans drool over him in public.

However, Clark was mighty pleased to find he was a hit with two young fans—Kay's children by her marriage to millionaire Adolph Spreckels II. Seven-year-old Bunker, (Adolph Spreckels III) and four-year-old Joan adore Clark. And he loves them.

"Clark spends a lot of time with the youngsters," Kay says. "He got them each a pony and he's taught them to ride. At night, we both sit with them while they have their dinner. You should see us all watching *Howdy-Doody* and those other tv shows the kids are so crazy about."

Clark's proud of the children. "They're well-behaved," he said. "Their mother's done a wonderful job with them. She makes them toe the mark. Of course, Old Kathleen has an awful lot of remarkable stuff in her—a lot of good, plain horse sense."

She still keeps him laughing

Those who know Kay well agree with that last statement. "She's an amazing girl," says one friend. "It just wasn't her beauty that captured Clark. She's one of the most intelligent women I've ever known, and her sense of humor is just the greatest. She keeps Clark laughing all the time. He's never been so happy. You can be sure this marriage will last. Kay's illness won't make a bit of difference. In fact, it's only brought them closer together."

Kay's an extremely witty woman, quicker with the quip than Henry is with the Flit. But when she's serious about something, you can count on her leveling with you. And more important, she always levels with herself.

"I think I can explain just why we've been so happy," she says. "But I hope I don't sound too trite or corny."

"Our marriage is going to last because, aside from being deeply in love with each other, we have such a nice companionship. It takes both, you know."

"We truly enjoy living together. Clark and I have an easy, harmonious relationship. There's no nagging or fighting in this house. We're always natural and comfortable. There's no strain."

"Most important of all, there's no living in the past. No throwing things up to each other. Whatever either of us did before doesn't count now. We look ahead to all the happy things awaiting us."

"What more in the world can a woman ask? I have everything I want. I'm going to be all right. You can bet on that."

END

Clark Gable will soon appear in *U-A's* *The King And Four Queens*.



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the fun I have with my daughters

(Continued from page 55) become a young lady. She answered the telephone one evening—at which precise point a fieldmouse scrambled through an open door and across her feet. Harry heard her say hello, then a piercing scream, then silence. In her terror Vicki forgot she had even answered the phone and left the receiver on a table. Betty discovered it, hung up, and three minutes later it rang again.

"What on earth—" Harry began.

"She said it was a mouse."

"But mice never bothered Vicki!"

"You forget she's twelve now," said Betty.

Life without Father

The girls are accustomed to Harry's long absences; even Betty has learned through the years of their marriage, to live half her life without a man around the house. The band is Harry's business, and if it makes for an unusual family life, there is nothing that can be done about it. Vicki and Jesse have never known another schedule; to have their father home at six every evening for dinner would be a new experience for them.

When Harry is home, they make up to him for the long miles that so often separate them. It used to be that Jesse

was the Daddy's Girl; now it is Vicki, for she is old enough to love ballroom dancing and enchanted at having a father who supplies music for it. Harry's records spin for hours, whether or not he is home; and when he is, he and Vicki often dance together, from waltz to rock and roll. When Harry has a local band engagement and leaves for work in the evening, he is smothered by hugs from both daughters and one night Vicki looked up at him appraisingly. "When I have a real honest-to-goodness boy friend, I hope he's just like you."

Harry beams and thrives under the affection, but that is as far as he can progress in fatherly duties. When discipline is needed, when punishment is called for, he falls apart. "Betty, you do something!"

"Oh, come on," says Mrs. James. "You can at least manage a stern expression."

Harry shakes his head. "If they were boys I could take them out to the woodshed and give them what-for. But honey, they're girls! I don't know what to do with them!" So Betty supplies the discipline.

For Betty herself, the days are no longer so disciplined and busy as they used to be. If her fans wonder why they



**SILVER
THREADS AMONG
THE GOLD**

*Why do the stars
turn grey like poor
Liz Taylor
and Rock Hudson?*



■ Hollywood is a hazardous town where anything can happen. Look what became of poor Liz Taylor and Rock Hudson. They were suddenly struck by a silver bolt from the make-up department at Warner Brothers Studio, while they were working on *Giant*. Rock's mother, pictured with him, and Liz' two sons hardly recognized the pair. And all because Gordon Bau, head of Warner Brothers make-up department, spent many months devising a plan to age them the twenty or thirty years that the story of *Giant* requires. Liz and Rock were given the full aging treatment—from the new make-up base, guaranteed to keep you looking older, to the new improved substance which gives the illusion of naturally greying hair. Liz' aging was accomplished by her clothes, too. She began as a young southern belle wearing chiffon, organdy and dotted swiss, in pastel shades. As she grew older, she shifted to brocades, wool and velvet in earthy colors like green, brown and gold.

Sooo, if you are looking for the fountain of maturity, hurry to hazardous Hollywood and head for the Warner studio, where you too can wrinkle and turn grey.

haven't seen her on the screen for many months (last picture, *How To Be Very Very Popular*) they should understand the delay is Betty's own doing. "Sure," she says, "I'll make a picture. But I can't seem to get around to it. I was under contract to 20th Century-Fox for fourteen years, on call every minute of every day. Now I work when I feel like working, but I'm not in any hurry. You might say I was never the hammy type. My mother used to drive me to lessons and auditions but those things, and acting, were never terribly important to me. I'll make a picture soon, I guess, but it's a matter of getting me going."

Until she gets going again, here's her typical day: She gets up at 7, allows herself the luxury of breakfast in bed, served by the one James maid. She joins the girls at their breakfast, drives them to school at 8:15. Returned home, she showers, does her hair, lies in the sun by the pool. Betty loves the sun, claims she could stay in it from 10 to 6 without getting bored. She's content to stay at home. "I'm not the clubwoman type—to tell you the truth, other women frighten me to death." She goes out happily if a local track is operating or there's work to be done at the ranch. She leaves the house grudgingly if it's a radio or tv appearance or anything to do with career. Otherwise she stays home, picks up the kids at school in the afternoon, joins them in the pool for the remainder of the day. They have dinner together, sometimes go to a neighborhood theatre to catch a movie, sometimes have a sundae afterward, more often go home to an early bed. "I conk out early what with getting up at 7—practically go to bed with the girls."

The whole gismo

Betty never did like the necessity of leaving them to go to the studio, and feels fortunate these days that she can be with them so much. "I think it's even more important now, when they're turning into people. When they had a nurse I couldn't help resenting her. I've always ordered their meals, bought their clothes. I never had qualms about the responsibility of motherhood. I like it. I want to have all of it—the whole gismo."

She is getting the whole gismo. While the girls are close (they share one bedroom from choice), they are in personality like day and night. Vicki is the quiet, reserved one, Jesse the outgoing, independent type. "Vicki is like Harry, Jesse more like me—a character—or at least the way I used to be." Vicki is an A student and loves school; Jesse shrugs at the necessity of an education and takes in stride the curse of following a more studious sister through the same school. Vicki is putting pink crayola on her lips, has announced her yearning for a straight skirt 'instead of those childish full things.' She keeps a diary, replete with lock and key, and has recently become very withdrawn.

This worries Betty. "She likes to be by herself so much—I'd probably never see her if it weren't that she likes me to fix her hair. And she's so secretive." It's a new wrinkle for Betty, who has always encouraged the girls to confide in her, to be completely honest. She has told them, "Whenever you get into trouble, if you're truthful with me I won't punish you. I promise you that. But just tell me." And now she has Vicki at home in body, but in spirit miles away, on a plane that mothers can never reach.

Sometimes Betty looks at Vicki now and realizes with a sense of shock that when she was Vicki's age she was passing for fourteen and dancing in a chorus line. "I didn't have to work. My father was a



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you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

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4. Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.



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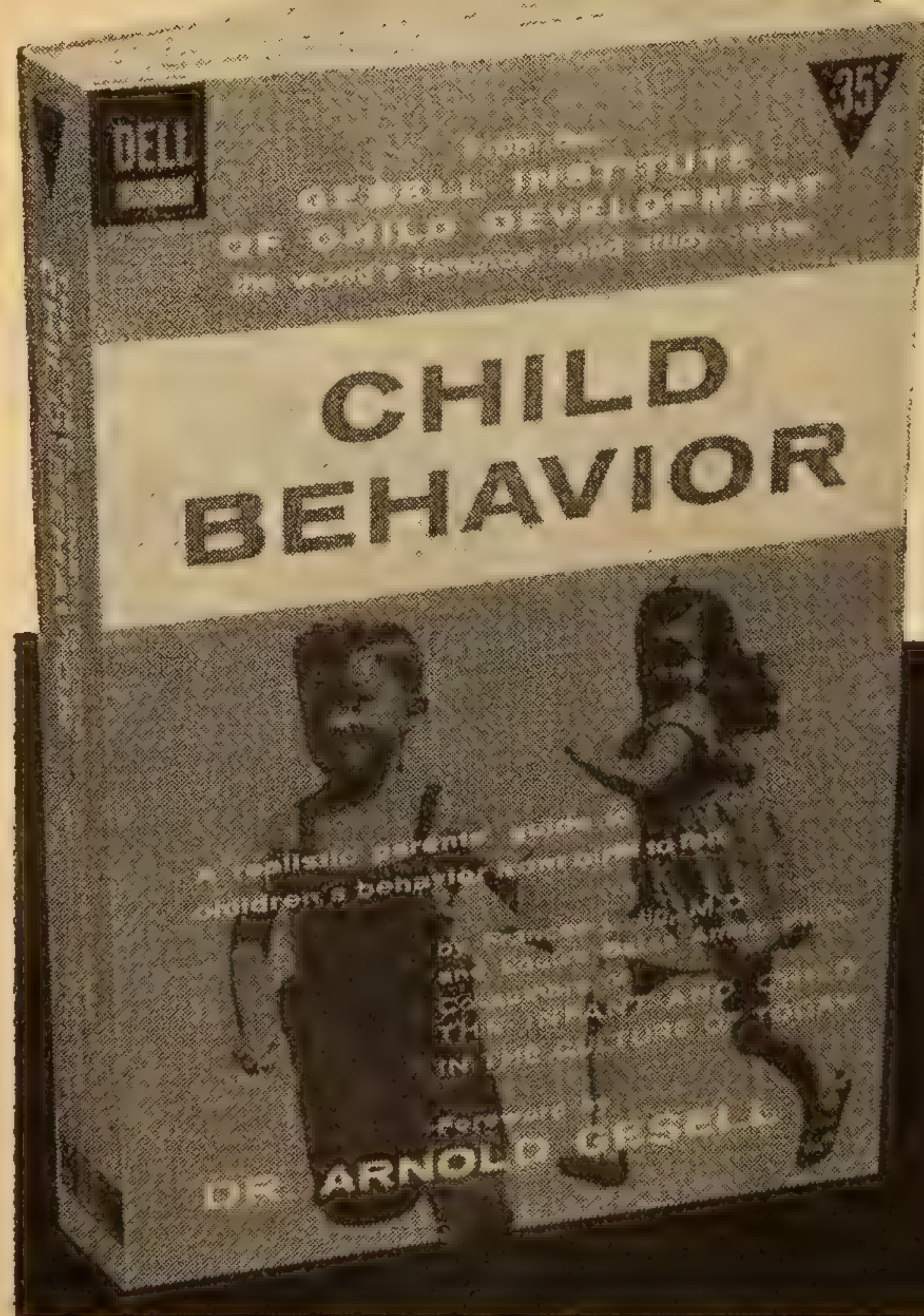
PARENTS!

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO COPE WITH EVERYDAY PROBLEMS LIKE THESE?

- "He seems to like breaking things."
- "That child doesn't eat enough to feed a bird."
- "They fight all day long."
- "He loved school last year. Now he hates to go."

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successful stock broker. I guess Mother just wanted me to be highly talented. Whatever the reason, I used to resent it. I don't now. It's given me a happy life, and if the girls want the same thing, it will be all right with me. But it must be their own choice."

At the moment they both want to be nurses, dreaming of saving humanity, but Betty figures this to be a passing fancy. She herself wanted at one time to be a nurse and deems it a blessing to the memory of Florence Nightingale that she didn't retain the ambition, inasmuch as she can't stand seeing anyone injured and goes blocks out of her way to avoid the scene of an accident.

If they eventually choose show business, they will enter it almost as naively as though they had grown up in Hatsoff, Texas. At home, Betty and Harry have minimized the angle of show business. They don't run with the Hollywood crowd, have never cared for parties. When they entertain friends at a barbecue, the friends are non-professional. Betty is always referred to around the house as Mrs. James. It is as if the girls disassociated their parents with show business. Not that they aren't rabid movie fans. The other day Vicki and Betty were lunching in the Brown Derby when Dick Egan walked by their table. Vicki's hamburger almost ended up in her lap.

"Mother!" she howled. "Look! It's him!"

"It's who?"

"Richard Egan! Isn't he wonderful?"

"You'd like to meet him?"

"Oh, Mother, do you know him? Could you really introduce me?"

It's like that with both girls. It seldom occurs to them that their mother is Betty Grable, movie star. They might realize she knows these fabulous stars they're always reading about, but it doesn't sink in that their mother is one of the most famous of them all.

"I think if anybody ever came right out and mentioned it to them," says Betty, "they'd die of embarrassment."

Betty Grable's domesticity begins to show when she talks about college for her daughters. "I think it's a waste for girls, except for the social life. I'd like them to attend a finishing school where they'd learn to sew and cook. I never learned those things and I wish I had." She knows a husband appreciates such talents in a wife and is made happy by the aroma of a baking pie or the sound of clacking needles, and knows also, despite her own success and fame, that a woman's prime happiness is found in being a good wife and mother.

END

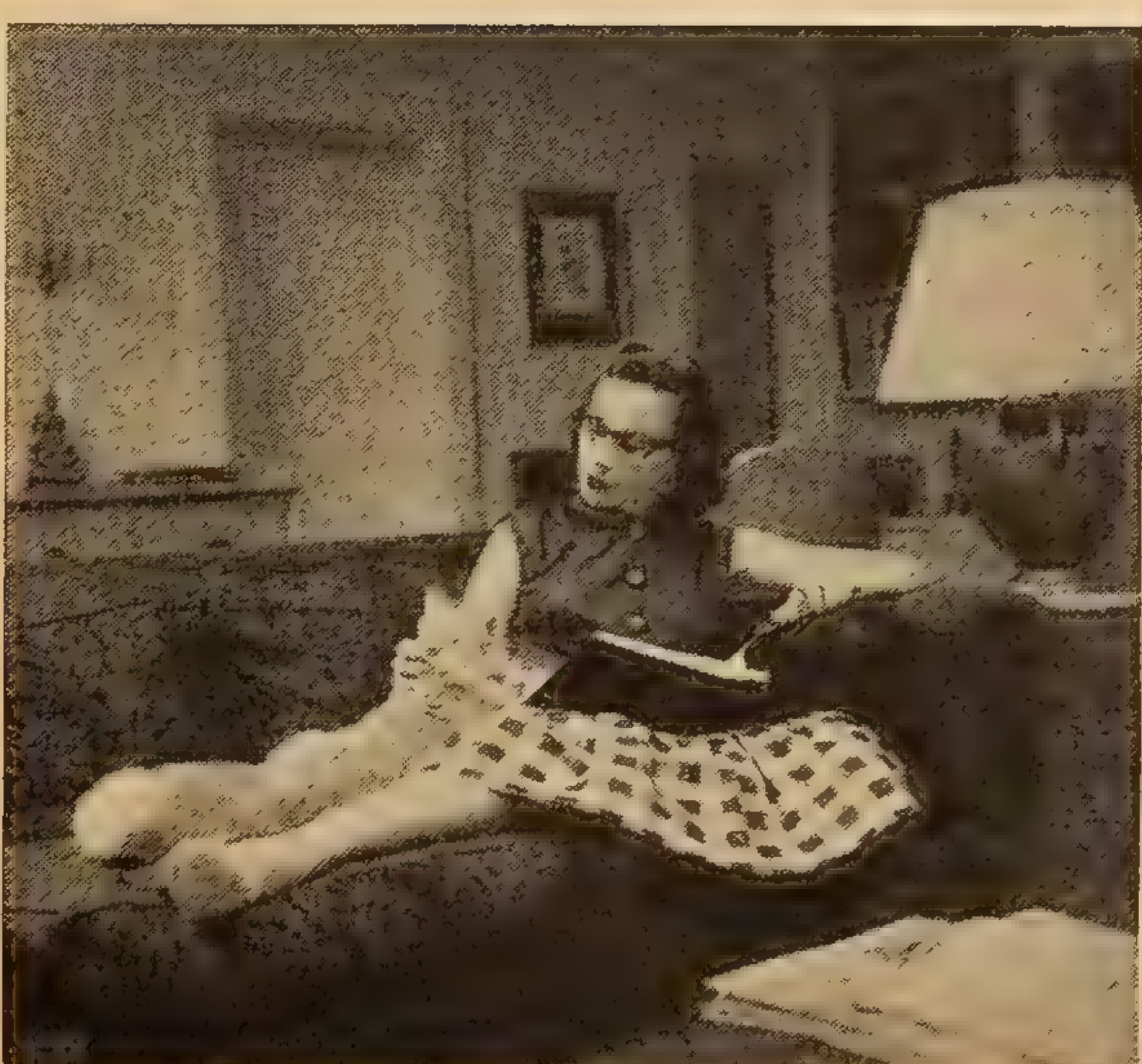
don't miss finding out
what **marilyn monroe**
has learned from
her new marriage in
modern screen's next
issue (on sale october 9)
with a provocative
picture of **marilyn** on
the cover plus the inside
story of why **liz taylor**
can't hold her husbands



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY (in the middle of the city)



Kim Hunter and her writer husband, Robert Emmett, regard their Greenwich Village apartment in the middle of New York City as a country home deluxe! It provides them and their children, Kathy, 11, and Sean, 2, with outdoor living (on their second-floor terrace), an informal living room that can take anything from siestas to calypso dancing to recorder concerts (the recorder is an old English musical instrument and even Sean plays it!) without disturbing the neighbors (because there are none; the apartment is over a little theatre)! Evenings they curl up with a book (and a cat), or with Kathy's doll collection—which includes Kim's Oscar (Kathy has tied a ribbon around its head!)—and generally lead the quiet, uncluttered life that's anything but big-cityish!



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Millions of women douche with "Lysol" . . . because a "Lysol" douche gives a sense of complete daintiness, of internal cleanliness, that nothing else seems to equal.



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a "Lysol" douche spreads into folds and crevices . . . kills odor-producing bacteria, rapidly on contact; thus the thorough, desirable action lasts!



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A "Lysol" douche leaves you sure of yourself, sure of your daintiness. With the primary cause of "embarrassing odor" gone (odor-producing bacteria), you just can't offend.



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that a "Lysol" douche gives is important to your poise! You feel more radiant and look better when you're so completely clean and nice.

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Modern Romances
a Dell magazine

jimmy's happiest moments

(Continued from page 30) out and see me take off!"

This was good! We tumbled out of our chairs and followed him. He led the way toward the door and out onto the sidewalk—where there was no motorcycle at all in sight. Not for us, that is. But for him there was.

"Ain't she a beauty?" he crowed, pointing at nothing.

Then he went over to the curb, swung his leg over a completely imaginary cycle, blew his lips out so they vibrated with the blast of an accelerated motor, and then went shuffling down the middle of Sunset Boulevard, leaving us behind, staring like a pack of fools.

Jimmy, as everyone knows, really did ride a motorcycle around Hollywood for a while, but I would like to clear up the talk that he got one because he was trying to duplicate every move made by Marlon Brando. Jimmy first became a motorcycle bug while he was still attending Fairmount High School back in Indiana, eight years before his death. His best friend there, Bob Middleton, who was a classmate of his, told me this when I went to Fairmount for Jimmy's funeral.

"Jimmy never imitated anyone," Bob said. "He was always having too good a time being himself."

We both did impersonations

This is true. I have other proof of it. Both Jimmy and I could do *impersonations* of Brando, as well as of Montgom-

A policeman showed up at the *Crime In The Streets* premiere and asked for Sal Mineo, who plays a juvenile delinquent. He said to Sal, "I got a couple of mug shots of you—would you please autograph them for my kids?"

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

ery Clift and a lot of other well-known stars. However, we did this as exercises, and for fun and also as technical training in our profession, you might say. But one day a chance came to cash in on these take-offs. And it came to Jimmy not long after he had made his hit in *East of Eden*. An agent who signs attractions for the Las Vegas hotels talked of a contract in terms of tens of thousands of dollars if Jimmy would make up an act. And the story of the offer was immediately printed in the trade papers.

"What are you going to do?" I asked him the next day in a lunchroom.

"It's a lot of money," he said, grinning. "And not much work. After all, how long has it been since we had to share a hamburger to keep from starving?"

"You mean you'll accept?"

He shook his head against the idea. "No chance," he replied. "This is all it would take to classify me as just an impersonator. I'm out to be an actor."

"Good," I told him. "Tell the agent there is no chance of ever getting you down to Las Vegas."

"No, that isn't so," Jimmy replied. "When I have done a few more films and I am better established as myself, then I can do all the impersonations I want and keep my own identity. But until I am Jimmy Dean publicly, I'll never be anyone else publicly."

So he laughed off maybe \$25,000 or more, got up from his chair and went over to a flower box near the window over which he fiddled around with both hands. Then he turned around and

asked me if I was ready to leave.

"What were you doing with the flowers?" I asked as we paid our checks.

He had to giggle. "When I was home in Indiana not long ago I picked up some wheat seeds," he said. "I just planted some in that box. Can you imagine their surprise when they get a strand of wheat?"

He was someone by himself

No, a fellow like Jimmy Dean didn't have to follow in anyone else's footsteps; not Brando's, not Clift's. A fellow like Jimmy was someone all by himself. The first time we ever got together socially, after we had been introduced to each other at a television studio where we had signed to make a Pepsi-Cola commercial, he established himself as a warm-hearted boy with a witty way of looking at things.

Maybe I should have put the word *socially* in quotes, because Jimmy paid me a visit, and where he found me "at home" was in a sort of sewer extension I happened to be living in at that time. In return for taking out the garbage in an ancient Hollywood Boulevard household, and doing a few other odd jobs of similar stature, I was permitted to live in a damp basement alcove that was just wide enough for a bed and high enough to let me creep into it.

Jimmy took one look around and then grinned at me. "You won't need a coffin when you die," he chuckled. "Just put handles on this room."

I started to apologize. "I'm sorry, but this is the best I can do . . ."

He waved a hand to make me stop. "Aw, this looks like a penthouse compared to my underground rathole," he said.

Jimmy's tough times

The fact is, of course, that Jimmy too had his tough times. Early in his New York days, when he was picking up an occasional television job, he showed up at a rehearsal one morning in bare feet. Immediately everyone figured he was trying to be a character and attract attention. But that wasn't the reason at all. The night before he had been caught in a heavy rain and his one pair of shoes—very cheap shoes—had gotten soaking wet. By morning they had shrunk at least three sizes. Jimmy had tried shoving his feet into them until the tears came, but it was no use. Finally, in desperation because he couldn't afford to lose the job, he went barefooted.

I don't know whether Jimmy ever starved in New York. He wouldn't dramatize too much about himself. But I do know that he must have had some pretty meager meals for long periods there, because one day in Manhattan he got to dreaming about how well he used to eat on his Uncle Mark's farm, back in Fairmount.

"You know what I did?" he'd say to me. "I just upped and took off back home for Indiana. But I didn't go alone. I had met a couple of kids, a boy and a girl, trying to get into show work, who, I knew had been living on about twenty-five cents a day. I took them with me—what the heck, we all hitchhiked—to let my Aunt Hortense fatten them up. And boy, she did. And boy, how they loved her treatment!"

There was a short period when Jimmy and I were together in New York. This was when I was in the Navy, stationed at New London, Connecticut, and coming into New York for my leaves, and he was trying to get into a good play at the same time. A good many of our meals those days consisted of hot dogs and orange juice which we got at the Nedicks' counters around Manhattan. But we didn't call them Nedicks'. We would say, "Let's dine at the Orange Room tonight."

A vivid personality

I knew Jimmy for five years; from the day we met in the Jerry Fairbanks Studios in January of 1951 to make that tv commercial, to the fall of 1955, right after he finished *Giant*, just before the highway accident at Paso Robles, California, which was his curtain. But in that five year period I did a Navy hitch of almost three years. Yet so vivid was his personality, and so eager his appetite for life, that it always seems to me we crowded ten years of fun into those two years we hung around together. At least my mind teems with the things we did . . .

The time, during the filming of *Rebel* when he suddenly jumped to a balcony, in the middle of a scene, and began spouting Mark Antony's speech from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, and then threw me an eye as my cue to come play the "crowd" for him . . .

The day we entered the commissary at Warner Brothers and he saw his picture on the wall with all the studio's stars; he tore it down, muttering, "What do they want to do? Kill everyone's appetite?"

The afternoon he ran his car, the same Porsche in which he was killed, around

the Warner's studio lot while seated on the wrong side of the seat, so that no one was behind the wheel and people thought an invisible man was doing the driving . . .

The day I visited the *Giant* set wearing a gay Mexican peon shirt that John Wayne had given me, and carrying another that I gave to Jimmy. He flipped, and just like a kid, had to take his costume off right there, in front of a hundred technicians, to try on the shirt . . .

The time he "fooled" me during the filming of the Planetarium scenes in *Rebel*. I was supposed to point down the hall of the huge building and cry, "Here he comes now." But when I did Jimmy showed up at the opposite end of the hall—which meant he had run about a quarter of a mile around the outside of the building just for the laugh he'd get in making a completely wild entrance . . .

I know a lot of this sounds like kid stuff; but he was a kid—all heart, some stomach, not too much sense yet and a lot of talent. He had a quick eye for girls but he was at an age when his imagination was fired by the great work he might be able to do, not the romances he could fall into. He could laugh and he

perry como: MILLION-A-YEAR IN SLOW EASY STAGES

■ Somebody asked Perry Como how he played golf, and Perry explained, "Walk slow, swing slow . . . and win."

Slow and easy is how Perry edged his way to the million-dollar-a-year class. He didn't overwhelm the other baritone stars with noise and publicity. He just ambled by them.

All his life, this forty-four-year-old former barber has moved only when he was sure of the consequences and knew he could win. When he quit the barber job in home-town Canonsburg, Pa., he kept his barber's union card . . . in case. (In fact, he still has his card . . . in case.)

When he got his first big New York cafe job, at the famed Copacabana, he didn't splurge on high living. He rode home every night by subway.

He finally saved enough money to buy a nice, ample house in suburban Sands Point, Long Island—but he waited eight years before he got up enough nerve, in 1955, to put in a swimming pool. The house didn't have a real barbecue pit until his wife had one installed, as a birthday surprise for him.

He has avoided posing for the usual corny publicity photos. He rarely goes out on promotion tours. He avoids night clubs and show-business hang-outs. He goes to church Sunday mornings, no matter where he is, and he usually slips out to confession for a half hour, before show time Saturday nights.

He appears relaxed, but he insists he's merely tired. His hair is graying, but he refuses to paint it for tv. "I can't stand the smell of the paint," he says. "Besides, who am I trying to fool?"

He seems to be indestructible, publicity wise. Smear magazines have sought to "expose" him, and failed. One such magazine, eager to put him on the cover, did so by admitting, in a long story, that it could find nothing nasty to say about him.

He turned down Ed Murrow's request that Perry and family appear on Ed's *Person To Person* home-interview program. For years, he has refused pleas by magazines and newspapers that he pose for photos in his parish church. Photos of the interior of Perry's home are rare.

Each summer he says he'll take a long trip somewhere. Each summer he ends up staying home with his blonde wife of twenty-three years, Roselle Belline, and their kids, Ronnie, sixteen, David, nine, and Terry, eight. "The swimming pool looks awfully good," he explains. "And the golf course is only a few miles away."

He has a twelve-year deal with NBC-TV, guaranteeing him about \$15,000,000. If he was more ambitious, he could make movies and personal appearances. "But," he says, with a relentless logic, "what else could I buy with more money?"



The miracle called Mira-col can happen to you free, too"

by Dorothy Davis Smith

As a fashion magazine editor and an advertising woman, years of experimenting with new beauty products had disillusioned me, *until last week!*

Last week a miracle called Mira-col came into my life and I look like a new woman after three applications. My first Mira-col beauty treat was free. Yours can be, too.

Developed by famed cosmetician Merle Norman, this cool liquid instantly improves skin problems (see below) by normalizing the activity of skin glands.

Naturally, when all glands are performing perfectly (as in baby's skin) problems disappear. Suddenly the complexion is brighter and younger than in years. I know. I saw it happen in my own mirror. Once again my skin is healthy, alive, glowing.

Since that first application I've used Mira-col twice more—the first thing in the morning, so it could work while I had breakfast.

The first time my skin tingled almost to the point of stinging. Each time after that it tingled pleasantly. The degree of tingle depends upon the individual skin and indicates that Mira-col is doing what the skin, unaided, has been unable to do. That is, function properly as an organ of elimination.

There's so much more you'll want to know about this wonderful physiological discovery, Merle Norman Studios everywhere invite you to learn, free, how to use Mira-col effectively.

Right now, fill out the coupon below and mail to Merle Norman, Dept. MO, 9130 Bellanca Ave., Los Angeles 45, Calif. You'll receive the fascinating booklet, "A Door to a More Beautiful You" as well as an invitation to have your Mira-col beauty treat, part of the famous Merle Norman "3 Steps to Beauty" method, all free now at your nearest studio. Do it now! No obligation.

Normalizes excessive dryness, excessive oiliness, clogged pores, eruptions, enlarged pores, premature wrinkles.

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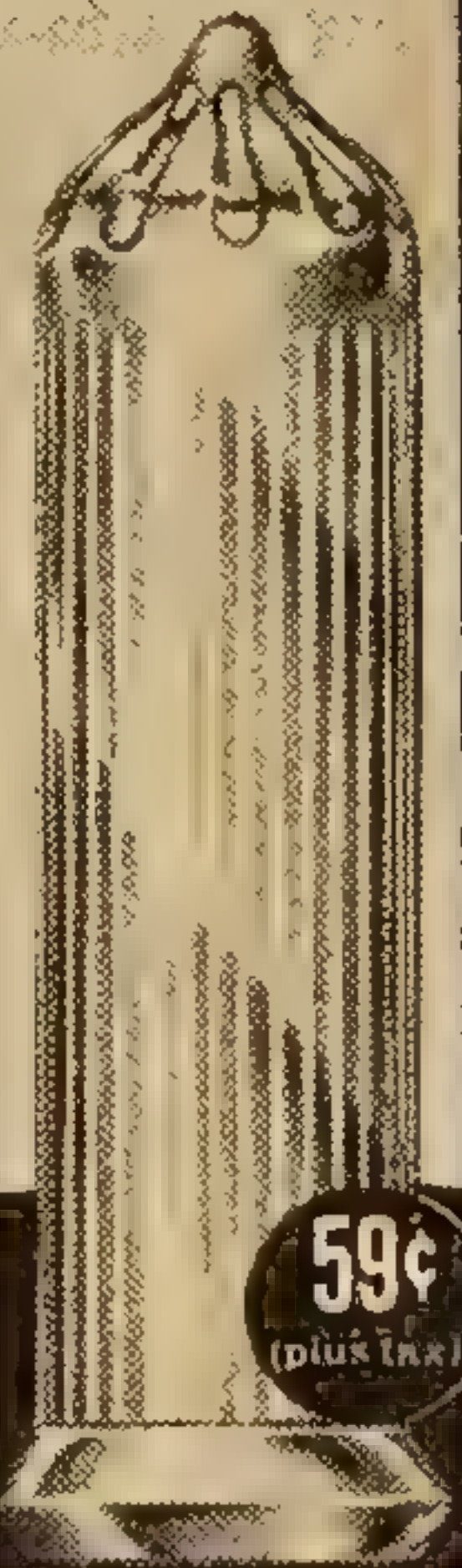
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could fight with Natalie Wood—but always he had a deep respect for her talent, and this is what made them an interesting pair to each other. I was his friend, and this was fine. But if I could come across with a constructive piece of advice for his acting—oh, this was something extra as far as Jimmy was concerned. This really impressed him.

He was always thankful

It may be remembered that in the opening scene of *Rebel* Jimmy is seen fondling a toy monkey. I made a helpful suggestion or two about this bit of business—nothing very important. But Jimmy never forgot it. He was always thankful.

There have been stories that Jimmy was self-centered. People who think this had no real knowledge of him at all. I can think of any number of instances to prove the contrary—besides the ones I have already given.

When I joined the Navy I had gotten nowhere as an actor yet, and it was while I was away on sea duty that Jimmy got his break in *East Of Eden*. Then when I got a start in *Mr. Roberts*, Jimmy was away from Hollywood and I didn't run across him until after the picture was finished. One day, at Warners, there we were—both standing in front of each other, after three years. It was like two brothers meeting after a lifetime apart.

He told me that he had caught a screening of *Mr. Roberts* and that he thought I was great in it and that I had nothing to worry about. I told him I had seen *East Of Eden* and that it would be silly for me to say that he was a hit in it because everybody knew it—but I went ahead and said so anyway.

It was towards evening, about 6:30 o'clock, when we started talking, and we slowly walked out towards the parking lot where our cars were—talking all the way. When we got to Jimmy's car we had a little more to say, so we stood there continuing our talking. And then when we had said that bit it reminded us of more, so we kept on. And it went on like this until, so help me, it was nearly 10 o'clock before we finally could break it up and part. We had gabbed away for better than three hours.

This should furnish an idea of the vitality and depth of Jimmy's friendship, and how strongly his nature was to give... not to take.

The instinct to act

There remains one more side to Jimmy that might be illustrated; his wonder about himself and the instinct to act. I remember, soon after we first became friends, that he called me on the phone once about 3 o'clock in the morning.

"What are you doing?" he asked, and then giggled because it was such a silly question to ask in the middle of the night.

"Nothing," I said.

"Come on over and let's shoot the

breeze," he begged.

He was in a talkative mood, I found, when I came over, and he went into everything. But his mind always came back to the same subject—what makes a fellow want to be this or that?

"Were there ever any actors in your family?" he asked.

"No, I'm the son of a coal miner," I said.

He shook his head, puzzled. "And my folks were all farmers," he commented.

For his twenty-fourth (and last) birthday, February 8 of last year (1955), he went home to his Uncle Mark Winslow's farm near Fairmount, Indiana, where he had been raised, and stayed a week or so. One night there was a whole family gathering including his seventy-five-year-old grandfather, Charlie Dean. Jimmy started pumping his grandfather on his favorite subject again; were there any Deans who were artists of any kind, if not actors? And Grandpa Charlie recalled that there was a great-granddaddy "Cal" Dean, who had been an auctioneer.

Cal, said Grandpa Charlie, could get up in front of a crowd and entertain them royally as he disposed of the various articles he was auctioneering. Jimmy was delighted, and then tickled even more when his grandfather recalled that either Cal or one of his brothers had written a two-line verse about themselves. The other brothers were named John, Harry, Pat, Joe Bennel and Kil (for Achilles). The poem went:

"Joe Bennel Kil Cal, while Harry, Pat and John,

Stood off and looked on."

Now Jimmy was enjoying himself. There actually had been a poet in the family.

A similarity

"Say, Grandpa," he said. "In the picture I made, *East Of Eden* the name of the character I play is Cal!"

And then for some reason, Jimmy asked when Cal, his great-granddaddy, had died.

"In 1918," Grandfather Charlie replied.

"That's funny," said Jimmy. "The time of *East Of Eden* is the period of 1918."

When Jimmy came back to Hollywood I told him he ought to take better care of himself: that he ought to get more sleep. Jimmy was the kind of fellow who counted sleep a terrible waste of time. He was always giving me that old business about how the hours of sleep add up.

"Do you realize," he would say, "that if you sleep eight hours a day you have slept for twenty-five years of your life by the time you get to be seventy-five? And that means you have been dead for twenty-five years. Because what's the difference? When you are asleep you are practically dead."

Maybe that's why I could cry about a kid who was always laughing himself. He loved life too much not to have had at least his full share of it.

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why we call natalie "tiger"

(Continued from page 33) yet. If you have to know right now, you'll just have to turn to the end and find out. Only I hope you don't. By the time you get to it, maybe you'll have figured it out for yourself, which would be nicer. I think. And besides, I have a lot of other things to tell you first.

First of all I want to say that as a friend, Natalie is like something out of those old books on chivalry and honor. If you're her friend—well, you've got a watchdog. No one—but no one—is going to insult you when she's around, if she can help it. I remember once when a bunch of us were sitting around, and someone lit into Nick Adams. Behind his back, that is—Nick wasn't there to defend himself. Well, this person, whom I won't name, started out by saying that Nick's sense of humor got on his nerves. It wasn't a nice thing to say but we didn't say anything. Nick does kid around a lot, and people have a right not to like it, I suppose, if they have no funnybone. But he went on and on. First he listed all the things Nick had done or said that he didn't think were funny and then he told us why, in detail. We all glanced at each other, very embarrassed, but we didn't say anything. Then he got sarcastic and then he got very personal—and that did it. All of a sudden Natalie jumped out of her seat and stood in front of the boy with her hands on her hips, looking like she was about to breathe fire. "Just how well do you know Nick Adams?" she demanded. The boy opened his mouth, but he was through talking for that day—Natalie didn't even pause. "Well, obviously, you don't know him as well as I do. It must be terrible to be so insecure yourself that you have to criticize someone who isn't even here to defend himself. Nick is one of the nicest guys I know. He's loyal and kind and I just hope that sometime in your life you're lucky enough to know someone as fine as Nick Adams is!" And she turned and stalked out.

Acting and boys in order

Besides that, she's exciting to know because she's so enthusiastic. Acting is her biggest interest, I'd say, with boys a very close second. She likes to shop, and we go together pretty often—but only when we know exactly what we want. No window shopping, no dawdling at the scarf counter when we came for skirts. Every time I stop, Natalie grabs my arm and says, "Now, look, Faye, I have a rehearsal at 3 and an interview at 7—" and I sigh and head for the skirts. But where it comes to acting—that she's got time for. Any afternoon she's not working she can manage to squeeze in a movie, and then two more hours for us to go back to her house and hash over it. And we spend whole days reading plays (her favorite is *A Streetcar Named Desire*) and books aloud together in my room, without her once having to hurry away. Evenings when neither of us has a date—which does happen—I usually sleep over and we talk. About acting and books and even philosophy—but mostly, till about 5 A.M.—about boys. Lately she's concentrated mostly on Scott Marlowe in those wee-hour gab-fests. Either one of us can begin it and ramble on for hours, but it always ends in the same way. Along about 4 or 5 I say something like, "So I think that means he likes me, don't you, Natalie? . . . Natalie? . . . Nat? . . ." But Miss Wood is fast asleep, and in about thirty seconds I am, too.

When it comes to acting—well, I don't have to tell (Continued on page 83)

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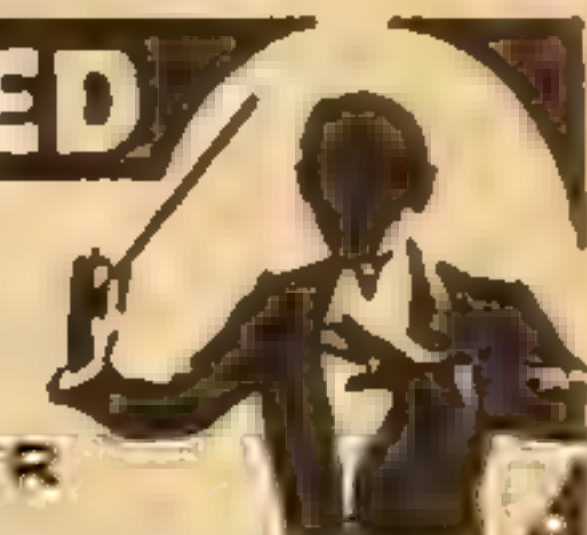
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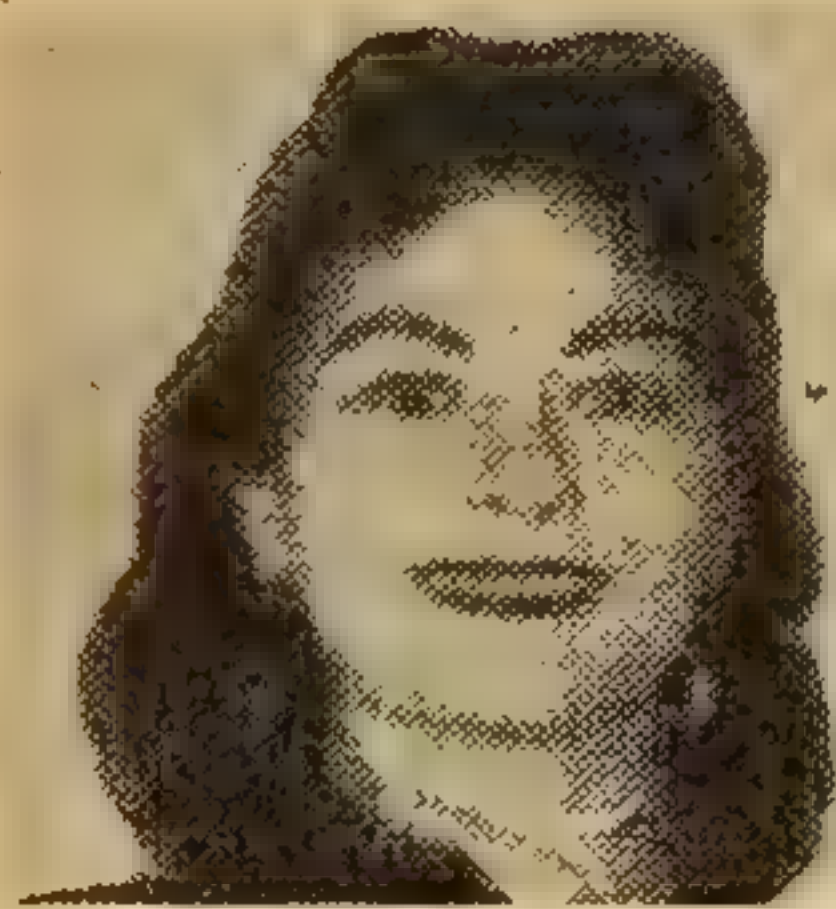
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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL— and how it got that way



■ Esther Williams is feminine all right, with the proper allocation of curves, but she's not afraid to call a muscle a muscle. To show you what swimming has done for her, she won't hesitate to take your hand, place it on her rib cage, and say emphatically, "Feel! See, no flab, anywhere!" And she adds, "An athlete has respect for her body, and when you take care of your body, it takes care of you."

Esther swims thirty laps every a.m., *before* breakfast. "How can you do it?" ask her friends. To which Es replies, "If you'd try it, you'd see!"

For Esther doesn't believe that swimming is for champs only. "If you learn a relaxed stroke, swimming is the most restful exercise and it brings into play every muscle of your body. It's a wonderful way to build bodies for everybody."

She claims that that's not all, however. "When I was swimming in competition I was on a training diet—which means only meals planned for health and energy. I felt so fit all the time that even after I became an actress I stayed right with this same type of eating—and I have brought up my children on it! You have to have the right food, no matter what you want to do."

"And there's a reason why healthy foods can't be delicious. One other good thing—" Es adds, a twinkle in her eye, "when you eat what's good for you, you're less likely to get fat!" The rest of Es's secret for avoiding avoirdupois is simple. "The only way to get fat is with excess food. I believe in small portions to start with. If you still want more, *then* you can have a second helping. But it takes a little while to feel the effect of your food, and if you wait a little instead of reaching for more, you usually find you didn't really want it in the first place."

Esther has formulated training diets, pregnancy diets, reducing diets—but, with variations, they all add up to the one ideal: wholesome foods. "And doesn't everybody know what they are by now?" Es demands. "Vegetables, fruits, milk, whole grains, eggs, meats, fish, fowl!"

In being wholesome, Esther doesn't overlook the glamour approach. "I am all for making yourself as attractive as possible." It seems Hollywood would have taken care of that angle for her, but in dealing with Esther, Hollywood was in for a few surprises. "My problem has always been how to look glamorous, though natural. Wet as I was most of the times in pictures, this was something to work for!"

Being Esther Williams, she did. She found out how to make a waterproof mascara really waterproof. "The trick," she says, "is to take the cap off the tube and let the oils dry out." About Hollywood methods with makeup, she says, "I always felt they used too much. And the makeup was too heavy in the first place."

Somehow, Esther's personal interests seem to be turning into big business. The special cosmetics she developed with chemists are now on the market. The do-it-yourself swimming pool she evolved with husband Ben Gage will, she hopes, make true "my dream of a swimming pool in every back yard."

When Esther left MGM after fourteen years, a studio photographer who had been assigned to her all that time said, "It's flabbergasting; she really looks the same."

And she *still* thinks *anybody* can do it.

(Continued from page 81) you Natalie's good. That you can see for yourself. But what most people don't know is how much she cares. For instance, a friend of ours told me the story of how she got the part of Judy in *Rebel Without A Cause*. The studio sent her the script and as soon as she read it she was dying to play it. She said there was actually a little voice buzzing in her head saying, "This is your part. You are Judy!" All she could think about was getting it. One day it got so bad that she walked into her house, took one look at her mother, and threw herself down on the sofa, sobbing "If I don't get this part, I'll just die. I know my heart will shatter right inside of me!" And wept for hours. The day of the interview she was in just as bad shape. She walked into Nick Ray's office with her knees shaking and her hands damp, and as soon as he started asking her questions, her voice gave out. Her agent sat there and looked at her in horror. Finally she couldn't bear it any longer and she jumped up and started pounding on Mr. Ray's desk! "I am Judy! I really am!" she cried. "You can't give this part to anyone else! No one knows Judy like I know her. You must let me do a test!" It's a wonder to me they didn't send her to the insane asylum instead of the testing stage, but they let her try out for Judy. And of course she got it. Not that that improved her condition any. For the first two weeks after she found out the part was hers, she couldn't eat a thing or sleep a minute. And *that's* how Academy Award nominations are gotten.

Natalie meets a favorite actress

But I've known her to get just as excited, in a different way, about somebody else's acting. The day she met Jo Van Fleet, for instance. Natalie had burst into Al Greenway's room, ready for him to make her up for a part—and all of a sudden she stopped short and looked as if she'd been turned to stone. All because Jo Van Fleet, whom she admired just tremendously (she went to see *East Of Eden* six times just to watch her act) was sitting there. Natalie's usually pretty poised—but when Al stepped into that dead silence to introduce the girls to each other, Natalie couldn't say a word. Not a word. She just stood there staring at Jo. "For heaven's sake," she said afterwards, "how could I say hello to *her*? I was so thrilled I couldn't even say hello to Al!"

But it isn't all work and worry, you know. And Natalie isn't always taking herself dead seriously. I've seen her come shuffling out of a corner reciting Marlon Brando's lines from *On The Waterfront*, walking like him, sounding like him and even managing to make you think she looked like him! That's talent. But the time she really broke us up was the day she floated up to David Butler, the director, who is fortyish and weighs about 250 pounds, I would say, crooning "Young man. Young, young, young man. Did anyone ever tell you that you looked like a young prince out of the Arabian Nights?" That's from *Streetcar*, of course—and I'll never be able to see that play again and keep a straight face!

To an outsider—someone who doesn't know her—I guess Natalie looks pretty crazy. Moody and unpredictable, maybe. I suppose that's natural. As I said, the first time I met her, I thought she was a snob. And then, a lot of people meet her already prepared to dislike her. They want her to be a spoiled brat so they can tell their friends they weren't impressed by meeting a movie star. Most of them, I think, come away from the meeting with their minds changed, because when my friend Natalie wants to be charming—and she usu- (Continued on page 85)



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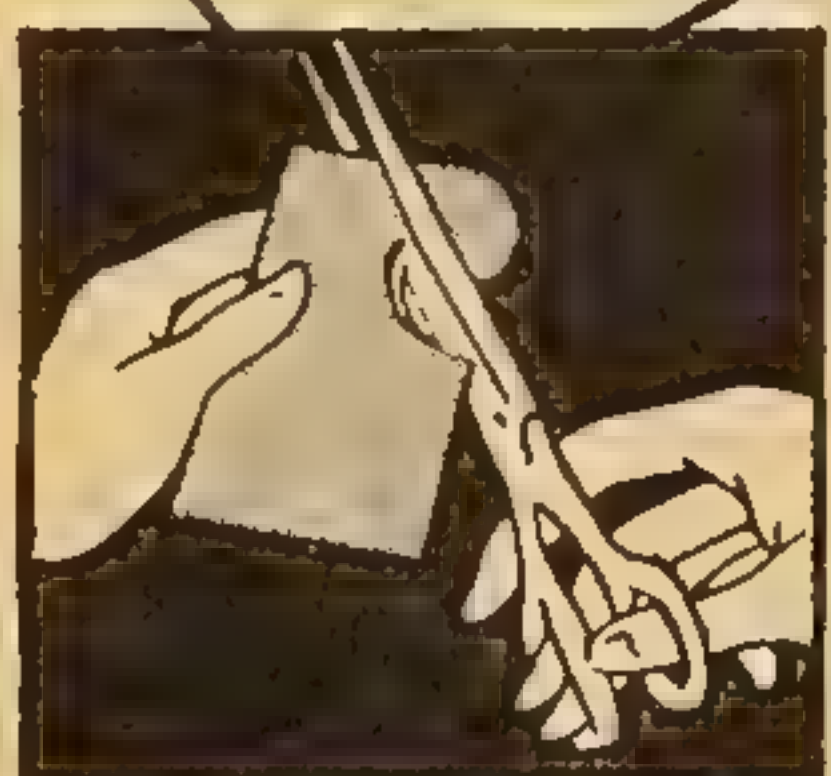
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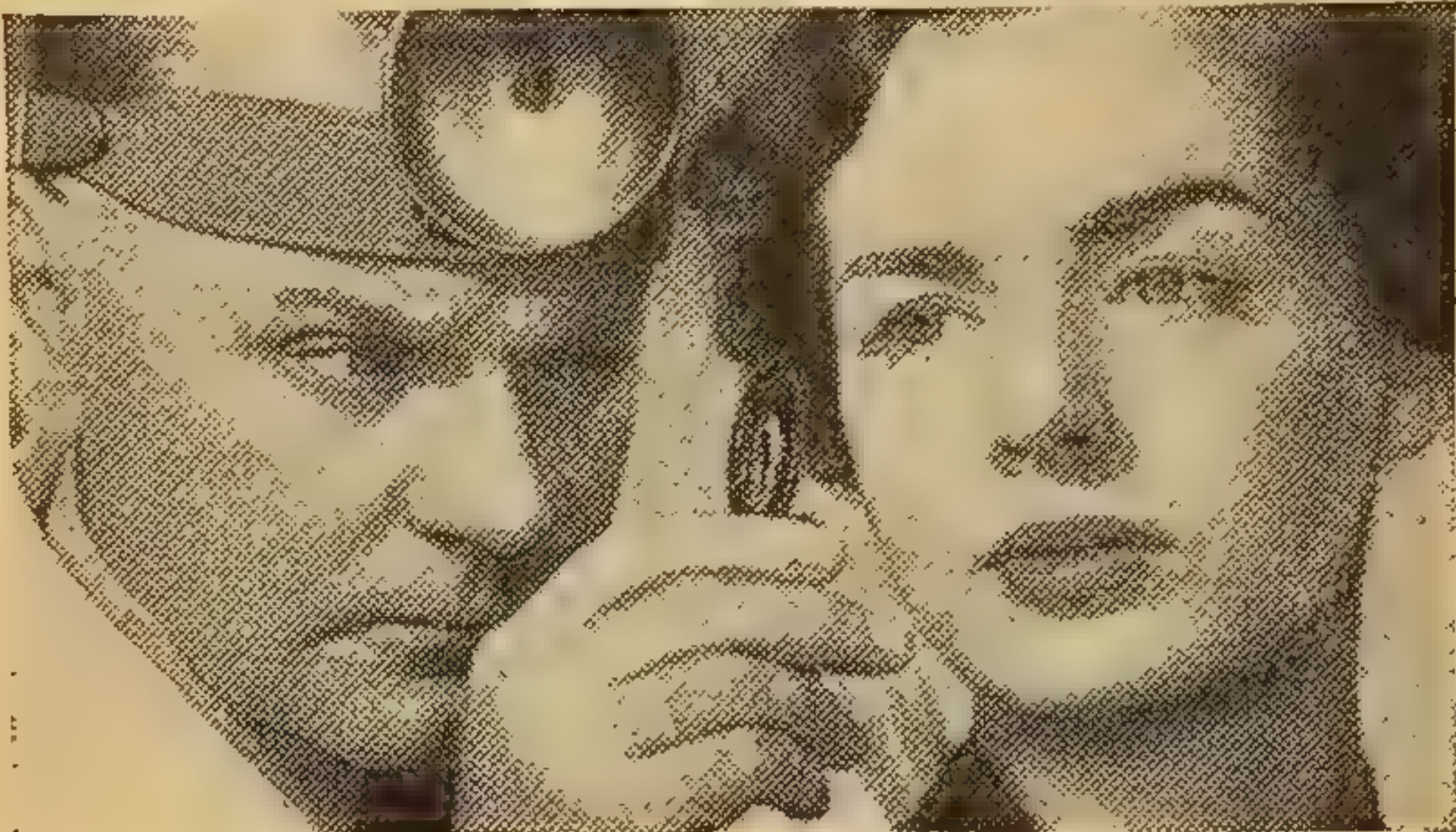
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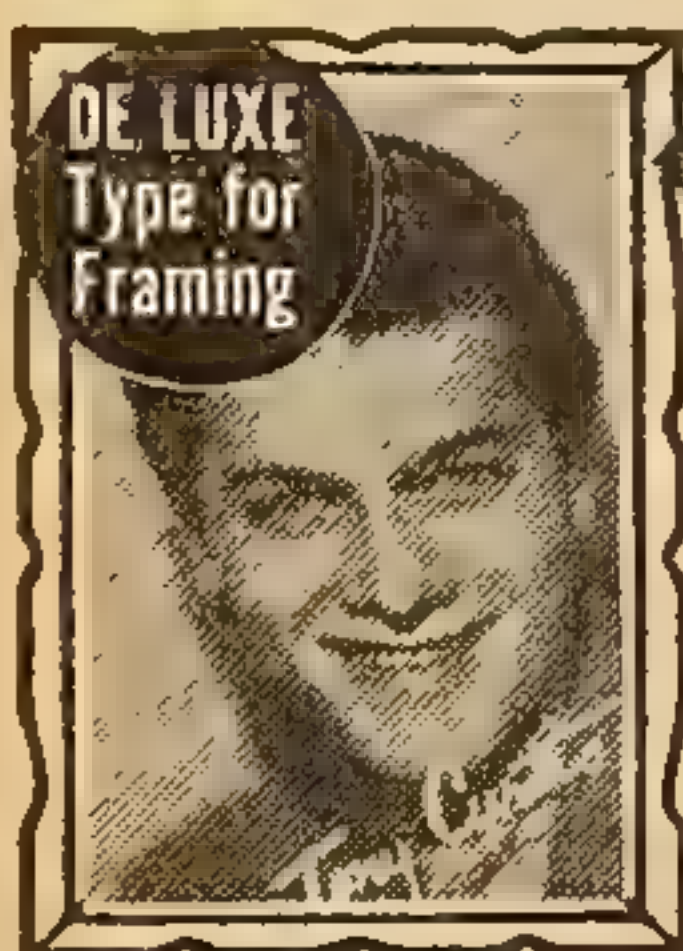
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Marilyn,
when she first
appeared at the
Hollywood Blue
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for Models



WHERE WAS MARILYN TEN YEARS AGO?

■ In 1946 Marilyn Monroe went to see Emmeline Snively who directs the Hollywood Blue Book School for Models. At the time, Marilyn's name was Norma Jean Dougherty and she was packing parachutes in an airplane factory.

Emmeline, who likes to relive history, describes Marilyn at that time, as a "Round-faced, frizzle-haired 'dirty' blonde—the color of her hair, you know. She had an astonishing bust, which made her size 12 dress look too small. She wasn't very interested in clothes, and she didn't have any.

"But," continues Emmeline, "Marilyn had one white dress that looked sensational on her. Most models shy away from white; it accentuates the positive. That's exactly what that dress did for Marilyn—it was extremely tight across the front, and Marilyn didn't mind wearing it.

"Her measurements from my files are: Size 12, height five feet, six inches, 36 bust, 24 waist, 34 hips—blue eyes and that dirty blonde hair. Marilyn, from the beginning, fought changing the way she looked. But when I got her a hair cream ad to do, they bleached and straightened her hair—it had always been frizzy. Marilyn liked it so much that she kept it that way.

"Even then Marilyn had that wiggle in her walk. Nobody was able to change that. She claimed all she could do was a little singing, and she wanted to take the modeling course after I got her a few jobs. She had no money, so I told her she could work out the tuition. I thought Marilyn should specialize in pinups because she was so bosomy. But eastern editors objected to her nose—they said it was too long—and her smile, which they said cast shadows. What was wrong was that she smiled too high. It made deep lines around her nose. We showed her how to bring her smile down, so that her lower teeth showed. It turned out to be a pretty good effect, didn't it?

"We placed Marilyn in a booth at one of those big Home Shows—and she was sensational. A sort of breathless little girl whom everybody responded to."

Through all this, Marilyn was learning—and changing. Marilyn never talked about breaking into the movies during this early stage. All she wanted was to learn, and to make a living as a model.

Her first magazine cover came out on the August *Family Circle*, 1946. There were three more covers after that. According to the model agency head, it was actually Howard Hughes who first spotted Marilyn as a picture possibility from those magazine covers. He got in touch with Emmeline about Marilyn, but before he got to see her it was 20th Century-Fox who signed her.

"Of course, it wasn't all clear sailing, or a dream come true, after that," says Emmeline. "But that's a story in itself."

(Continued from page 83) ally does, unless you get her goat—she's just irresistible. Mostly, I guess, because she's interested in the people she meets; she really wants to know about them.

But I really ought to tell you her interest isn't entirely unselfish. In one corner of her mind, she's storing up a picture of you as soon as she meets you, taking notes on your mannerisms, and your voice, and the way you walk. Most good actresses do that—it's a sort of fund of raw material for them to build a character out of some day. So if you meet Natalie, and a year later you see her in a role and she's got just your trick of twisting your hands or shifting your weight—well, it's probably no coincidence.

A scatter-brained Natalie?

But still and all, the people who suspect that Natalie is just a mite disorganized, and scatter-brained have a point. Boy, I remember one evening when she was getting dressed to go to the premiere of *The King And I*. We had spent the day together at the studio, and at around 6 o'clock she suddenly remembered she had to borrow a petticoat and some gloves from the wardrobe department. She went dashing over and found the wardrobe woman just in the act of closing up for the night. Well, Natalie can sweet-talk anyone into anything, so the lady unlocked the place and Natalie got her things. It had been a hard day and we were both bushed. Before she left, I said, "I'm going right home for a nap and if I were you, I'd do the same. Lie down for a while before you leave or you'll sleep right through the movie." "I will," Natalie said, and we said good night and left.

The next day she phoned me. "You and your advice!" she said. "Some nap!" It seems that she "just lay down for a minute," and the next thing she knew it was quarter to eight and her mother was shaking her and saying, "For goodness' sake, Natalie, you've got fifteen minutes before Scott gets here!" Natalie jumped out of bed and started tearing around the room. First she couldn't find her comb—which was in its usual place on the dressing table. Then she couldn't find her left shoe, which turned up under a pile of clothes in the corner of her room (and what was a pile of clothes doing there, hmmm?). Then she had to ask everyone in the house, from her father on down, if they had seen her tickets to the premiere, which of course they hadn't. So she tore through the whole house—and when I say 'tore' I mean there wasn't a whole dress or record or book or piece of furniture left when she was through—till she found them—in her purse. And then came the final blow. No sooner did she calm down and get her make up on and slip her dress over her head than she found out the zipper didn't work! By this time, Scott was pacing the floor in the living room, muttering about females who had all day to get ready and didn't. So she completely lost her head, and instead of waiting for someone to sew her in, (à la Monroe) she grabbed her satin duster, threw it on over her dress, and ran down to meet him. Of course they arrived late, and Natalie spent the whole rest of the evening desperately clutching her dress and wearing her coat and praying that whole thing wasn't going to fall onto the ground. And it was all my fault!

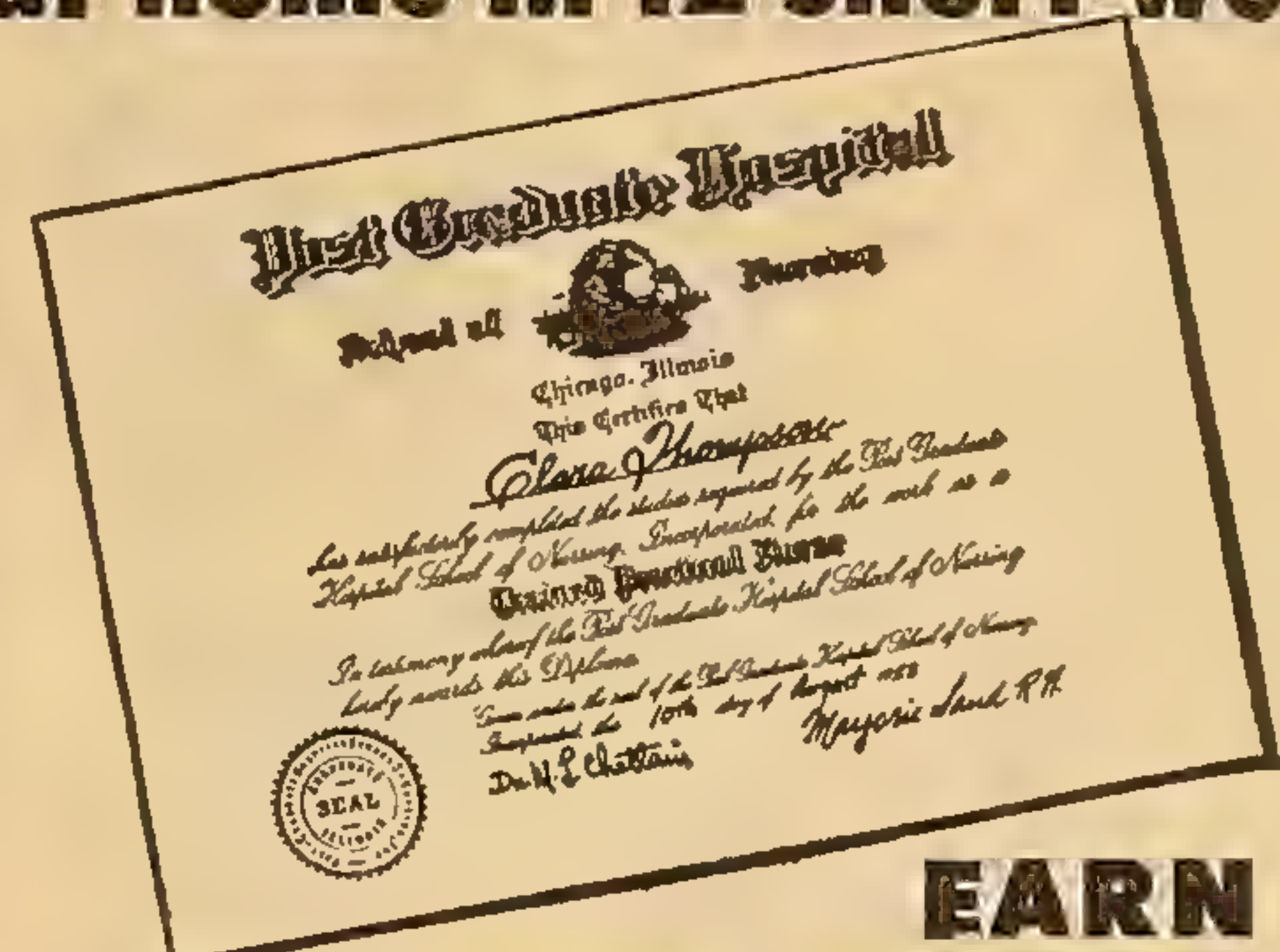
"Natalie," I said calmly, when she slowed down, "just tell me—did you set your alarm?"

There was a long silence on the end. "Uh—well—" said Natalie at last, "I guess I didn't." (Continued on page 87)

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**WHICH
ONE IS
JERRY?**



■ Jerry Lewis appears in only one of these pictures. The other four are of Adriano Celentano, 23, of Milan, Italy, who resembles Jerry so much that he is frequently stopped on the street by fans begging for his autograph. When this started happening to him, Adriano got interested in Jerry himself, went to all his movies and started to collect clippings and material on him. Soon he began imitating Jerry's routines at parties for friends and relatives. Recently, Adriano was approached by Italian tv companies, but he refused all offers, saying "Jerry Lewis is only my hobby."

Guess which is which? Jerry's in the cowboy outfit for his new Paramount film *Pardners*. Adriano, whom we really thought at first was Jerry, is a watchmaker.

(Continued from page 85)

But the times I love Natalie best are when I see her with her little sister. You see, Natalie has a gentle understanding of children; that's the side of her that the fewest people see. Her sister Lana Lisa, who played Natalie as a child in *The Searchers*, gets a great deal of love and understanding from her big sister. A while ago, Lana had an appointment for a reading at one of the local Little Theatres. The part was a small one, but very important, and Lana wanted Natalie to help her with her lines. Natalie had a heavy date with Scott, but she called him and asked if they could make it an hour later so she could help Lana. Then she took Lana to the theatre and waited for her to see the director. I was with them, and believe me, Natalie was more nervous for Lana than she ever got about any part for herself—with the exception of *Rebel*. The director came out and told Natalie he felt Lana had the perfect quality and sensitivity for the part, and rehearsals would start the following day. The next morning at rehearsal Natalie couldn't sit still. She kept commenting to me about all the little things Lana was doing that really made the scene exciting to watch. After that first rehearsal Natalie helped Lana every day, and gave her encouragement.

But it isn't just a matter of Lana's career that makes them so close. I've never seen so much love between sisters.

Where Tiger comes in

Well, have you figured out by now why we call Natalie "Tiger?" You should have. A lot of people think it's because one day director Nick Ray gave her three darling stuffed toy tigers. And I don't deny that that was the day it started. Other people think it has some secret significance—some deep, dark, hidden *something* from her past. But it hasn't. And some—incredible as it seems to me—are sure it means that at heart Natalie is a beast of the jungle!!!

But the truth of the matter is perfectly simple. There's Natalie—my-best-girl-friend, and Natalie-the-actress, and Natalie-who-goes-out-like-crazy, and Natalie-the-scatter-brained, and Natalie-the-big-sister—and Natalie-the-Tiger! Because she's got as many sides as a tiger has stripes, every one different from every other one—but all of them still Natalie. That's why we call her "Tiger!"

I don't even know if she knows that's the reason, but I do know she likes the name. She never budges without her first three tigers, and anywhere she goes, she buys more. At the moment, she has thirteen. Or rather, I should say, she had thirteen when I sat down to write this story a couple of hours ago. By this time she may have wandered past a toy store, and heaven only knows how many tigers she has now!

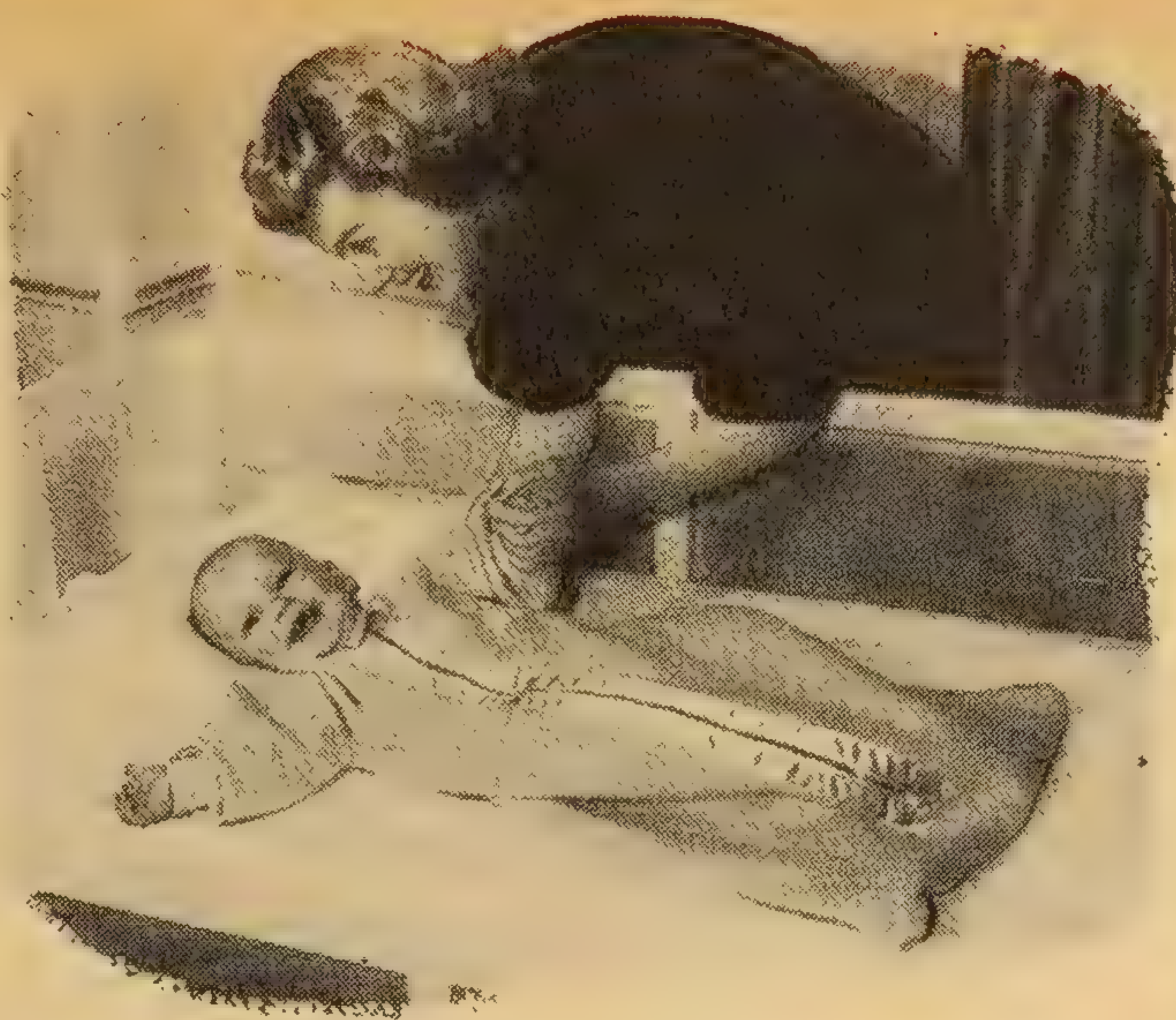
END

Natalie Wood can currently be seen in Warner Bros.' *A Cry In The Night*, *The Burning Hills* and will soon be seen in *The Girl He Left Behind*.

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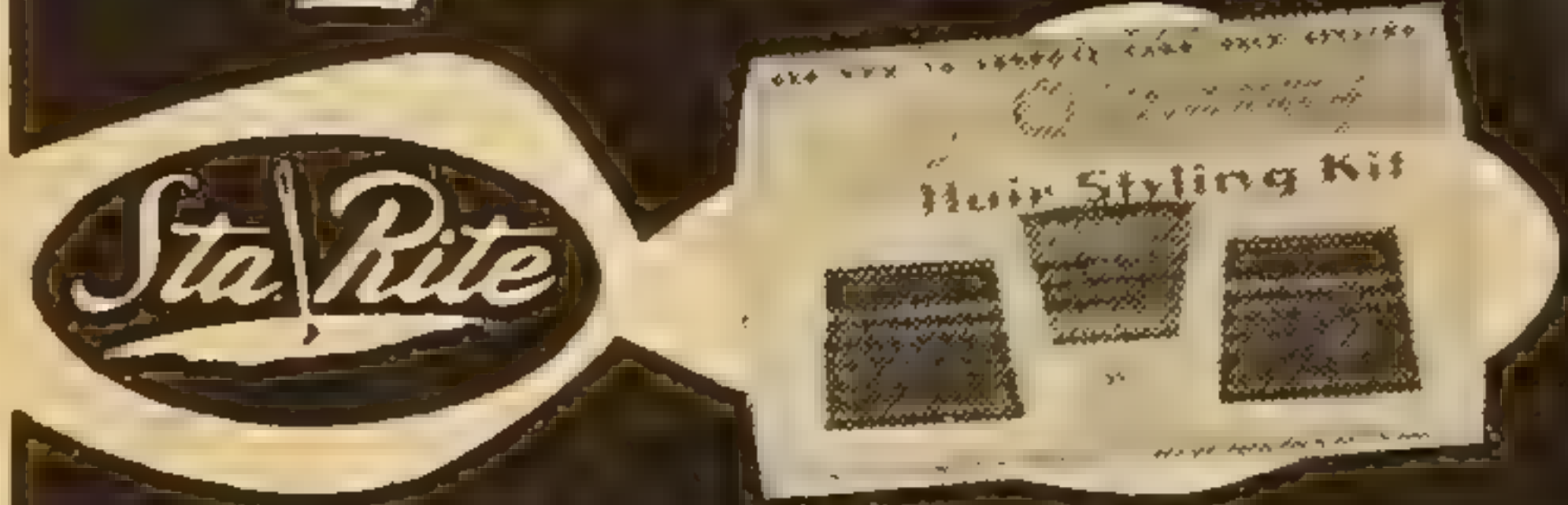


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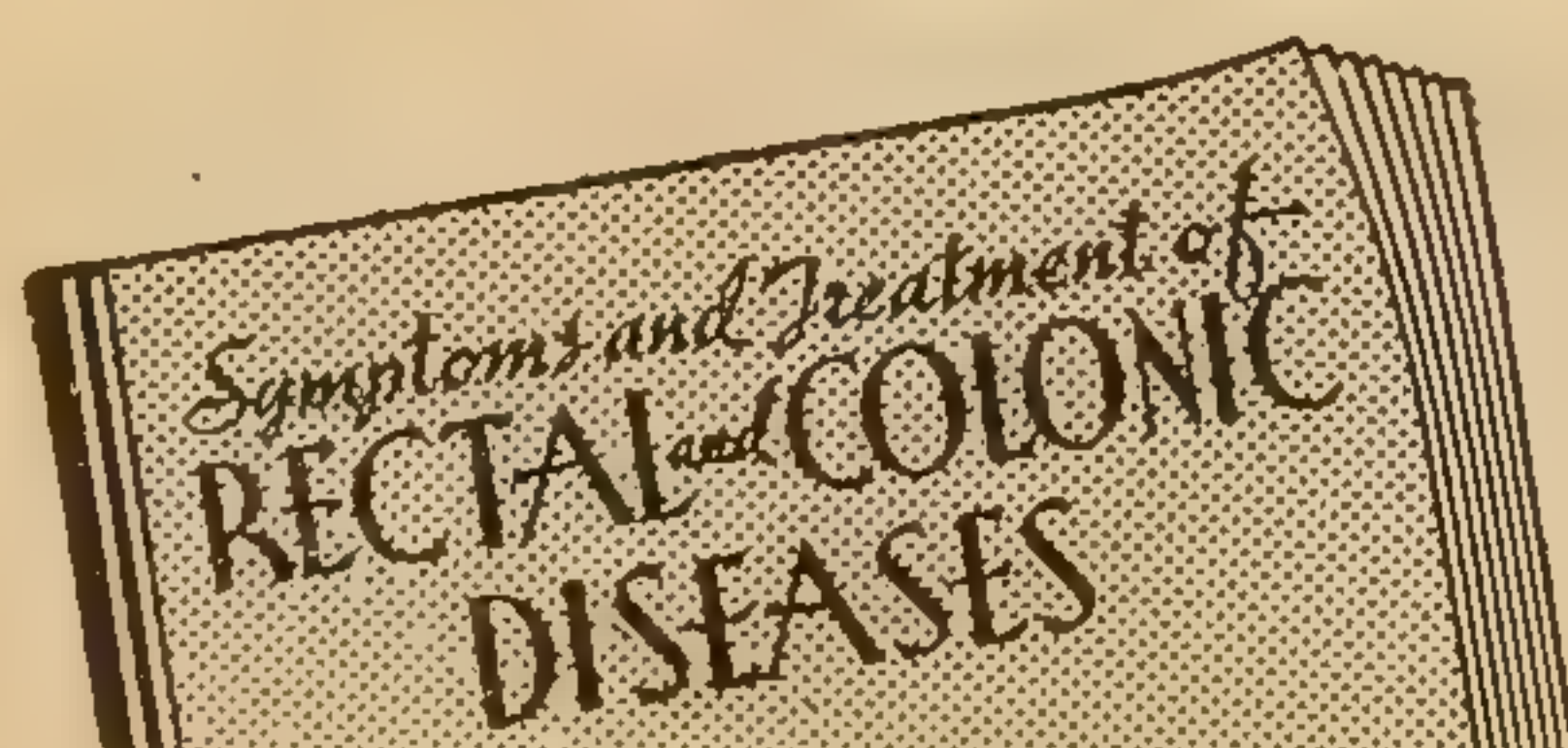
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■ Doris Day and Louis Jourdan were doing one of the hottest love scenes on film for their new picture *Julie*. Doris was so overcome by the scene that she forgot all about the "audience" and went right on sniffing long after director Andrew Stone shouted "Cut." But that didn't bother the director. He said, "We're doing re-takes" and they started all over again.

here's my answer

(Continued from page 63) handsomest baby." To prove it I dragged out an old reel of film featuring Michael's crawling days. It went over like a lead balloon.

The film started, and this creature with big ears came crawling toward the camera. Halfway across the lawn, he found the dog's old bone and began chewing on it. He wasn't at all the way I remembered him. I stopped the film, and after that I didn't brag any more.

But not because I couldn't have. When Michael started school we were afraid he wouldn't adjust. With Toni only sixteen months younger, we'd been at him all the time with don't, don't, don't, so that he wouldn't set a bad example for his sister. So the first day he went to school I talked with the Mother Superior. (I'm not a Catholic, but my kids are and I always wanted them in Jesuit Schools because they give such a great education.) "This boy," I told her, "may be shy with the other youngsters. He's very sensitive and may not mix well." The Mother Superior laughed. "Look out the window," she said. And there was Michael in the midst of a knot of other boys, hamming it up—the center of attention.

But my proudest moment where Michael was concerned happened when he was still knee high. He had come home from school wearing angry scratches across his face, and that evening his mother told him to report what had happened to me.

"Well," said Michael, "some boy at school scratched my face."

"He did, huh?" I said. "And what did he do when he got up?"

"He cried," said Michael. I stopped worrying.

Michael takes over

When his mother and I separated, it was Michael who had to take over as the man of the house. The other kids would kick up their heels and Michael would say "This is the way we do it," and the rest of them would snap to attention. He's always been the mainstay, so much so that Toni didn't even get a crack at being a lead mare. By now, of course, they're all on their own, but Michael was boss man when it counted.

But a long time before that, when Michael was a baby, my only worry about being a father was the chance that I might have a daughter. What could I do with a girl? All my family had been male—except my mother of course—but I mean that I had no sisters, and didn't know how to treat a girl. When they're little they're so fragile and ribbonish and that kind of thing. And then Toni came along and I learned how wonderful a daughter can be.

She's not the only one who remembers the first time I saw her in lipstick—and that evening she came down the stairs in her first formal! My little girl—well, you know how sentimental a father can get. But the biggest shock was the one she gave me six months ago. She told her mother about her engagement and her mother told her to talk to me about it, and Toni said, "Oh, he won't care." I sure do. I was stunned when she said she wanted to marry before she finished school, but then, what can you do? You either agree or they get married anyway. I asked what they intended living on, with Don just starting out, and she said he had a lot all paid for and they'd build a house. I pointed out that with Don working eight hours a day and studying at least four, it would be rough on her. But I don't think it matters too much. Getting your feet wet in trouble early in life never hurt anybody. It'll probably turn out to be good

for both of them.

Come to think of it, she's always surprising me, one way or the other. A few years ago, when she was in school, she did a skit in which she played a Northern girl who'd visited the South and come home with a phony accent. It was done on a bare stage and it was the difficult kind of comedy that a professional actress would hesitate to do. She was really funny, and that was the first time I ever knew she had the makings of an actress. And I guess it was the only time she ever tackled anything on a stage. She's never been interested.

Pat's interested in acting, of course, but I wouldn't say that that's it for him, for sure. I told him the first important thing for him to do is finish his college, then learn to be a man. Associate with kids his own age and grow up with them, and not be forced into the position where he's a little boy everybody's protecting. When he's done those two things, then he can decide if he wants to become an actor. Right now, it's just something easy for him. He has tremendous powers of concentration. One time when he was to appear in public I told him they might ask him to speak. He asked my advice and in the middle of a mob of people I rattled off some suggestions. An hour later he repeated them verbatim, when I myself had forgotten what I said. . . . That's why it's such a snap for him to memorize lines. But that's not the most important thing in the world—to have an easy talent. A while back Pat got an award as an up-and-coming future star, and I went to see him receive it. Afterwards everyone told me I sat there beaming like a locomotive headlight. Well, I suppose I did. But it wasn't so much the award itself that I liked. It

Dimitri Tiomkin, describing Hollywood: The actors are as American as apple pie and the actresses are as American as cheesecake.

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

was the way Patrick moved when he went up to receive it. The pride in his walk, the way he handled himself.

No, I wouldn't be so surprised if Pat changed his mind and went into business, like Michael. I couldn't tell yet whether he has Michael's cracker-jack mind for that kind of thing, but he sure has the money sense. Funny—Michael paid me back for the car I gave him, even though he didn't have to. But Pat—well, I'm not looking forward to it. I'm certainly not adjusting my budget expecting a cent from Patrick. That boy—he's close with a nickel. On the other hand, it has its advantages to have a rich son. If I ever go broke, he's the one who'll keep me from the poorhouse.

For a while he talked about possibly entering the priesthood, which is fine with me, or he might even want to go into some sport professionally. Patrick lettered in football and track and wrestled interschool. Michael loves sports, and it was too bad about that allergy. The school doctor told me if it were his son he wouldn't allow him out there. But he was great at boxing. Got in the ring once with Jersey Joe Walcott. Just sparring, thank God, but he went a round with him anyway. The other kids are awfully proud of him for that. Toni played volley ball and basketball at school and Melinda—well, Melinda devotes most of her energy to eating.

Melinda is a doll. She's the most affectionate little girl I've ever known. She has a great way with people. Her feeling for people is what's going to count in life with her.

Yeah, I know she's been complaining

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to find out how read

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BEAUTY

NOW ON SALE

about not getting a car. That's a problem. Because I'm not with them all the time it's been difficult to restrain myself from spoiling them. I want to make up for it by giving them everything. But if I do that, I don't know how they'll be when they get out in the world on their own. So I make them wait a while. That's not so rough. Besides, even that depends on their interpretation of the word "wait." To them it means waiting for the next birthday or Christmas, and waiting for something darned expensive. When I was a kid, "wait" meant five years sometimes, even if it was for an overcoat.

Dad's a pushover

Frankly, I'm a big pushover. They don't have to think up tactics to get around me. I never did with my own father, when I was a kid. Except that one time. I was about nine, I guess, and I wanted a bicycle for so long that it hurt. Christmas Eve my parents asked me, thinking I still believed in Santa Claus, to write the old boy a letter about what I wanted. So I penned a masterpiece. I wrote Santa that the only thing I really wanted was a bike. That I knew things were tough, but if he couldn't leave the bicycle, he might as well not leave any of that other stuff. It would only be wasted because I didn't want that childish sort of thing. Well, my father took one look at that letter and flew out of the house. I think he got the shop owner out of bed, but the upshot was that I got my bicycle. Now, my kids ask for things straight from the shoulder, and if I say no, they know they'll have to wait. There's no subterfuge with them.

Anyway, that's what I always figured. Till I saw what they said in this magazine last month. Now I'm not so sure. That

"I'll-Get-A-Job" bit of Toni's—you don't by any chance suppose that could have been—a tactic, do you?

They're wonderful kids

But I don't have to worry about any of them. They're all healthy, and they're all honest. I don't think one of them knows how to tell a lie. My father made sure of that with me, and I have with them. And it really doesn't matter so much what I give them or don't give them—there's not much chance of their being spoiled. Their mother has done a wonderful job with them, and they help by teasing the first one that gets out of hand. They kid Patrick about his acting, ask to see his profile in a good light. And Toni doesn't stand a chance. Her husband and his family fill her up with all sorts of compliments. Tell her she's beautiful and intelligent and sweet, and when she walks in the front door here on a cloud, the rest of them yell, "Come on in, beautiful!"

I get a slightly different treatment, of course. When I walk in, it's "Welcome home, Hairless!" And when I get a compliment from one of them, it's something like "Gee, Dad, you even dig bop talk! For a father, you're not exactly square!" Square! If anything, those four have trouble keeping up with their old man.

At least, they had. From now on, times are going to change. I'm saving my strength. In about fifteen years from now, it'll be Aissa's (my new baby) turn to write for MODERN SCREEN. Something on "My Poor Old Daddy, John Wayne," no doubt. I'm going to leave myself a little energy for answering that one good and proper, too!

END

John Wayne will soon appear (as himself) in RKO's I Married A Woman

I flipped for elvis

(Continued from page 37) who I was talking to, but they've probably hung up by now!) It was *him*, all right, on the Dorseys' Stageshow. I remember that I wanted to scream, but my father doesn't like that too well; then I thought I would surely faint. I didn't, but my two sisters were holding me up, which probably accounts for it! Their reaction to Elvis was the same as mine, incidentally. There are very few girls of my acquaintance who do not like Elvis.

I started the fan club

Well, the next day, I started a fan club for Elvis and it was the first one in America. And what a time I had getting it started. I walked my feet off for days, but I went to see every single disc jockey in Dallas, asking them to play "Heartbreak Hotel" on their programs, and announce that I was starting the fan club. They said they'd give my name and address on the radio, but they all laughed at the song. "Kay," they said, "this boy is nobody. Nobody wants to hear the song." But I didn't give up. I went out and bought a dozen different kinds of stationery and started writing letters to them, asking them to play Elvis Presley records. I used a different handwriting on every letter, and I mailed them all from different places, with names I made-up for signatures. I figured any disc jockey who started getting ten different letters a day asking for the same song was bound to play their requests. I was right, too.

Still and all, I didn't expect a very big response to the fan club announcement, and I didn't quite know what I'd do if I got a lot of members, never having belonged to a fan club before, much less

run one. But two days after the announcement was made, I got two hundred letters in the mail, and I found out fast what a president had to do. Part of it was work, and part was fun. I answered every single letter I got, too.

He made TV history

I should really have guessed I'd get a lot of members. The impact of Elvis Presley's first tv appearance will probably make some kind of tv history, for the next day, all the kids were Presley-conscious. At school, he was the topic of everyone's conversation.

The general reaction was that he was terrific; but a few disliked him to the point of fighting about him. Those were among the boys, of course. I think Elvis is just too much competition for the average boy to cope with. One boy started an "I Hate Presley" club and it had quite a few members.

I don't know what they did at their meetings. At ours we had a great time. We played Elvis' records and danced at my home—we had more fun. And we had just about as many boys as girls, too. Since then, the fan club has grown to more than 3000 members. Not all from Dallas, either, or even Texas. We have members all over. The only trouble is that now we can't have meetings any more—there's no place we can get big enough to hold us and our Presley records.

I would like to say here, (for the benefit of any parents who might think otherwise) that ninety-five per cent of my 3000 club members are from nice, stable families, and attend church regularly. The juvenile delinquent and/or neurotic teenager hates Elvis Presley with a vengeance, for Elvis is a symbol of success, the epitome of all that they are not!! The boys who do like him (and there are plenty of them) are usually good-looking, and have

no girl-problems to bother them. The very few girls who don't dig Elvis are such a minority as to be unworthy of discussion. I personally think that by and large most of them are from very strict homes, where any type of hero-worship would be frowned upon.

Most adults haven't forgotten their own days of swooning and screaming over Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, etc. I think they might go a point further and recall the Shimmy, Blackbottom, Charleston, Big Apple and Jitter-bug dances of their day, and decide that what we call the "Bop" isn't too far out of line! For everybody is doing what we call the "Presley Bop"—here in Dallas.

Why we scream for Elvis

I think the music of Elvis Presley hit the kids when rebellion was ripe. This is the atomic age—everything has taken on a streamlined look—everything but music. As we drive along in our streamlined cars, live in our ultra-modern homes, paint our fingernails green and dye our hair pink, we sit back in all this modernism, and listen to 1924 jazz as if it were the latest innovation in music! To us younger generation this is for the birds! Maybe jazz has some nostalgic meaning for our parents, but right now it means a double zero to us. Just as we wouldn't like to drive a 1924 automobile, or wear flapper-type clothes.

I really believe that the complete hypnotic spell that Elvis seems to weave over

the teen-agers, with his dynamic singing and dancing, is of our own making. Elvis said recently, "I don't understand why they scream like that, but I hope they never stop." I think Elvis is our cry for self-expression—our denial that we are to be seen and not heard! Even with Elvis, this may be the reason he sings with such force and feeling. But most of the kids scream when he sings and dances, for they are joining in his cry for self-expression. We can't get up and sing like Elvis, but we can shout "Amen!!" Elvis says he can't sing as well without an audience like that. When anyone gives it what Elvis gives it, he needs someone to say "We understand how you feel, for we feel the same way."

How I got to meet Elvis

Well, it was three months ago that I met Elvis. I had to travel over 350 miles (Texas is a big place, in case you didn't know) from Dallas to San Antonio. I flew—scared to death all the way because it was my first time, but feeling like the luckiest girl in the world. I had written to Elvis' personal manager, Col. Parker, and in my purse I had a crumpled telegram that would permit me backstage. I can think of no more awe-inspiring moment than driving up in front of the Municipal Auditorium there, and seeing those thousands of kids trooping in. Knowing that I would be one among very few who would get to meet and talk to him, gave me the weakest knees I've ever had!! Thank goodness I had a girl friend with me! As usual, I needed to be held up!

Inside, someone told me that Elvis was in his dressing room, and pointed to a door, telling me I could go on in. I know that I stared at that door knob for ten minutes! People pushed and shoved; brushed past me, and gave me dirty looks; but I was oblivious to every thing except that *Elvis Presley* was behind that door! It is hard to express my feelings . . . it was sort of a numbness . . . an inexplicable dread, as if he couldn't be all that I expected. Somehow, I opened the door, and entered the room. There were quite a few people in there, but I never saw anyone but Elvis. This will sound silly, I know, but he seemed to *glitter*, like something *unearthly*; the people around became a mass of nothingness. I may have looked calm, but I was petrified. I practically *sneaked* into a corner and stood there, hoping I wouldn't be seen. But Elvis' eyes caught mine, looked away, came back—only the thousands of other Presley fans can imagine what it did to me. Then he grinned at me, and walked over, and leaned toward me and whispered, "What do you want me to do?" And my girl friend appeared out of nowhere with her flash-bulb camera and started taking pictures right and left.

Well, as I say, if I had been in full possession of my senses I suppose I would have screamed and fainted, but since I was too numb to really know where I was, I just started laughing and talking to Elvis. It was very easy, too. He's a little shy, I would say, but at the same time self-confident and not the least bit self-conscious. In fact, he seemed completely unaware that all the hub-bub and the confusion, the crowd, the cameras, were over him and because of him!

At one point he said to me, "Kay, they're all telling me to cut my hair."

"Don't you do that," I told him. I told him all the girls in Dallas were wearing the Elvis bob now, with the sideburns and everything. (It looks real cute.) And his hair is so distinctive this way—it would be a real concession to being ordinary to cut it. "If you want to do something to it," I suggested, "why don't you dye it blonde?"

"Now, that would give them something

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Ten things Kay found out about ELVIS that aren't generally known

- (1) He doesn't look mean, up close.
- (2) He says "Yes, ma'am," and "Yes, sir." He's very polite.
- (3) He wants to be in pictures more than anything else.
- (4) He is building a swimming pool at his home in Memphis.
- (5) He doesn't drink or smoke or commit any of the other "various crimes" of which he's accused.
- (6) His home is constantly besieged by kids, wanting to come in.
- (7) He is much better looking than his pictures.
- (8) He is very fair, but photographs rather dark.
- (9) He usually looks very preoccupied.
- (10) He may get mad at me for telling these things about him! (Please don't, Elvis!)

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OF EGGS AND DOUGH

Jackie Gleason seated himself at the table in Shor's and ordered a Bloody Mary. "Waiter," he said, then pointed to the knives, forks and plates, "remove all these things which interfere with my free style of drinking." Gleason mentioned his new "millions." "I keep nothing from that dough," he said. "It's good only for your credit." He spoke of the old days. He'd worked at the Miami Club in Newark, where he studied a mobster who wore a diamond ring. "I watched how he handled the ring finger, to learn—just in case I ever got rich enough to buy a ring," he said. Once, in a cheap hotel room, David Tough, a drummer, urged him to buy an iron. "You can press your suit and also fry eggs on it," said the drummer. Gleason bought an iron for \$1.98. He pressed his suit with it. Then he tried to fry two eggs on it. The eggs stuck on the iron. He couldn't get them off. He phoned the drummer's room. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," said the musician. "Before you start frying eggs on the iron, call Harry and get some trombone oil."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

to talk about, wouldn't it?" he chuckled. He looked at me a minute and then gave me the most exciting compliment I ever got. "You are a very intelligent girl," he said.

The face of Apollo

Anyway, he gives them enough to talk about. His personal appearance is rather startling. His clothes are of unusual color combinations, such as green, purple and blue; or pink, green and black. But the most unusual thing about him is—his face. I once saw a whole crowd of girls clustered around a display window of the Statler-Hilton Hotel in Dallas. I went over and saw that they were staring at a bronze bust of Apollo, the ancient symbol of youth and beauty, a copy of one by a Greek sculptor. And the reason for the excitement was simple—the bust of Apollo looks exactly like Elvis Presley! If you don't believe it, look up a picture. Or just see Elvis. Close up, he is fantastically good-looking. If I saw him walking down the street and didn't know who he was, I'd say, "Who is that movie star?" If he'd never sung a note, and I just met him somewhere, I'd have flipped anyway. He's too good looking not to.

We stayed around talking a while more—and as I told you—all of a sudden, he kissed me (!) and then Elvis went on stage to sing.

To be backstage at a Presley performance is really an experience. Elvis is the only person who is completely relaxed and unworried. He goes about laughing, drinking cokes, shaking hands, and giving autographs while out front, there are 6000 kids waiting breathlessly. As the time draws on for the show to start, there is a quiet; like the hush before a storm. Then Elvis walks out and the dam breaks!! All the pent-up emotions and disappointments evaporate, for Elvis is one of them! He sings "Heartbreak Hotel" or "Blue Suede Shoes" (but he is really saying "I understand; I was where you are six months ago."). All the unleashed emotion in his song and dance is so primitive, so honest, that to criticize him seems unfair. We do not say that an abstract

painting is bad, simply because we cannot understand it.

I would like to quote from some of the fan letters I have received: "I think he is the most wonderful person in all the world." Oh, please try to get him to come to Dallas; I've got to see him." "I'm going to study to be a good stenographer, so I can work for Elvis." "I would be his self-appointed slave, and even shine his shoes." "I have a picture of him that monopolizes all my time!" "I saw him in Ft. Worth and I almost died." "When I see him, I know I'll faint!" And on and on they go.

In love with Elvis

We teenagers understand him, and we comprise his audiences. I believe that many of his female fans imagine themselves madly in love with him. They may be; and I'm afraid he doesn't quite know how much he means to them. He has become a part of their existence; their hopes and dreams; their ideals. If he should marry any time in the near future, it might be disastrous for his career. (I may be wrong; others have survived it!)

Even the die-hards are admitting that Elvis has a good baritone voice. It might interest the people who are trying to get Rock and Roll music banned to know that we do not consider Elvis a Rock and Roll singer. He has sung many more Western and ballad type songs than R and R. I have all of his records, and out of them all, he has only five or six of the latter type. Ban Rock and Roll and you won't hurt Elvis! He would be a bigger hit (if that is possible) singing pop music anyway!

Elvis' fame is so sudden, and so great that anyone connected with him seems to get a kind of glamour. Since I started the fan club, I have had a newspaper writeup; was on a television show, and have been asked to sign a contract to appear in a movie. I am recognized frequently, and sign autographs, just like a real celebrity. I lead a pretty hectic life, for someone who just innocently started a fan club for an "unknown singer!"

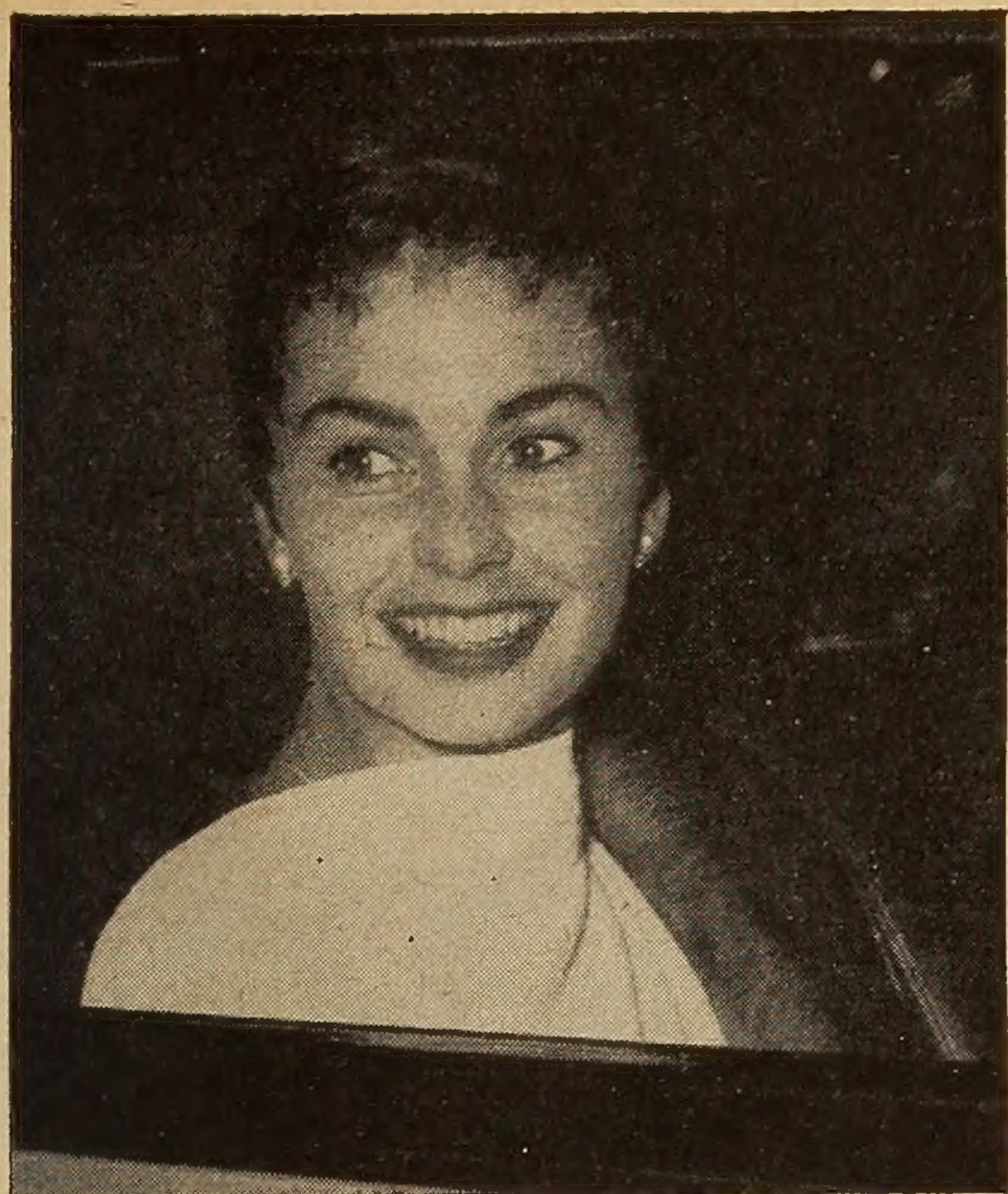
All this is very exciting, and it's a part of my life I'll never, never forget. But there isn't much question about the most exciting part of it. You remember how calm I was all through that day with Elvis? Well, I got home the next night and started telling people about it—the phone never stopped ringing. And at 2 o'clock the next morning, they rushed me to the hospital because I had collapsed! The first thing I heard when I opened my eyes again, was the doctor talking. "Inability to relax," he was saying, "due to nervous exhaustion!"

Well! Wouldn't you?

END



Kay wrote on this snap: "Elvis at the organ in San Antonio." He goes for organ music.



She goes to London,
she visits the Queen,
but best of all

JEAN COMES HOME TO 'ARRY'S

■ Jean Simmons, resplendent in turquoise satin ball gown and ermine stole, sank gratefully into the luxurious rear seat of the sleek Rolls Royce limousine and sighed happily as she linked her gloved arm through that of her husband. "Wasn't it wonderful, darling?" she murmured, as the car glided silently from the curb and made its way through the quiet streets of London after midnight. "And the Queen . . . wasn't she marvelous? So beautiful. So . . . so . . . well, queenly."

Stewart Granger smiled down at his wife.

"You didn't do so badly yourself, my girl," he praised. "I've never seen a better curtsy."

Jean grinned impishly at him. "That's the only trouble with Command Performances," she sighed. "Having to curtsy."

She pressed her nose eagerly to the car window and gazed intently at the passing scene. Conversation was forgotten now as she looked for landmarks of her youth, and Granger, appreciating his wife's pleasure in being back in London after six years in Hollywood, smiled quietly at her obvious pleasure.

"There's Marble Arch," she murmured, as the car turned from Hyde Park and headed toward the suburbs where little Marilyn Jean Simmons had grown up. "And there's the swimming baths." A few moments silence, and then, unbelieving, "Oh gosh, there's the first cinema I ever went to."

It was almost as though she were talking to herself, and gradually Granger's heavy eyes closed and the hum of her happy voice receded into the background.

Suddenly there was a screeching of tires, a slamming of brakes, and as the big Rolls slithered to a standstill Granger was aware of Jean's voice crying "Stop! Please Stop!"

"What's the matter," he shouted. "What's happened?"

Jean was already fumbling with the door handle as the driver, as mystified as Granger, struggled from his seat to assist her. Simultaneously, both realized that Jean was laughing as she pointed to a tiny, ill-lit shop above which twinkled, in dirty yellow electric lights, the sign, "Harry's Fish & Chips."

"It's 'Arry's," she giggled in mock Cockney. "'Arry's. Where I had my very first fish and chips. I'd forgotten all about it, and then, suddenly, there it was. Come on, Jimmy. We've got to get some."

In vain Granger protested that anything further to eat seemed rather unnecessary in view of the fact that they had only just finished a buffet supper that included such delicacies as caviar, smoked salmon and cherries jubilee, and a very puzzled driver scratched his head as he slipped back into the comfort of the Rolls and watched the satin-clad Miss Simmons and immaculately tail-coated Mr. Granger disappear into the greasy, smoky interior of 'Arry's.

How long he dozed was hard to say, but Granger's "Wake up, ole boy" roused him in time to see his stellar passengers happily settled back in the car munching their fish and chips. Fish and chips wrapped, as is the time-honored Cockney custom, in yesterday's newspapers. Jean Simmons' white gloves were stained, her lipstick smeared, and traces of fish clung to the gown that had been so elegant when she curtsied to her sovereign. But her smile was rapturous.

"Now I know I'm home, Jimmy," she murmured.

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TV TALK



Jack Benny's serious about his violin concert, and wishes his friends would be too.

Jack Benny's a little annoyed because no one will take his violin concert in Carnegie Hall seriously. He's doing it for charity, he's going to play seriously and at length, and he is taking it very seriously. But for months, whenever he's mentioned the occasion, other people have laughed and figured Jack would just deadpan his way through a short, hilarious rendition of "Love In Bloom" and let it go at that. Not at all. It's frustrating, sometimes, to be a comic: They laugh at you when you're dead serious. Jack's had that trouble with **George Burns** for years, you know. They're the oldest and closest of friends, but to this day Jack has trouble being solemn around George. George starts laughing the minute Jack walks into the room—"I just think he's the funniest man in the world," he says—and can't stop... **Bea Lillie** really does wear those hats of hers all the time. With street dresses and with evening dresses, off stage and on, Bea always has a little toque perched on the back of her straight, sleek hairdo. And, although her figure is not as svelte as it once was—especially around the middle—she ignores the fact and still blithely wears formfitting gowns, some of them splashed with big bright flowers that hardly minimize any figure faults. She's always liked mixing dramatic colors, and she doesn't intend to switch to a more matronly black or navy blue at this, or any other, stage of the game... Add **June Havoc** to the list of show business personalities writing their autobiographies. From all reports, it will be a frank account of her life, stressing the days she had to earn her keep by competing in dance marathons. (Once upon a time, show biz biographies glossed over the subjects' life; now they apparently have to show a seamy side before they sell—like Jim Bishop's *The Golden Ham* about **Jackie Gleason**, and **Rocky Graziano's** *Somebody Up There Likes Me*.) June's sister, **Gypsy Rose Lee**, is an old hand at the typewriter, of course (*The G-String Murders*), but this is June's first go at it... **Hermione Gingold's** figure is amazingly youthful. She can—and does—wear evening clothes slashed to the waist in back and décolleté elsewhere—and looks as youthful as an ingénue in them... **Nina Foch's** wedding band is one of the most original we've ever seen. It's a very narrow rickrack of gold with little pearls set in the curves—delicate, sweet, and smart... Three ladies of tv who look younger off screen than on: **Judith Evelyn**, **Mildred Dunnock**, and **Eileen Heckart**. None of them ever seems to get parts where they can be stylish; they usually play neurotics or blind or browbeaten

women or impoverished ladies (even when "Heckie" gets to impersonate a "good old girl," it's nearly always a *poor* good old girl). But, in person, all three are quite chic. Judith Evelyn goes in for soft pastels and lacy, fuzzy materials that enhance her very handsome figure. Miss Dunnock looks like a trim little gypsy—sleek, but with a dash or two of brilliant color for a dramatic accent. "Heckie," who must be the only actress in the world who photographs thinner than she really is, likes rich, simple suits—and looks so pretty in them that many of her fans don't recognize her... **Faye Emerson** has stopped using that mouth-full-of-potatoes accent that she affected for a while... Incidentally, **Joseph Cotten** wins our prize for the tv performer with the weirdest voice. You've undoubtedly noticed how he always sounds as if he needs to clear his throat, but have you caught some of his pronunciations? He recently referred to himself as a "*mahster* of ceremonies." They don't carry the broad A that far in the House of Lords... **Geraldine Page** still doesn't care much about clothes. Her mother tried for years to get Gerry to spruce up and take an interest in her appearance; she herself was quite stylish. But Gerry still pads around town in scuffed-up flat-heeled shoes; an old black coat, and a scarf tied around her head. Her family, incidentally, never appreciated Gerry's interviews that stressed her struggling days as a to-be-discovered actress. Her mother (who is now dead) and her father would cringe a little when they read how Gerry went without lunch so she could buy a certain theatre magazine and then had only ice cream for dinner. Her father was, and is, a well-to-do Chicago businessman, easily able to take care of his daughter. But Gerry wanted to be on her own... The kids who go to the same Greenwich Village school that **Arthur Miller's** children attend are all agog at the mere thought that Marilyn Monroe just might attend a parents' meeting... Have you noticed how much **Anthony Franciosa** sounds and even looks like **Burt Lancaster**? It's uncanny... You've read about the reams of clothes that **Dorothy Kilgallen** takes with her when she covers a story like the Coronation or the Kelly-Rainier wedding; it usually sounds as though she has more than the bride. Dorothy packs just as many bags when she and Dick go off on a strictly-for-pleasure trip. They enjoy the formal, dressed-up life, and you can bet that they do very little roughing-it or getting-away-from-it-all... Here's a good indication of how well tv covers baseball: The players themselves

when they're hot out on the field, often leave the dugout and go down to the control room. There the pitchers watch the batters on the other team and the batters case the pitchers' techniques. They can see more, they say, on a tv screen than they can from the dugout... **Patsy Kelly** and **Tallulah Bankhead** became very good friends when Patsy showed up on some of Tallulah's tv shows a few seasons back. She's now moved in with Tallu and serves as a sort of secretary and all-around joking companion. There's hardly a room in Tallulah's place, incidentally, that doesn't have a telephone. She loves to talk on the phone, and thinks nothing of calling people in their busy offices and hanging on the line for hours... **Pearl Bailey**, her husband, and their adopted baby moved out of their Greenwich Village garden apartment, and **Earle Hyman** took it over. Pearl Mae had done a terrific job of remodeling and landscaping, so Earle was set from the start. Earle is quite a wonderful person and you'd see more of him on tv, by the way, if it weren't for two factors: 1) Few acting parts are made available to Negroes, and 2) He much prefers the theatre. Earle is one of the most serious young actors around... **Mary Martin's** letter-writing style is just what you'd expect from such a joyful person. It's full of dashes and exclamation points. The only thing surprising is her penmanship. She crosses all her t's with a firm, downward stroke, and the loops on her lower-case y's and j's are long, long, long. Those are supposed to be signs of a worrying or pessimistic nature... There are all sorts of jokes around New York about how **David Wayne** is playing it smart by renting a house from a drama critic and columnist. You can guess their gist: If the critic doesn't praise Wayne, the actor will scratch a coffee table and break a few springs in a chair. We have no new gags, but we do know that the Waynes are the best tenants ever; the house is in better shape than when they moved in... **Walt Kelly**, the creator of "Pogo"—and the light touch in NBC's convention coverage—has been trying to be a tv star for a long time. He'd done a little television work before the conventions, but this was his big chance at last. If he can project just a smidgin of his real-life personality, he could be a tv star forever. Walt isn't funny merely when he's drawing "Pogo." He's hilarious, in a soft-voiced way, all the time; you sit waiting for him to talk because you know, when he does, it's going to be delightful. He's also one of the best barroom tenors in town.

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